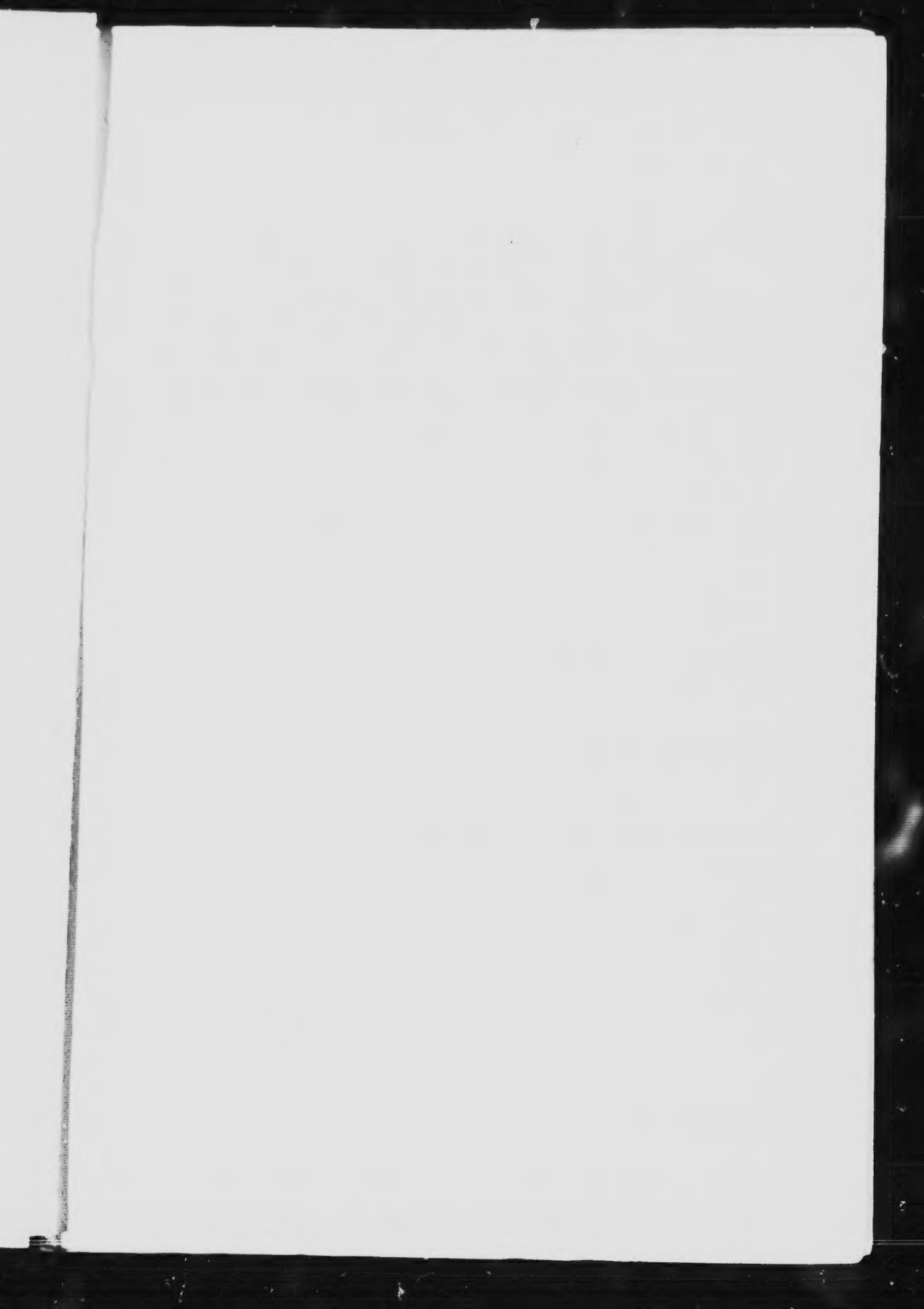




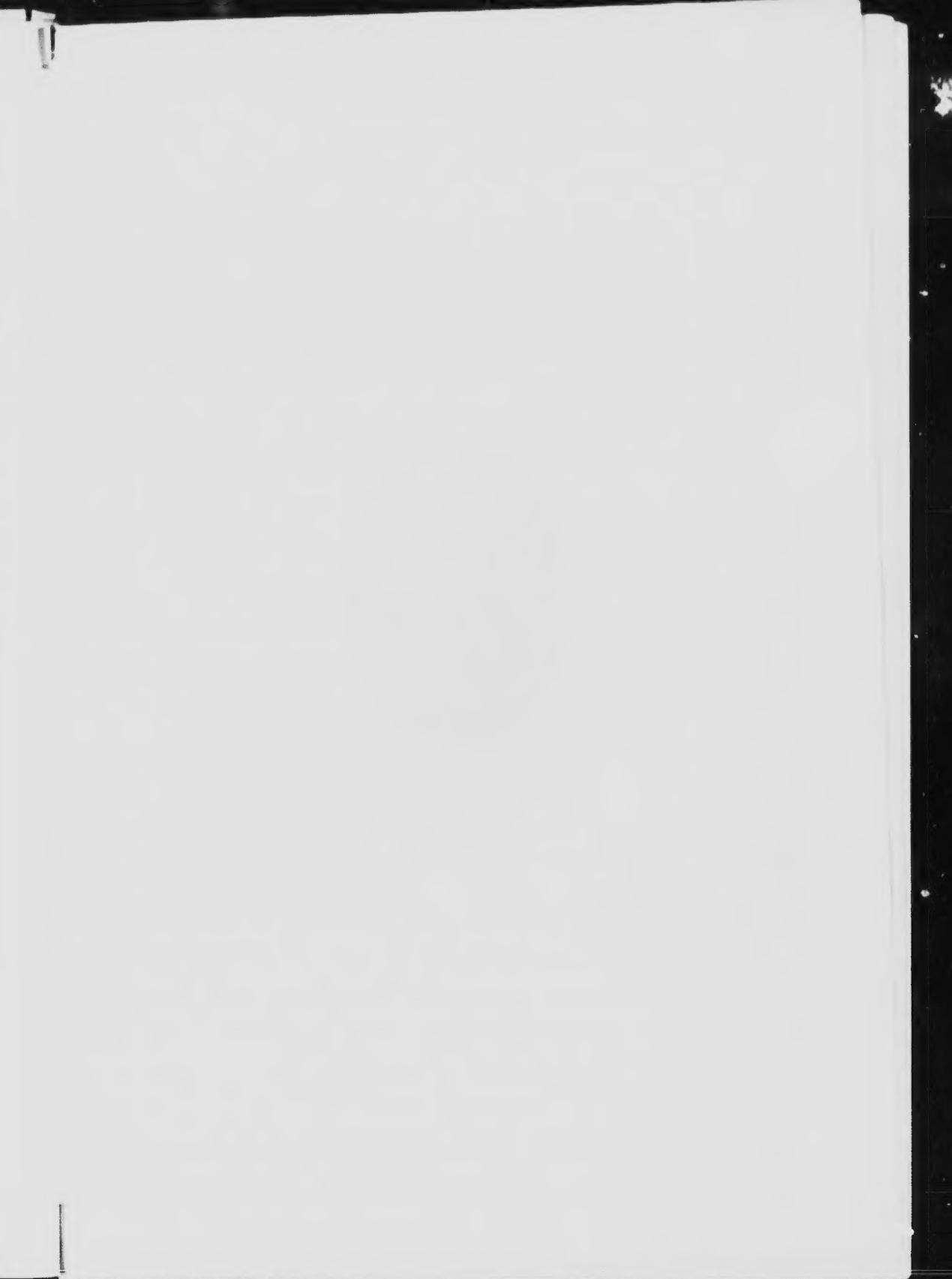
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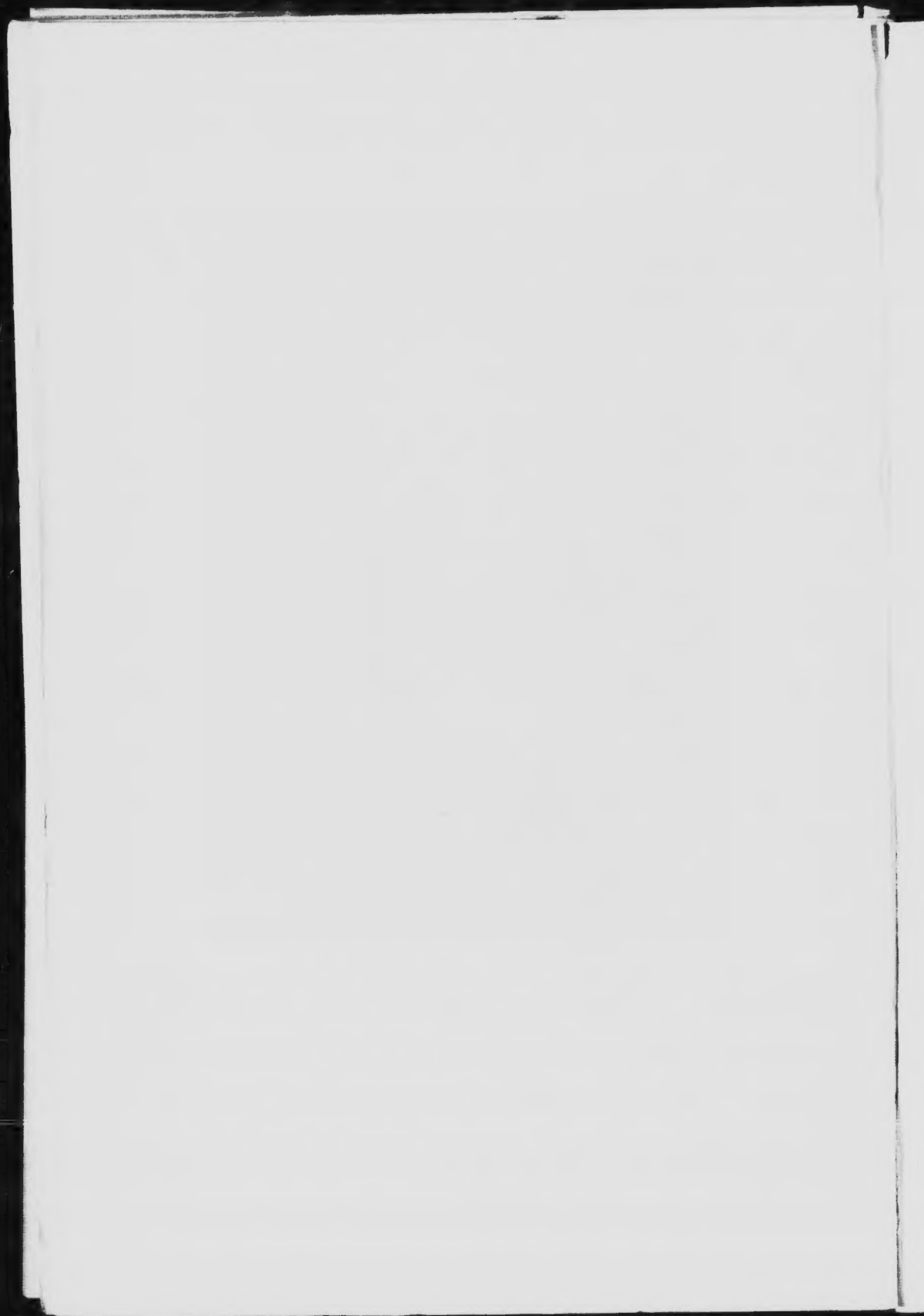












THE WORKS

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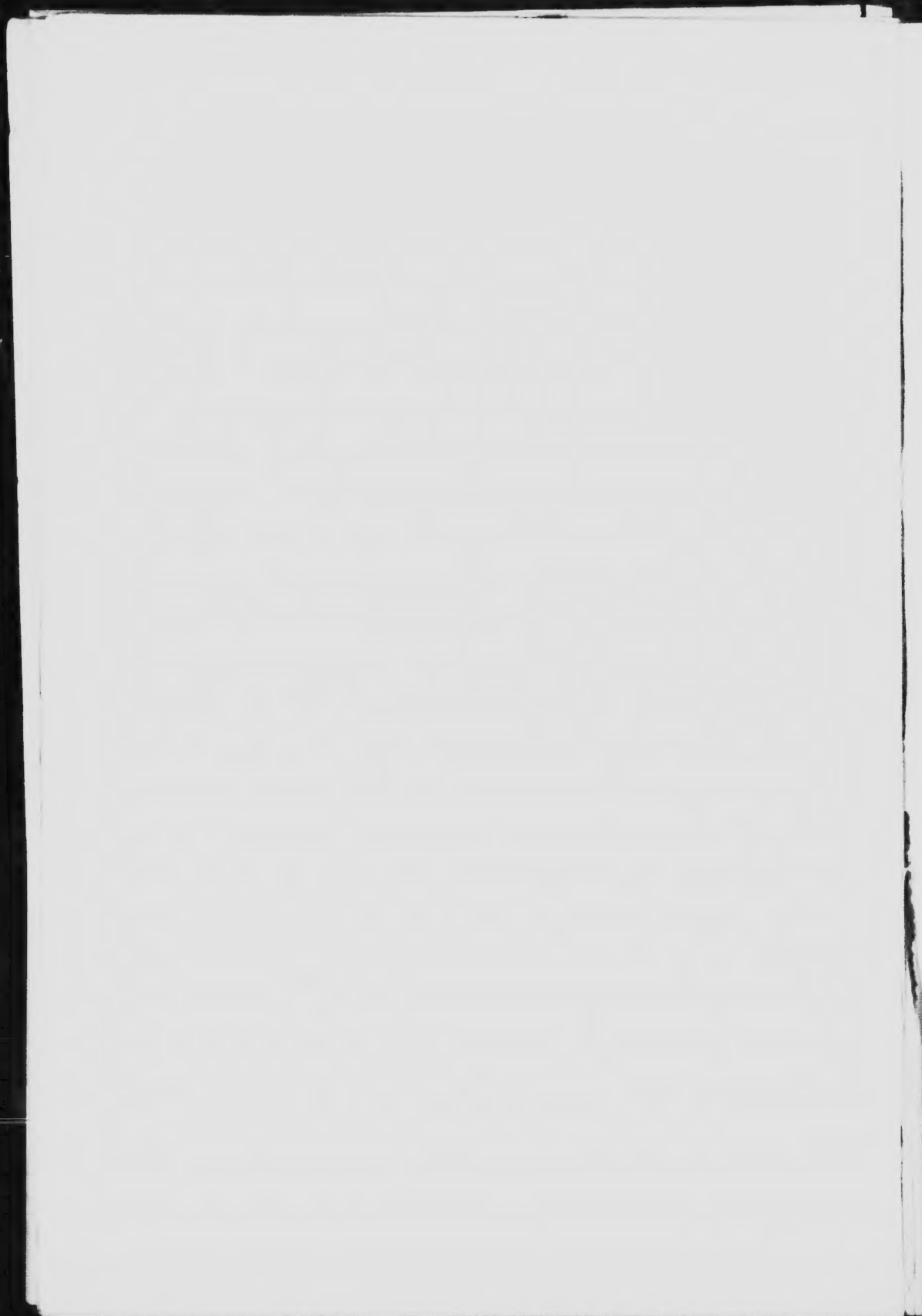
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POEMS

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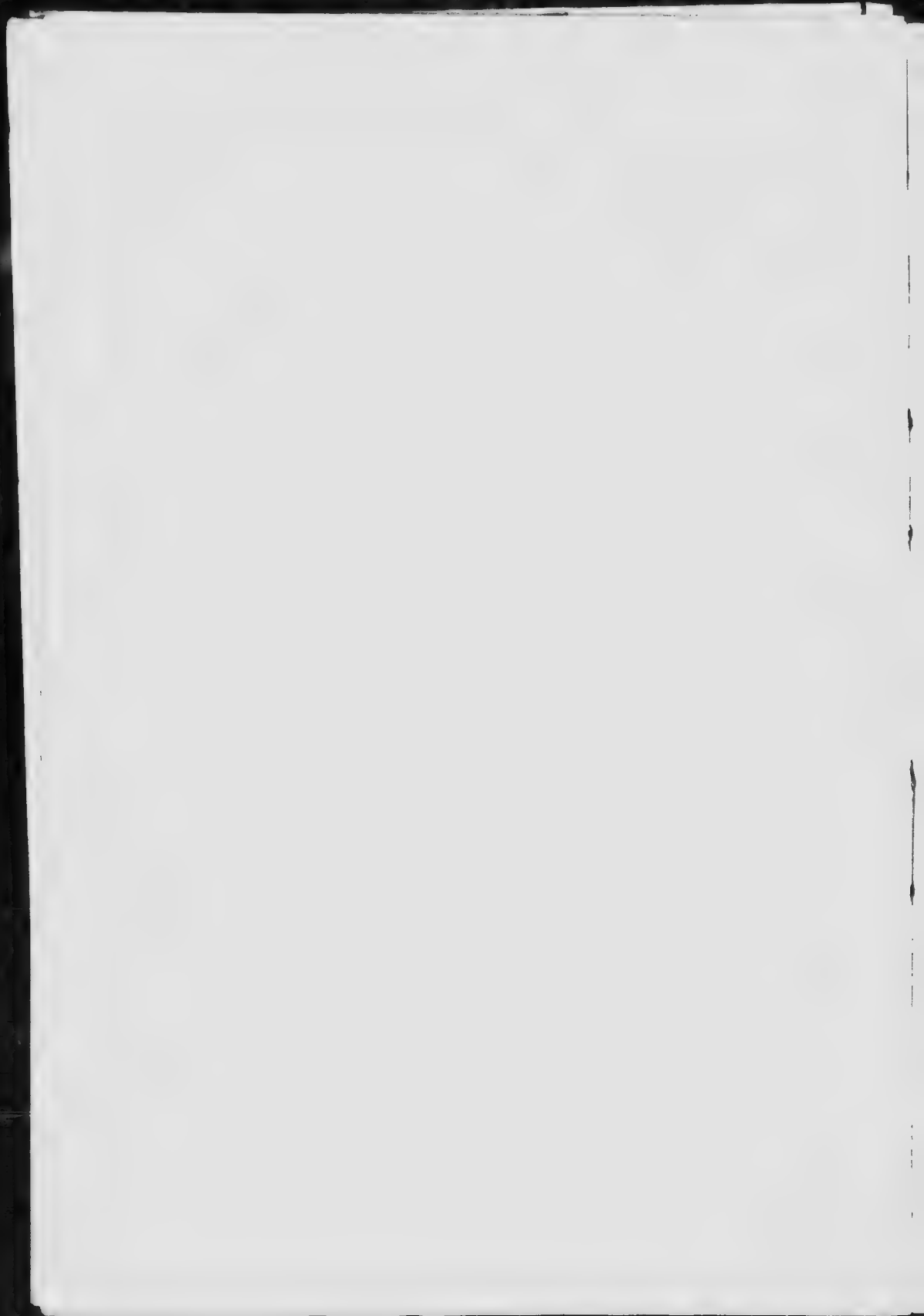


## PUBLISHERS' PREFACE

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THE issuing of this edition of Swinburne in two volumes, one "Poems" and the other "Tragedies," we feel is really needed. To get the author's works before this time meant either buying the American edition in eleven volumes or collecting the English edition, in more numerous volumes, at even greater expense. The works of all the other standard poets may be had in some compact form for library use, and Swinburne surely should not be neglected. This edition, with the exception of "Rosamund," "Balen," and a few minor poems, is complete.





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# POEMS AND BALLADS.

## A BALLAD OF LIFE.

I found in dreams a place of wind and  
flowers,  
Full of sweet trees and color of glad  
grass,  
In midst whereof there was  
A lady clothed like summer with sweet  
hours,  
Her beauty, fervent as a fiery moon  
Made my blood burn and swoon  
Like a flame rained upon.  
Sorrow had filled her shaken eyelids' blue,  
And her mouth's sad red heavy rose all  
through  
Seemed sad with glad things gone.

She held a little cithern by the strings,  
Shaped heartwise, strung with subtle-  
colored hair  
Of some dead lute player  
That in dead years had done delicious  
things.  
The seven strings were named accordingly ;  
The first string charity,  
The second tenderness,  
The rest were pleasure, sorrow, sleep, and  
sin,  
And loving kindness, that is pity's kin  
And is most pitiless,

There were three men with her, each gar-  
mented  
With gold and shod with gold upon the  
feet  
With plucked ears of wheat.

The first man's hair was wound upon his  
head:  
His face was red, and his mouth curled and  
sad;  
All his gold garment had  
Pale stains of dust and rust.  
A riven hood was pulled across his eyes ;  
The token of him being upon this wise  
Made for a sign of Lust

The next was Shame, with hollow heavy  
face  
Colored like green wood when flame  
kindles it.  
He hath such feeble feet  
They may not well endure in any place.  
His face was full of grey old miseries,  
And all his blood's increase  
Was even increase of pain.  
The last was Fear, that is akin to Death ;  
He is Shame's friend, and always as Shame  
saith  
Fear answers him again.

My soul said in me ; This is marvellous,  
Seeing the air's face is not so delicate  
Nor the sun's grace so great,  
If sin and she be kin or amorous.  
And seeing where maidens served her on  
their knees,  
I bade one crave of these  
To know the cause thereof  
Then Fear said: I am Pity that was dead.  
And Shame said: I am borrow comforted.  
And Lust said: I am Love.

<p>Thereat her hands her in a lute-pl And her sweet mouth a song in a range     to tongue; And all the while she sung There was no sound but long tears toll a-     ing Long tears upon men's faces, waxen white     With extreme sad deli     But those three following soon Became as men raised up among the dead; Great glad mouths open, and fair cheek     made red     With child's blood come again</p> <p>Then I said: Now assuredly I see     My lady is perfect, and transfigured;     All sin and sorrow and death Making them fair as her own eye-lids be, Or lips wherein my whole soul's life abides;     Or as her sweet white sides     And bosom carved to kiss. Now therefore, if her pity further me.</p>	<p>Doubtless for her sake all my days shall be     As righteous as she is.</p> <p>Forth, ballad, and take roses in both arms,     Even till the top rose touch thee in the     throat Where the least thornprick harms;     And pulled in thy golden singing-coat, Come thou before my lady and say this;     Borgia, thy gold hairs color burns in     me,     Thy mouth makes heat my blood in     feverish rhymes;     Therefore so many as these roses be,     Kiss me so many times. Then it may be, seeing how sweet she is,     That she will stoop herself none other-     wise     Than a blown vine-l ranch doth, And kiss thee with soft laughter on thine     eyes,     Ballad, and on thy mouth.</p>
---	---

## A BALLAD OF DEATH.

<p>KNEEL down fair Love, and fill thyself     with Girdle flay with sighing for a girth Upon the sides of my back, Cover thy lips with eyelids, let thine ears Be filled with rumour of people sorrowing; Make thee self full of out of woven sighs Upon the flay to cleave, Set in stone and in any a grievous thing, And many sorrows after each his wise For and let and for goret and for sleeve,</p> <p>O Love's lute heard about the fends of death, Lest he need upon the trees that were     therein; O Love and Time and Sin, Three singing mouths that mourn now     under breath, Three lovers, each one evil spoken of; O sudden lips where through this voice of     mine Came softer with her praise; Abide a little for our lady's love, The kisses of her mouth were me     in</p>	<p>And more than peace the passage of her     days, O Love, thou knowest if she were good to     see, O Time, thou shalt not find in any land Till, cast out of thine hand, The sunlight and the moonlight fail from     thee, Another woman fashioned like as this, O Sin, thou knowest that all thy shame in     her Was made a goodly thing; Yea, she caught Shame and shamed him     with her kiss, With her last kiss, and lips much lovelier Than lips of amorous roses in late spring, By night there stood over against my bed Queen Venus with a hood striped gold and     red, With scales drawn fully back     from her face where the red blood failed     of red, And people drained of purple and full of     gold.</p>
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Her curled hair had the wave of sea-water  
And the sea's gold in it.  
Her eyes were as a dove's that sickeneth.  
Strewn dust of gold she had shed over her,  
And pearl and purple and amber on her  
feet.

Upon her raiment of dyed sendaline  
Were painted all the secret ways of love  
And covered things thereof.  
That hold delight as grape-flowers hold  
their wine;  
Red mouths of maidens and red feet of  
doves,  
And brides that kept within the bride-  
chamber  
Their garment of soft shame,  
And weeping faces of the wearied loves  
That swoon in sleep and awake wearier,  
With heat of lips and hair shed out like  
flame.

The tears that through her eyelids fell on  
me  
Made my own bitter where they ran be-  
tween  
As blood had fallen therein  
She saying; Arise, lift up thine eyes and  
see  
If any glad thing be or any good  
Now the best thing is taken forth of us;  
Even she to whom all praise  
Was as one flower in a great multitude,  
One glorious flower of many and glorious,  
One day found gracious among many days:

Even she whose handmaiden was Love --  
to whom  
At kissing times across her stateliest bed  
Kings bowed themselves and shed  
Pale wine, and honey with the honeycomb,  
And spikenard bruised for a burnt-offering;  
Even she between whose lips the kiss be-  
came  
As fire and frankincense;  
Whose hair was as gold raiment on a king,  
Whose eyes were as the morning purged  
with flame,  
Whose eyelids as sweet savor issuing  
thence.  
Then I beheld, and lo on the other side  
My lady's likeness crowned and robed and  
dead.  
Sweet still, but now not red,  
Was the shut mouth whereby men lived and  
died.

And sweet, but emptied of the blood's blue  
shade,

The great curled eyelids that withheld her  
eyes.

And sweet, but like spoilt gold,  
The weight of color in her tresses weighed  
And sweet, but as a vesture with new dyes,  
The body that was clothed with love of old.

Ah! that my tears filled all her woven hair  
And all the hollow bosom of her gown--

Ah! that my tears ran down  
Even to the place where many kisses were,  
Even where her parted breast-flowers have  
place,

Even where they are cloven apart—who  
knows not this?

Ah! the flowers cleave apart  
And their sweet fills the tender interspace;  
Ah! the leaves grown thereof were things  
to kiss

Ere their fine gold was tarnished at the  
heart

Ah! in the days when God did good to  
me,

Each part about her was a righteous thing;  
Her mouth an almsgiving,  
The glory of her garments charity,  
The beauty of her bosom a good deed,  
In the good days when God kept sight of  
us;

Love lay upon her eyes,  
And on that hair whereof the world takes  
heed:

And all her body was more virtuous  
Than souls of women fashioned otherwise.

Now, ballad-gather poppies in thine hands  
And sheaf of briar and many rusted  
sheaves

Rain-rotten in rank lands,  
Waste marigold and late unhappy leaves  
And grass that fades ere any of it be mown;  
And when thy bosom is filled full thereof  
Seek out Death's face ere the light altereth,  
And say "My master that was thrall to  
Love

Is become thrall to Death."

Bow down before him, ballad, sigh and

groan,  
But make no sojourn in thy outgoing;  
For haply it may be  
That when thy feet return at evening  
Death shall come in with thee.

## LAUS VENERIS.

ASLEEP or waking is it? for her neck,  
Kissed over close, wears yet a purple speck,  
Wherein the pained blood falters and  
goes out;  
Soft, and stung softly—fairer for a fleck.

But though my lips shut sucking on the  
place,  
There is no vein at work upon her face:  
Her eyelids are so peaceable, no doubt  
Deep sleep has warmed her blood through  
all its ways

Lo, this is she that was the world's delight;  
The old grey years were parcels of her  
might;  
The strewings of the ways wherein she  
trod  
Were the twain seasons of the day and  
night.

Lo, she was thus when her clear limbs en-  
ticed  
All lips that new grow sad with kissing  
Christ,  
Stained with blood fallen from the feet  
of God,  
The feet and hands whereat our souls were  
priced.

Alas, Lord, surely thou art great and fair.  
But lo her wonderfully woven hair!  
And thou didst heal us with thy piteous  
kiss;  
But see now, Lord; her mouth is lovelier.

She is right fair; what hath she done to  
thee?  
Nay, fair Lord Christ, lift up thine eyes  
and see;  
Had now thy mother such a lip—like  
this?

Thou knowest how sweet a thing it is to me.

Inside the Horse! here the air is hot;  
Right little peace one hath for it, God wot;

The scented dusty daylight burns the  
air,  
And my heart chokes me til I hear it not.

Behold, my Venus, my soul's body, 'tis  
With my love laid upon her garment-wise,  
Feeling my love in all her limbs and  
hair  
And shed between her eyelids through her  
eyes.

She holds my heart in her sweet open  
hands  
Hanging asleep; hard by her head there  
stands,  
Crowned with gilt thorns and clothed  
with flesh like fire,  
Love, wan as foam blown up the salt burnt  
sands—

Hot as the brackish waifs of yellow spume  
That shift and steam—loose clots of arid  
fume  
From the sea's panting mouth of dry  
desire;  
There stands he, like one laboring at a  
loom

The warp holds fast across; and every  
thread  
That makes the woof up has dry specks of  
red;  
Always the shuttle cleaves clean through,  
and he  
Weaves with the hair of many a ruined  
head.

Love is not glad nor sorry, as I deem;  
Laboring he dreams, and labors in the  
dream,  
Till when the spool is finished, lo I see  
His web, reeled off, curls and goes out like  
steam.

Night falls like fire; the heavy lights run  
low,  
And as they drop, my blood and body so

Shake as the flame shakes, full of days  
and hours  
That sleep not neither weep they as they  
go.

Ah yet would God this flesh of mine might  
be  
Where air might wash and long leaves  
cover me,

Where tiles of grass break into foam of  
flowers,  
Or where the wind's feet shine along the  
sea.

Ah yet would God that stems and roots  
were tried!

Out of my weary body and my head,  
That sleep were sealed upon me with a  
seal,

And I were as the least of all his dead!

Would God my blood were dew to feed  
the grass,

Mine ears made deaf and mine eyes blind  
as glass,

My body broken as a turning wheel,  
And my mouth stricken ere it saith Alas!

Ah God, that love were as a flower or flame,  
That he were as the naming of a name,

That death were not more pitiful than  
desire,

That these things were not one thing and  
the same!

Behold now, surely somewhere there is  
death:

For each man hath some space of years, he  
saith.

A little space of time ere time expire,

A little day, a little way of breath.

And lo, between the sun down and the sun,  
His day's work and his night's work are  
undone;

And lo, between the nightfall and the  
light,

He is not, and none knoweth of such an  
one.

Ah God, that I were as all souls that be.

As any herb or leaf of any tree,

As men that toil through hours of labor  
in the night,

As bones of men under the deep sharp sea.

Outside it must be winter among men;  
For at the golden bars of the gates again  
I hear the wind and all the hours of it,  
The wind's wet wings and fingers drip with  
rain.

Knights gather, riding sharp for cold; I  
know

The ways and woods are strangled with the  
snow;

And with short song the maidens spin  
and sit

Until Christmas birthnight, lily like, and now.

The scent and shadow shed about me make  
The very soul in all my senses ache;

The hot hand of life is laid upon my breath,  
And sleep bends his me from afar awake.

Alas, but surely where the hills grow deep,  
Or where the wild ways of the sea are steep,

Or in strange places somewhere there is  
death,

And on death's face the scattered hair of  
sleep.

There lower down with lips and limbs that  
meet

They lie, they pluck sweet fruit of life and  
eat;

But me the hot and hungry days devour,  
And in my mouth no fruit of theirs is sweet.

No fruit of theirs, but fruit of my desire,  
For her love's sake whose lips through  
mine require;

Her eye is on her eye like flower on  
flower,

Mine eye is on mine eyes like fire on fire.

So lie we, not as sleep that leads to death,  
With happy kisses and with happy breath;

Not as man lies by woman, when the  
little

Laugh low for love's sake and the words  
he saith.

For she lies laughing low with love, she  
lies,

And thus his kisses on her lips to sighs,  
To a long sea of lips unsatisfied,

And the sweet tears are tender with her  
eye

Ah, not as they, but as the souls that were



Slain in the old time, having found her fair;  
Who, sleeping with her lips upon their  
eyes,

Heard sudden serpents hiss across her hair.

Their blood runs round the roots of time  
like rain:

She casts them forth and gathers them  
again;

With nerve and bone she weaves and  
multiplies

Exceeding pleasure out of extreme pain.

Her little chambers drip with flower-like  
red,

Her girdles, and the chaplets of her head,  
Her armlets and her anklets; with her  
feet,

She tramples all that winepress of the dead.

Her gateways smoke with fume of flowers  
and fires,

With loves burnt out and unassuaged de-  
sires;

Between her lips the steam of them is  
sweet,

The langor in her ears of many lyres.

Her beds are full of perfume and sad sound,  
Her doors are made with music and barred  
round

With sighing and with laughter and with  
tears,

With tears whereby strong souls of men are  
bound.

There is the knight Adonis that was slain,  
With flesh and blood she chains him for a  
chain;

The body and the spirit in her ear  
Cry, for her lips divide him vein by vein.

Yea, all she slayeth; yea, every man save  
me,

Me, love, thy lover that must cleave to  
thee

Till the ending of the days and ways of  
earth,

The shaking of the sources of the sea.

Me, most forsaken of all souls that fell;

Me, satiated with things insatiable;

Me, for whose sake the extreme hell  
makes mania,

Yea, laughter kindles at the heart of hell.

Alas thy beauty! for thy mouth's sweet  
sake

My soul is bitter to me, my limbs quake  
As water as the flesh of men that weep,  
As their heart's vein whose heart goes nigh  
to break.

Ah God, that sleen with flower-sweet finger-  
tips

Would crush the fruit of death upon my  
lips;

Ah, God, that death would tread the  
grapes of sleep

And wring their juice upon me as it drips.

There is no change of cheer for many days,  
But change of chimes high up in the air,  
that sways

Rung by the running fingers of the wind;  
And singing sorrows heard on hidden ways

Day smiteth day in twain, night sundereth  
night,

And on mine eyes the dark sits as the light;  
Yea, Lord, thou knowest I know not,

having sinned,  
If heaven be clean or unclean in thy sight.

Yea, as if earth were sprinkled over me,  
Such chafed harsh earth as chokes a sandy  
sea,

Each pore doth yearn, and the dried  
blood thereof

Gasps by sick fits, my heart swims heavily.

There is a feverish famine in my veins;  
Below her bosom, where a crushed grape  
stuns

The white and blue, there my lips caught  
and clove

An hour since, and what mark of me re-  
mains?

I dare not always touch her, lest the kiss  
Leave my lips charred. Yea, Lord, a lit-  
tle bliss,

Brief bitter bliss, one hath for a great sin;  
Nathless thou knowest how sweet a thing  
it is.

Sin, is it sin whereby men's souls are thrust  
Into the pit? yet ha! I a good trust

To save my soul before it slipped therein,  
Trod under by the fire-shod feet of lust.

For if mine eyes fail and my soul takes  
 breath,  
 I look between the iron sides of death  
 Into sad hell where all sweet love hath  
 end,  
 All but the pain that never finisheth.

There are the naked faces of great kings,  
 The singing folk with all their lute-playings;  
 There when one cometh he shall have to  
 friend  
 The grave that covets and the worm that  
 clings.

There sit the knights that were so great of  
 hand,  
 The ladies that were queens of fair green  
 land,  
 Crowned grey and black now, brought  
 unto the dust,  
 Soiled, without raiment, clad about with  
 sand.

There is one end for all of them; they sit  
 Naked and sad, they drink the dregs of it,  
 Trodden as grapes in the wine-press of  
 lust,  
 Trampled and trodden by the fiery feet.

I see the marvellous mouth whereby there  
 fell  
 Cities and people whom the gods loved  
 well,  
 Yet for her sake on them the fire gat hold,  
 And for their sakes on her the fire of hell.

And softer than the Egyptian lote-leaf is,  
 The queen whose face was worth the world  
 to kiss,  
 Wearing at breast a suckling snake of  
 gold;  
 And large pale lips of strong Semiramis.

Curled like a tiger's that curl back to feed;  
 Red only where the last kiss made them  
 bleed;  
 Her hair most thick with many a carven  
 gem,  
 Deep in the mane, great-chested, like a  
 steed.

Yea, with red sin the faces of them shine;  
 But in all these there was no sin like mine;  
 No, not in all the strange great sins of  
 them

That made the wine-press froth and foam  
 with wine.

For I was of Christ's choosing, I God's  
 knight,  
 No blinkard heathen stumbling for scant  
 light;  
 I can well see, for all the dusty days  
 Gone past, the clean great time of goodly  
 fight.

I smell the breathing battle sharp with  
 blows,  
 With shriek of shafts and snapping short  
 of bows;  
 The fair pure sword smites out in subtle  
 ways,  
 Sounds and long lights are shed between  
 the rows

Of beautiful mailed men; the edged light  
 slips,  
 Most like a snake that takes short breath  
 and dips  
 Sharp from the beautifully bending head,  
 With all its gracious body lithe as lips

That curl in <sup>wise</sup>aching you; right in this  
 My sword doth, seeming fire in mine own  
 eyes,  
 Leaving all colors in them brown and red  
 And flecked with death; then the keen  
 breaths like sighs,

The caught-up choked dry laughter follow-  
 ing them,  
 When all the fighting face is grown a flame  
 For pleasure, and the pulse that stuns  
 the ears,  
 And the heart's gladness of the goodly  
 game.

Let me think yet a little; I do know  
 These things were sweet, but sweet such  
 years ago,  
 Their savor is all turned now into tears;  
 Yea, ten years since, where the blue rip-  
 ples blow,

The blue curled eddies of the blowing  
 Rhine,  
 I felt the sharp wind shaking grass and  
 vine

Touch my blood, too, and sting me with  
delight  
Through all this waste and weary body of  
mine

That never feels clear air; right gladly then  
I rode alone, a great way off my men,  
And heard the humming-birds' note and  
smile.

And gave each rhyme thereof some rhyme  
again,

Till my song shifted to that iron one;  
Seeing, there rode up between me and the  
sun

Some certain of my foe's men, for his  
three

White wolves across their painted coats did  
run.

The first red-bearded, with square cheeks -  
alack,

I made my knave's blood turn his beard to  
black;

The slaying of him was a joy to see;  
Perchance too, when at night he came not  
back,

Some woman fell a-weeping, whom this  
thief

Would beat when he had drunken: yet  
small grief

Hath any for the ridding of such knaves;  
Yea, if one wept, I doubt her teen was  
brief.

This bitter love is sorrow in all lands,  
Draining of eyelids, wringing of drenched  
hands,

Sighing of hearts and filling up of graves;  
A sign across the head of the world he  
stands,

As one that hath a plague-mark on his  
brow;

Dust and spilt blood do track him to his  
house

Down under earth; sweet smells of lip and  
cheek,

Like a sweet snake's breath made more  
poisonous

With chewing of some perfumed deadly  
grass,

Are shed all round his passage if he pass,

And their quenched savor leaves the  
whole soul weak,  
Sick with keen guessing whence the per-  
fume was.

As one who hidden in deep sedge and reeds  
Smells the rare scent made where a panther  
feeds.

And tracking ever slotwise the warm  
smell

Is snapped upon by the sweet mouth and  
bleeds,

His head far down the hot sweet throat of  
her

So one tracks love, whose breath is deadlier.  
And lo, one springs and you are fast in  
hell,

Fast as the gin's grip of a wayfarer.

I think now, as the heavy hours deace  
One after one, and bitter thoughts increase  
One upon one, of all sweet finished things;  
The breaking of the battle; the long peace

Wherein we sat clothed softly, each man's  
hair

Crowned with green leaves beneath white  
hoods of vair;

The sounds of sharp spears at great  
tourneyings,

And noise of singing in the late sweet air.

I sang of love too, knowing nought thereof;  
"Sweeter," I said, "the little laugh of  
love

Than tears out of the eyes of Magdalen,  
Or any fallen feather of the Dove.

"The broken little laugh that spoils a kiss,  
The ache of purple pulses, and the bliss  
Of blinded eyelids that expand again  
I love draws them open with those lips of  
his,

"Lips that cling hard till the kissed face  
has grown

Of one same fire and color with their own;  
Then ere one sleep, appeased with

sacrifice,  
Where his lips wounded, there his lips  
atone.

I sang these things long since and knew  
them not;

"Lo, here is love, or there is love, God  
wot,

This man and that finds favor in his  
eyes,"

I said, "but I, what guerdon have I got?

"The dust of praise that is blown every-  
where

In all men's faces with the common air;

The lay leaf that wants chating to be  
sweet

Before they wind it in a singer's hair."

So that one dawn I rode forth sorrowing;  
I had no hope but of some evil thing,

And so rode slowly past the windy wheat,  
And past the vineyard and the waterspring,

Up to the Horsel. A great elder-tree  
Held back its heaps of flowers to let me  
see

The ripe tall grass, and one that walked  
therein,

Naked, with hair shed over to the knee.

She walked between the blossom and the  
grass;

I knew the beauty of her, what she was,

The beauty of her body and her sin,  
And in my flesh the sin of hers, alas!

Alas! for sorrow is all the end of this!

O sad kissed mouth, how sorrowful it is!

O breast whereat some suckling sorrow  
clings,

Red with the bitter blossom of a kiss!

Ah, with blind lips I felt for you, and  
found

About my neck your hands and hair en-  
wound,

The hands that stifle and the hair that  
stings,

I felt them fasten sharply without sound.

Yea, for my sin I had great store of bliss

Rise up, make answer for me, let thy kiss

Seal my lips hard from speaking of my  
sin,

Best one go mad to hear how sweet it is.

Yet I waxed faint with fume of barren  
bower,

And murmuring of the heavy-headed hours;  
And let the dove's beak fret and peck

within

My lips in vain, and Love shed fruitless  
flowers.

So that God looked upon me when your  
hands

Were here about me; yea, God brake my  
lips

To save my soul alive, and I came forth  
Like a man blind and naked in strange  
lands

That hears men laugh and weep, and  
knows not whence

Nor wherefore, but is broken in his sense;

Howbeit I met folk riding from the north  
Towards Rome, to purge them of their  
souls' offence.

And rode with them, and spake to none;  
the day

Stunned me like lights upon some wizard  
way,

And ate like fire mine eyes and mine  
eyesight;

So rode I, hearing all these chant and pray,

And marvelled; till before us rose and fell

White cursed hills, like outer skirts of hell

Seen where men's eyes look through the  
day to night,

Like a jagged shell's lips, harsh, untunable.

Blown in between by devils' wrangling  
breath;

Nathless we won well past that hell and  
death,

Down to the sweet land where all airs  
are good,

Even unto Rome where God's grace tarrieth.

Then came each man and worshipped at his  
knees

Who in the Lord God's likeness bears the  
keys

To bind or loose, and called on Christ's  
shed blood,

And so the sweet-souled father gave him  
ease.

But when I came I fell down at his feet,  
Saying, "Father, though the Lord's blood  
be right sweet,

The spot it takes not off the panther's  
skin,  
Nor shall an Ethiop's stain be bleached with  
it.

"Lo, I have sinned and have spat out at  
God,  
Wherefore his hand is heavier and his rod  
More sharp because of mine exceeding  
sin,  
And all his raiment redder than bright  
blood

"Before mine eyes : yea, for my sake I wot  
The heat of hell is waxen seven times hot  
Through my great sin." Then spake he  
some sweet word,  
Giving me cheer ; which thing availed me  
not ;

Yea, scarce I wist if such indeed were said ;  
For when I ceased—lo, as one newly dead  
Who hears a great cry out of hell, I heard  
The crying of his voice across my head.

"Until this dry shred staff, that hath no  
whit  
Of leaf nor bark, bear blossom and smell  
sweet,  
Seek thou not any mercy in God's sight  
For so long shalt thou be cast out from it."

Yea, what if dried-up stems wax red and  
green,  
Shall that thing be which is not nor has  
been ?

Yea, what if sapless bark was green  
white,  
Shall any good fruit grow upon my sin ?

Nay, though sweet fruit were plucked of a  
dry tree,  
And though men drew sweet waters of the  
sea,

There should not grow sweet leaves on  
this dead stem,  
This waste wan body and shaken soul of  
me.

Yea, though God search it warily enough,  
There is not one good thing in all the world,  
Though he search all my veins through  
searching them  
He shall find nothing whole therein but  
love.

For I came home right heavy, with small  
cheer,  
And to my love, mine own soul's heart,  
more dear

Than mine own soul, more beautiful  
than God,  
Who hath my being between the hands of  
her—

Fair—Oh, but fair for no man saving me,  
As when she came out of the naked sea  
Making the foam as fire whereon she  
trod,

And as the inner flower of fire was she.

Yea, she laid hold upon me, and her mouth  
Clove unto mine as soul to body doth,  
And, laughing, made her lips delicious;  
Her hair had smells of all the sunburnt  
south,

Strange spice and flower, strange savor of  
crushed fruit  
And perfume the swart kings tread under  
foot

For pleasure when their minds wax  
amorous,  
Charred frankincense and grated sandal-  
root,

And I forgot fear and all weary things,  
All ended prayers and perished thanks-  
givings,

Feeling her face with all her finger hair  
Cleave to me, clinging as a fire that clings

To the body and to the raiment, burning  
them;

As ever doth I know that such-like flame  
Shall I have to me for ever; yea, what  
can I

Albeit I burn then, having felt the same ?

Ah love, there is no better life than this;  
To have known love, how bitter a thing it is,  
And afterward be cast out of God's sight;  
Yea, these that know not, shall they have  
such bliss

High up in barren heaven before his face  
As we twain in the heavy-hearted place,  
Remembering love and all the dead de-  
light,  
And all that time was sweet with for a  
space ?

For till the thunder in the trumpet be,  
Soul may divide from body, but not we  
One from another; I hold thee with my  
hand,  
I let mine eyes have all their will of thee,

I seal myself upon thee with my might,  
Abiding alway out of all men's sight  
Until God loosen over sea and land  
The thunder of the trumpets of the night,  
EXPLICIT LAUS VENERIS.

## PHÆDRA.

HIPPOLYTUS; PHÆDRA: CHORUS OF TRÆZENIAN WOMEN.

HIPPOLYTUS.

LAY not thine hand upon me; let me go;  
Take off thine eyes that put the gods to  
shame;  
What wilt thou turn my loathing to thy  
death?

PHÆDRA.

Nay, I will never loosen hold nor breathe  
Till thou have slain me; godlike for great  
brows  
Thou art, and thewed as gods are, with  
clear hair:  
Draw now thy sword and smite me as thou  
art god,  
For verily I am smitten of other gods,  
Why not of thee?

CHORUS.

O queen, take heed of words;  
Why wilt thou eat the husk of evil speech?  
Wear wisdom for that veil about thy head  
And goodness for the binding of thy brows.

PHÆDRA.

Nay, but this god hath cause enow to smite;  
If he will slay me, baring breast and  
throat,  
I lean toward the stroke with silent mouth  
And a great heart. Come, take thy sword  
and slay;  
Let me not starve between desire and death,  
But send me on my way with glad wet life;  
For in the vein-drawn ashen-colored palm  
Death's hollow hand holds water of sweet  
draught

To dip and slake dried mouths at, as a deer  
Specked red from thorns laps deep and  
loses pain.

Yea, if my mine own blood ran upon my  
mouth,  
I would drink that. Nay, but be swift  
with me;

Set thy sword here between the girdle and  
breast

For I shall grow a poison if I live.  
Are not my cheeks as grass, my body pale,  
And my breath like a dying poisoned man's?  
O whatsoever of godlike names thou be,  
By thy chief name I charge thee, thou  
strong god,

And bid thee slay me. Strike, up to the  
gold,

Up to the hand-grip of the hilt; strike  
here;

For I am Cretan of my birth; strike now;  
For I am Theseus' wife; stab up to the rims,  
I am born daughter to Pasiphae.  
See thou spare not for greatness of my  
blood,

Nor for the shining letters of my name:  
Make thy sword sure inside thine hand and  
smite,

For the bright writing of my name is black,  
And I am sick with hating the sweet sun.

HIPPOLYTUS

Let not this woman wail and cleave to me,  
That am no part of the god's wrath; with  
her;

Loose ye her hands from me lest she take  
hurt.

## CHORUS.

Lady, this speech and majesty are twin;  
Pure shame is of one couns'l with the gods.

## HIPPOLYTUS.

Man is as beast when shame stands off  
from him.

## THEOCLYA.

Man, what have I to do with shame or  
thou?

I am not ashamed I will the people  
I am not ashamed I will the people

I am not ashamed I will the people  
I am not ashamed I will the people

My voice is not ashamed I will the people  
My voice is not ashamed I will the people

Yet thou hast not ashamed I will the people  
Yet thou hast not ashamed I will the people

Half a woman made with half a god,  
But thou wast hewn out of an iron womb,  
And fed with molten mother-snow for  
milk.

A sword was nurse of thine; Hippolyta,  
That had the spear to father, and the axe  
To bridesman, and wet blood of sword-  
slain men.

For wedding-water out of a noble well,  
Even she did bear thee, thinking of a sword,  
And thou wast made a man mightily.  
Nay, for I love thee, I will have thy hands,  
Nay, for I will not lose thee, thou art  
sweet.

Thou art my son, I am thy father's wife,  
I ache toward thee with a bridal blood,  
The pulse is heavy in all my married veins,  
My whole face beats, I will have thee  
thou.

My body is empty of ease, I will have thee,  
I am not ashamed I will the people

I am heartsick, and mine eyelids prick  
mine eyes.

Thou shalt not sleep nor eat nor say a  
word.

Till thou hast slain me. I am not good to  
live.

## CHORUS.

This is an evil born with all its teeth,  
When love is cut out of the bond of love.

## THEOCLYA.

There is no hate in me, so I am worthy.

## PILÆRA.

I pray thee turn not hate of thine my way,  
I hate not it nor anything of thine.

Lo, mad men, how he burns about the brow,  
And draws the chating sword-strap down  
his hand.

What wilt thou do? wilt thou be worse  
than I?

Be but as sweet as is the betterest,  
The best is always out of all the gods,  
I am well pleased. Lo, do I crave so  
much?

I am not ashamed I will the people  
I am not ashamed I will the people

I am not ashamed I will the people  
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word.

Till thou hast slain me. I am not good to  
live.

## HIPPOLYTUS.

Shame may do most where fear is found  
and work.

## THEOCLYA.

There is no hate in me, so I am worthy.

For which for shame's sake yet I have not  
done;  
If it be done for fear, Take thine own  
way;  
For the foot slip than the whole soul  
verve.

PHILDRA.

The man is choice and exquisite of mouth;  
Yet in the end a curse shall curdle it.

CHORUS.

He goes with cloak upgathered to the lip,  
Holding his eye as with some ill in sight.

PHILDRA.

A bitter ill he hath if the way thereof,  
And it shall burn the sight out as with fire.

CHORUS.

Speak no such word whereto mischance is  
kin.

PHILDRA.

Out of my heart and by fate's leave I speak.

CHORUS.

Set not thy heart to follow after fate.

PHILDRA.

O women, O sweet people of this land,  
O goodly city and pleasant ways thereof,  
And woods with pasturing grass and great  
well-heads,

And hills with light and night between  
your leaves,

And winds with sound and silence in your  
lips,

And earth and water and all immortal  
things,

I take you to my witness what I am.

There is a god about me like as fire,  
Spring whence, who knoweth, or who

hath heart to say?  
A god more strong than whom slain beasts  
can soothe,

Or honey, or any spilt of blood-like wine,  
Nor shall one please him with a whitened

brew  
Nor wheat nor wool nor aught of plaited  
leaf.

For like my mother am I stung and slain,  
And round my cheeks have such red  
and dily

And on my lips such fire and foam as hers.  
This is that Atë out of Amathus

That breeds undeath and gives it one for  
love.

She hath slain mercy, and for dead mercy's  
sake

(Being frightened with this sister that was  
slain)

Flees from before her fearful-footed shame,  
And will not bear the bending of her brows

And long soft arrows flown from under  
them

As from bows bent. Desire flows out of  
her

As out of lips doth speech: and over her  
shines fire, and round her and beneath her

She hath sown pain and plague in all our  
house,

Love loathed of Love, and mates unmatch-  
able,

Wild wedlock, and the lusts that bleat or  
low,

And marriage-fodder snuffed about of kine.  
Lo how the heifer runs with leaping flank

Sleek under shaggy and speckled lies of  
hair,

And chews a horrible lip, and with harsh  
tongue

Laps alien froth and licks a loathlier mouth.  
Alas, a foul first steam of trodden tares,

And fouler of these late grapes underfoot.  
A bitter way of waves and clean-cut foam

Over the sad road of sonorous sea  
The high gods gave king Theseus for no

love,  
Nay, but for love, yet to no loving end.

Alas the long thwarts and the fervent oars,  
And blown hard sails that straightened the

scant rope!  
There were no strong pools in the hollow

sea  
To drag at them and suck down side and  
beak,

No wind to catch them in the teeth and  
hair,

No shoal, no shallow among the roaring  
reefs,

No gulf whereon the striding tide throw  
spars,

No surf where white bones twist like  
whirled white fire.



<p>But like to death he came with death, and sought And slew and spoiled and gat him that he would. For death, for marriage, and for child- getting, I set my curse against him as a sword; Yea, and the severed hall thereof I leave Pittheus, because he slew not (when that face Was tender, and the life still soft in it)</p>	<p>The small swathed child, but bred him for my fate. I would I had been the first that took her death Out from between wet hoofs and reddened teeth, Splashed horns, fierce fetlocks of the brother bull! For now shall I take death a deadlier way: Gathering it up between the feet of love Or off the knees of murder reaching it,</p>
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## THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

<p>BEFORE our lives divide for ever, While time is with us and hands are free, (Time, swift to fasten and swift to sever Hand from hand, as we stand by the sea) I will say no word that a man might say Whose whole life's love goes down in a day; For this could never have been; and never, Though the gods and the years relent, shall be.</p> <p>Is it worth a tear, is it worth an hour, To think of things that are well outworn? Of fruitless husk and fugitive flower, The dream foregone and the deed for- borne? Though joy be done with and grief be vain, Time shall not sever us wholly in twain: Earth is not spoilt for a single shower; But the rain has ruined the ungrown corn.</p> <p>It will grow not again, this fruit of my heart, Smitten with sunbeams, ruined with rain: The singing seasons divide and depart Winter and summer depart in twain. It will grow not again, it is ruined at root, The bloodlike blossom, the dull red fruit; Though the heart yet sickens, the lips yet smart, With sullen savor of poisonous pain.</p>	<p>I have given no man of my fruit to eat; I trod the grapes, I have drunken the wine. Had you eaten and drunken and found it sweet, This wild new growth of the corn and vine, This wine and bread without lees or leaven. We had grown as gods, as the gods in heaven, Souls fair to look upon, goodly to greet, One splendid spirit, your soul and mine.</p> <p>In the change of years, in the coil of things In the clamor and rumor of life to be We, drinking love as the furthest springs Covered with love at a covering tree, We had grown as gods, as the gods above, Filled from the heart to the lips with love, Held fast in his hands, clothed warm with his wings, O love, my love had you loved but me!</p> <p>We had stood as the sure stars stand, and moved As the moon moves, loving the world; and seen Grief collapse as a thing disproved, Death consume as a thing unclean, Twain halves of a perfect heart, made fast, Soul to soul while the years fell past;</p>
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Hail you, love, I met once, as you have not  
loved;

Hail the chance been with us that has  
not been.

I have put my days and dreams out of mind,  
Days that are over, dreams that are done.  
Though we were ever together, we shall  
surely

There is none of them clear as now,  
not one.

But clear are these things; the grass and  
the sun,

Where, sure as the eyes reach, ever at hand,  
With lips wide open and face burnt and  
The strong sea-daisies feast on the sun.

The low downs lean to the sea; the stream,  
One loose thin pulseless tremulous vein,  
Rapid and vivid and dumb as a dream.

Works downward, sick of the sun and  
the rain;

No wind is rough with the rank rare  
flowers;

The sweet sea, mother of loves and hours,  
saddens and shines as the grey winds  
gleam,

Tandem and made to a festive pain.

Mother of loves and hours, to fade,

Mother of loves and hours, to fade,

A broken mother, a mother and dead.

Cold and clear as her faint salt flowers.

I would we twain were even as she,

lost in the night and the light of the sea,  
Where faint sounds falter and win beams  
wade,

Break, and are broken, and shed into  
showers.

The loves and hours of the life of a man.

They are swift and salt, being born of  
the sea.

Hours that are love and regret for a span.

Born with a man's breath, mortal as he;

Loves that are lost ere they come to land,  
Weeds of the wave, without fruit or in  
earth.

I lose what I long for, save what I can,

My love, my love, and no love for me.

It is not much that a man can save

On the sands of life, in the straits of time.

Who swims in sight of the great third  
wave

That never a swimmer shall cross or  
climb.

Some waif washed up with the strays and  
spars

That ebb-tide shows to the shore and the  
stars;

Weed from the water, grass from a grave.

A broken blossom, a ruined rhyme,

There will no man do for your sake, I  
think.

What I would have done for the least  
word said.

I had wrung life dry for your lips to drink,  
Broken it up for your daily bread;

Body for body, and blood for blood,

As the flow of the full sea risen to flood

That yearns and trembles before it sink,

I had given, and I lain down for you, glad  
and dead.

Yet, hope at highest and all her fruit,

And time at fullest and all his dower,

I had given you surely, and life to boot,

Were we once made one for a single  
hour.

But now, you are twain, you are cloven  
apart,

Flesh of his flesh, but heart of my heart:

And deep in one is the bitter root,

And sweet for one is the lifelong flower.

To have died if you cared I should die for  
you, clung

To my life if you bade me, played my  
part

As it pleased you—these were the thoughts  
that stung,

The dreams that smile with a keener  
dart.

Thin shafts of love or arrows of death:

These were but as fire is, dust or breath,

Or poison is foam on the tender tongue

Of the little snakes that eat my heart.

I wish we were dead together to-day,

Lost sight of, hidden away out of sight,

Clasped and clothed in the cloven clay,

Out of the world's way, out of the light,

Out of the ages of worldly weather,

Forgotten of all men altogether,

As the world's first dead, taken wholly  
away.

Made one with death, filled full of the  
night.

How we should slumber, how we should sleep;  
 Far in the dark with the dreams and the dews;  
 And dreaming, grow to each other, and we;  
 Laugh low, live softly, murmur and muse;  
 Yea, and it may be, struck through by the dew,  
 Feel the dust quicken and quiver, and seem  
 Alive as of old to the lips, and lee;  
 Spurn to the winds our lovers use.

Sick dreams and sad of a dull delight;  
 For what shall it profit when men are dead;  
 To have loved, to have loved with the whole soul singing;  
 To have looked for day when the day was fled?  
 Let come what will, there is one thing worth;  
 To have had fair love in the life upon earth;  
 To have held love safe till the day grew right;  
 While sweet lips were red, and lips were red.

Would I had you now, would I take you now;  
 If I lose you now, that my heart has need?  
 And none what may after that come,  
 What then, what then, what then, what then,  
 Love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love,  
 O sweet love, love, love, love, love, love,  
 Had I reached you on earth, I should have  
 In death nor life, nor in dream or in deed.

Yea, I know this well: were you once  
 Mine in the blood's heat, mine in the breath,  
 Mixed into me as honey in wine,  
 Not time nor youth and lights yeth;  
 Nor all strong things had severed us then;  
 Not wrath or grief, nor wisdom or men,  
 Nor all things earthly, nor all day,  
 Nor joy nor sorrow, nor life nor death.

I had grown pure as the dawn and the dew,  
 You had grown strong as the sun or the dew.

But none shall bring a whole life through;  
 For death is one, and the fates are three;  
 At the door of life, by the gate of breath,  
 There are worse things waiting for men than death;  
 Death could not sever my soul and you,  
 As these have severed your soul from me.

You have chosen and clung to me, choice  
 Love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love,  
 Life sweet as fortune and pure as prayer,  
 But will it not one day in heaven be  
 Will they solace you wholly, the day  
 Will you lift up your eyes between sadness  
 Meet mine, and see where the great love  
 And tremble and turn and be changed;  
 The gate is shut; I shall not be there.

But you, had you chosen, had you stretched  
 Had you seen good such a thing were  
 I too might have stood with the souls that  
 In the sun's sight, doth with the light  
 But who now on earth need care how I  
 Have the high gods anything left to give,  
 Such as gold and laurels and gold and laurels,  
 Which gifts are goodly; but I will now.

O all our lovers about the wall,  
 There is none of you, none, that shall  
 My thoughts are as dead things, woe  
 Round and round in a gulf of the sea;  
 And still, through the sound and the strain-  
 ing stream,  
 Through the coil and chafe, they gleam in  
 The light of the lip so cruelly curled,  
 And orange swift eyes where the soul sits  
 Free, without pity, withheld from woe,  
 Would I have you change now, change at a  
 Flashed and stricken, awake and aware?

Yea, if I could, would I have you see  
My very love of you telling me,  
And how my soul to the quick, as I know  
The likeness and look of your throat and

I will not change you. Nay, though I  
might,

Would I change my sweet one love with  
a word?

I had rather your hair should change in a  
night,

Clear now as the plume of a black bright  
bird;

Yet, if it fail suddenly, cease, turn grey,  
Die as a leaf that dies in a day.

I will I give my soul in a place out of sight,  
Where the pulse of it is not heard,

Far off it walks, in a bleak blown space,  
Full of the sound of the sorrowful waves.

I have woven a veil for the weeping face,  
Whose lips have drunken the wine of

tears:

I have found a way for the failing feet,  
A place for slumber and sorrow to meet;

There is no rumor about the place,  
Nor light, nor any that sees or hears.

I have hidden my soul out of sight, and  
I

"Let none take pity upon thee,"  
Comfort thy crying; for lo, thou art dead.

Lie still now, safe out of sight of the sun,  
Have I not built thee a grave, and wrought

Thy grave-clothes on thee of grievous  
wool?

With soft spun verses and tears unshed,  
A sweet life's end, I have made thee

"I have given thee ornaments and balm  
as I might,

And gold, and beautiful burial things.

But thou, be at peace now, make no stir;  
Is not thy grave as a royal king's?

Fret not thyself though thou be a king,  
Sleep, be patient, vex me no more.

Sleep; what hast thou to do with her?  
The eyes that weep, with the mouth that

sings?"

Where the dead red leaves of the years lie  
rotten,

The cold old crimes and the deeds thrown  
by,

The misconceived and the misbegotten,

I would find a sin to do ere I die,

Sure to dissolve and destroy me all through,

That would set you higher in heaven, serve  
you

And leave you happy, when clean forgot-  
ten,

As a dead man out of mind, am I.

Your lithe hands draw me, your face burns  
through me,

I am swift to follow you, keen to see;  
But love lacks might to redeem or undo me,

As I have been, I know I shall surely be,  
"What should such fellows as I do?"

Nay,

My part were worse if I chose to play;

For the worst is this after all; if they know

Not a soul upon earth would pity me.

And I play not for pity of these; but you,  
If you saw with your soul what man

am I,

You would praise me at least that my soul  
all is true.

Clove to you, loathing the lives that lie;

The souls and lips that are bought and sold,

The smiles of silver and kisses of gold,

The lapdog loves that whine as they chew,

The little lovers that curtsy and bow.

There are fairer women, I hear; that may  
I see.

But I, that I love you and mind you fair,  
Who are more than fair in my eyes if they

live,

Do the high gods know or the great  
deeds that I do.

Though I am dead in my heart, I am  
not dead.

Would the iron hollow of doom be so  
kind?

That knows not itself whether it is  
of life or death?

Reverberate words and a foolish prayer.

I will go back to the great sweet mother,  
Mother and I yet of men, the son.

I will go down to her, I and my mother,  
Close with her, kiss her and mix her

with me;

Clasp to her, strive with her, hold her fast;  
O fair white mother, in days long past

Born without sister, born without brother,  
Not free my soul as thy soul is free.

O fair green-girdled mother of mine,  
Sea, that art clothed with the sun and  
the rain,

Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like war;  
Thy large embraces are keen like pain.  
Save me and hide me with all thy waves,  
Find me ere I reach thy land and graves,  
These pure and pitiful graves of thine,  
Wrought with our hand in a world with-  
out stain.

I shall sleep, and move with the moving  
ships;

Change as the winds change, veer in the  
tide;

My lips will be wet on the foam of thy bill;

I shall rise with thy rising, with thee  
subside;

Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were,  
Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,  
As a rose is full to the rose of tips

With splendid summer and perfume and  
pride.

This woven raiment of nights and days.

Were it not cast off and unwound from  
me,

Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,

Alive and aware of thy ways and thee;

Clear of the whole world, hidden at home.

Clothed with the green and crowned with  
the rain,

A pulse of the life of thy struts and flays.

A vein in the heart of the streams of the  
sea.

Fair mother, fed with the lives of men,

Thou art subtle and cruel of heart, men  
say

Thou hast taken, and shalt not render  
again;

Thou art full of thy dead, and cold as  
they.

But death is the worst that comes of thee;

Thou art fed with our dead, O mother, O  
sea,

But when hast thou fed on our hearts? or  
when,

Having given us love, hast thou taken  
away?

O tender-hearted, O perfect lover,

Thy lips are bitter, and sweet thine heart.

The hopes that hurt and the dreams that  
bewitch.

Shall they not vanish away and apart?

But thou, thou art sure, thou art older than  
earth;

Thou art strong for death and fruitful of  
birth;

Thy depths conceal and thy gulfs discover;  
From the first thou wert; in the end thou  
art.

And grief shall endure not for ever, I know.

As things that are not shall these things  
be;

We shall live through seasons of sun and  
of snow.

And none be grievous as this to me.

We shall hear, as one in a trance that  
hears,

The sound of time, the rhyme of the years;

Wrecked hope and passionate pain will  
grow

As tender things of a spring-tide sea

Sea-fruit that swings in the waves that hiss,

Drowned gold and purple and royal  
rings.

And all time past, was it all for this?

Times unforgetten, and treasures of  
things?

Swift years of liking, and sweet long laugh-  
ter,

That wist not well of the years thereafter

Till love woke, smitten at heart by a kiss,

With lips that trembled and trailing  
wings?

There lived a singer in France of old,

By the treeless dangerous midland sea.

In a land of sand and ruin and gold

There shone one woman, and none but  
she.

A finding life for her love's sake fail,

Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,

Touched land, and saw her as life grew  
gold,

And praised God, seeing; and so died he.

Died, praising God for his gift and grace:

For she bowed down to him weeping,  
and said

"Live;" and her tears were shed on his  
face

Or ever the life in his face was shed.

The sharp tears fell through her hair, and  
singing

Once, and her close lips touched him and  
     clung  
 Once, and grew one with his lips for a  
     space;  
 And so drew back, and the man was  
     dead.  
 O brother, the gods were good to you;  
     Sleep and be glad while the world en-  
     dures.  
 Be well content as the years wear through;  
     Give thanks for life, and the loves that  
     lure;  
 Give thanks for life, O brother, and death,  
 For the sweet last sound of her feet, her  
     breath,  
 For gifts she gave you, gracious and few,  
     Tears and kisses, that lady of yours.  
 Rest and be glad of the gods; but I,  
     How shall I praise them, or how take  
     rest?  
 There is not room under all the sky  
     For me that know not of worst or best,  
 In pain or desire of the days before,  
     Saw things or futilities, any more.  
 Love will not come to me now though I  
     die,  
     As love came close to you, breast to  
     breast.  
 I shall never be friends again with roses;  
     I shall loathe sweet tunes, where a note  
     grows strong  
 Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes,  
     As a wave of the sea turned back by  
     song.  
 There are sounds where the soul's delight  
     takes fire,  
 Face to face with its own desire;  
 A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes,  
     I shall hate sweet music my whole life  
     long.  
 The pulse of war and passion of wonder,  
     The heavens that murmur, the sounds  
     that shine,  
 The stars that sing and the loves that  
     thunder,  
 The music burning at heart like wine,  
 An armed archangel whose hands raise up  
 All senses mixed up in the spirit's cap,  
 Till flesh and spirit are molten in sunder  
     These things are over, and no more mine  
 These were a part of the playing I heard  
     Once, ere my love and my heart were at  
      strife;  
 Love that sings and hath wings as a bird,  
     Balm of the wound and hilt of the knife,  
 Fairer than earth's roses, and sleep  
 Than overwatching eyes that weep,  
 Now time has done with his one sweet  
     word,  
     The wine and heaven of lovely life.  
 I shall go my ways, tread out my measure,  
     Till the days of my daily breath  
 With fugitive things not good to treasure,  
     Do as the world teach, say as it saith;  
 But if we had loved each other—O sweet,  
 Had you felt, lying under the palms of  
     your feet,  
 The heart of my heart, beating harder with  
     pleasure  
 To feel you tread it to dust and death—  
 Ah, had I not taken my life up and given  
     All that life gives and the years let go,  
 The wine and honey, the balm and heaven,  
     The dreams reared high and the hopes  
     I brought low?  
 Come life, come death, not a word be said;  
 Should I lose you living, and vex you dead?  
 I never shall tell you on earth; and in  
     heaven  
 If I cry to you then, will you hear or  
     know?

## LES NOYADES.

WHATEVER he said,  
Shall say to his heart of the living;  
They lay down in a valley,  
And the earth was covered with them.

Marvelous things can be done by God.

In the wild path year of the danger  
things,

When France was glorious and the  
red, fair

With dust of battle and deaths of kings,  
A queen of men with her hand on the sword.

Carrier came down with the living,  
Till all the ways and the ways were  
red:

Bound and drowned, slaying two by two,  
Maidens and young men, and the living.

They brought on a day to the living,  
place

One rough with labor and red with  
And a lady with her hand on the sword,  
Faultless, a maiden, womanly, and the living.

She knew that the living were the living,  
If his eyes were living, and the living.

And the judge came, and the living,  
and the living.

Bosom to bosom to drown and the living,  
and the living.

The white girl winced and with her hand  
he

Caught fire, waxed bright as a living,  
bright flame

Seen with the living, and the living,  
Laughed, and the living, and the living.

Twice his lips quaked with delight, the living,  
said,

"I have but a word to you all, one word,  
Pear with me; surely I am living, and the living.

And all they laughed and mocked him,  
and heard.

"Judge, when they open the judgment-

I will stand upright before God and pray;

"I will stand upright before God and pray;  
For his mercy was great upon earth, I

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For his mercy was great upon earth, I

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## A LEAVE-TAKING.

[illegible]



Let us not be so full of our old hope;  
And let us not be so full of heaven in power  
As we are full of love.

I am a swallow, my sister, a swallow,  
A swallow, my sister, a swallow,  
A swallow, my sister, a swallow,  
On a wing of love, a wing of love,  
The heart of a swallow, a wing of love,  
Deep with the singing, a wing of love,  
hair

She would not care.

Let us not be so full of our old hope;  
Let us not be so full of heaven in power  
As we are full of love.  
Will you be a little towards me, singing,  
We are happy, we are happy, we are happy,  
I am a swallow, my sister, a swallow,  
Nay, of the light, a wing of love,  
She would not care.

### ITYLIUS.

SWALLOW, my sister, O sister swallow,  
How is that heart that fills the spring  
A heart that is as a heart, and

Who has a heart that fills the spring?  
What heart that fills the spring?  
What heart that fills the spring?  
What heart that fills the spring?

O swallow, sister, O sister swallow,  
Why wilt thou fly after spring to the  
The heart that fills the spring?  
Shall we not be of the spring?  
Shall we not be of the spring?  
Hast thou a heart that fills the spring?

Sister, my sister, O sister swallow,  
Thy way is long to the heart that fills the spring;  
But I, I filled my heart's desire,  
Shedding my heart upon the heart,  
hollow,

I from tawny body and sweet small heart  
I led the heart of the night with thee

I the right gale all spring through  
O swallow, sister, O sister swallow,  
All spring through, all the spring through  
Clothed with the light of the night on the  
dew.

Sing, while the lions and the wild birds  
Follow,  
The light of the night and find the  
sun.

Sister, my sister, O soft light swallow,  
The light of the night in the spring,  
The light of the night in the spring,  
How is that heart that fills the spring?

I am a heart that fills the spring,  
I am a heart that fills the spring,  
I am a heart that fills the spring,  
I am a heart that fills the spring.

Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow,  
I am a heart that fills the spring,  
Hast thou the heart? is it all past over?

Day 1: Let the sinner be glad to follow.  
 And let the heart that loveth sin  
 Let what will, though ye be sinners,  
 Day 2:

O low, low, sister, O how low, low,  
 O low, low, sister, O how low, low,  
 And so I shall the way she went,  
 I shall go with her, or I will follow,  
 O low, low, sister, O how low, low,  
 O low, low, sister, O how low, low,

[illegible]

Can I use a green tin a target?

The hands that dug and the feet that  
 followed,  
 The voice of the child's blood crying  
 yet  
*Who hath remembered me? who hath for-  
 gotten?*

But thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,  
But the world shall end when I forget.

## ANACTORIA

τιροειδὲς τὸ πειθοῖ  
μάψ σαγημεῖσαι, φιλότατα;

§ APPENDIX.

My life is bitter with thine eyes; thine eyes  
 Band me, thy tresses bind me, thy sharp  
 words pierce me;  
 Trouble my flesh and spirit with soft sound,  
 And thy blood strengthens, and my veins  
 Thrill with thy hand;  
 Thou shalt see such not, speak not, draw not  
 Breath;  
 Let life be burn'd down, and show me it is not  
 Death;  
 I would the sea had hidden us, the fire  
 (With thou fear that, and fear not my de-  
 sir?)  
 Severed the bones that bleach, the flesh  
 that cleaves,  
 And let our sifted ashes drop like leaves.

I feel thy blood against my blood: my pain  
Pains thee, and lips bruise lips, and vein  
                stings vein.  
Let fruit be crushed on fruit, let flower on  
                flower,  
Breast kneale breast, and either burn one  
                hour.  
Why wilt thou follow lesser loves? are  
                these  
Too weak to bear these hands and lips of  
mine?  
I charge thee for my life's sake, O too sweet  
To crush love with thy cruel faultless feet,  
I charge thee keep thy lips from hers or his,  
Sweetest, till theirs be sweeter than my  
                kiss.



3







O lips that the live blood faints in, the  
 Savings of racks and rods!  
 O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of  
 adored Gods!  
 Though all men chase them before you in  
 spirit, and all knees bend,  
 I kneel not nearer to ye, but stand-  
 ing, look to the end.  
 All ye are days and pleasant, all spirits  
 and shadows are cast  
 Far out with the foam of the present that  
 sweers to the surf of the past;  
 Where I go, I find the exiles seawall, and  
 between the remote seas  
 Waste water washes, and all songs touch  
 and deep death washes.  
 Where my life was, and my long sides, clad  
 about with the sea as with wings,  
 And a ship full of terrible tides, and full  
 of unpeckable things,  
 White-eyed and poisonous finned, shark-  
 toothed and serpentine-curved,  
 Rolls, under the whitening wind of the  
 future, the wave of the world.  
 The depths stand naked in sunder behind  
 it, the storms flee away;  
 In the hollow before it the thunder is taken  
 and snatched as a prey;  
 In its sales is the north-wind bound; and  
 its salt is of all men's tears;  
 With light of rum, and sound of changes,  
 and pulse of years;  
 With travail of day after day, and with  
 trouble of hour upon hour;  
 And bitter as blood is the spray; and the  
 crests are as fangs that devour;  
 And its vapor and storm of its steam as the  
 sighing of spirits to beg;  
 And its noise as the noise in a dream; and  
 its depth as the roots of the sea;  
 And the height of its heads as the height of  
 the utmost stars of the air;  
 And the ends of the earth at the might  
 thereof tremble, and time is made bare.  
 Will ye take the deep sea with reins, will  
 ye chain the high sea with rods?  
 Will ye take her to chain her with chains,  
 who is older than all ye Gods?  
 All ye as a wind shall go by, as a fire shall  
 ye pass and be past.  
 Ye are Gods, and behold ye shall die, and  
 the waves be upon you at last,  
 in the darkness of time, in the deeps of the  
 years, in the change of things,  
 Ye shall sleep, ye shall be forgotten, and  
 the world shall forget you for kings.

Though the feet of thine high priests tread  
 with thy lords and on fathers trod,  
 Though those that were Gods are dead, and  
 thou being dead art a God,  
 Though before thee the throne of Cytherian  
 be fallen, and thou on her throne,  
 Yet thy kinsmen shall pass, Galilean, thy  
 dead shall go down to thee dead.  
 Of the maiden thy mother, men sing as a  
 goddess with grace clad around;  
 Thou art throned where another was king;  
 where mother was queen she is throned.  
 Yet, once we had sight of another, it now  
 she is queen, thy throne.  
 Not as thine, not as thine was our mother,  
 a bloom of flowering sea,  
 Clothed round with the waters desire as  
 with raiment, and for as the foam,  
 And fleet as the kind of fire, and a goddess,  
 and mother of Rome.  
 For thine came pale and a maiden, and  
 sister to sorrow; but ours,  
 Her deep hair heavily laden with odour and  
 color of flowers,  
 White rose of the rose-white water, a silver  
 splendor, a flame,  
 Bent down unto us that besought her, and  
 earth grew sweet with her name.  
 For thine came weeping, a slave among  
 slaves, and rejected; but she  
 Came flushed from the full-flushed wave,  
 and imperial, her foot on the sea,  
 And the wonderul waters knew her, the  
 winds and the viewless ways,  
 And the roses grew rosier, and bluer the  
 sea-blue stream of the bays.  
 Ye are fallen, our lords by what token? we  
 wist that ye should not fall.  
 Ye were all so fair that are broken; and  
 one more fair than ye all.  
 But I turn to her still, having seen her,  
 shall surely abide in the end;  
 Goddess and maiden and queen, be near  
 me now and be of old.  
 O daughter of earth, of my mother, her  
 crown and blossom of earth,  
 I am also, I also, thy brother; I go as I  
 came unto earth.  
 In the night where the ney's are as moons  
 in the heaven, the night where neither rain,  
 Where the silence is more than all the sea,  
 where sleep overflows from the heart,  
 Where the poppies are sweet as the rose in  
 our world, and the red rose is white,  
 And the wind full of faint and flow, with  
 the name of the flowers of the night,





The stooped urn, filling, dips and dashes;  
The bronzed urns are deep in ashes;  
The pale old lips of death are fed,  
Soil this dust gather flesh in need;  
Soil one shed tears or fall to laughter,  
At sight of all these poor old de-

Nay, as thou wilt, thou knowest not  
The even stone, weeping shall not part;  
The laughter shall not give thee rest,  
Nay, shall not, cease to cry;  
Soil till thou cleave the sides with the  
Thou shalt not rise up more.

Fast, glassy, full, and burnt wine, his  
The burning flame's mouth curls and  
kisses.

The small dried rows of frankincense;  
All round the sad red blossoms smoulder,  
Flowers colored like the fire, but colder,  
In sign of sweet things taken hence.

Yea, for their sake and in death's favor  
Things of sweet shape and of sweet savor  
We yield them, spice and flower and wine;  
Yea, costlier things than wine or spices,  
Whereof none knoweth how great the price  
is,  
And fruit that comes not of the vine.

From boy's pierced throat and girl's pierced  
bosom

Drips, reddening round the blood-red  
blossoms,

The slow delicious bright soft blood,  
Bathing the spices and the pyre,  
Bathing the flowers and fallen fire,  
Bathing the blossom by the bier.

Roses whose lips the flame had deadened  
Drink till the lapping leaves are reddened  
And warm wet inner petals weep;  
The flower whereof sick sleep gets leisure,  
Bathed of balm and purple pleasure,  
with no native steam of sleep.

Do ye weep? what do ye weep for?  
'King folk and people sleep;  
Sands that fill and sands that fall,  
The days rose-red, the popped hours,  
Blood, wine, and spice and fire and flowers,  
There is one end of one and all.

Shall such as one lend love or borrow?  
Shall these be sorry for thy sorrow?

Shall these give thanks for words or  
breath?

Their hate is as their loving-kindness;  
The frontlet of their brows is blindness,  
The amulet of their arms is death.

How for no noise or light of thunder  
The grave-clothes he rent in sunder,

How that he, he, he, shall he give?  
He hath rent them: shall he bind to-  
gether?

He hath bound them: shall he break the  
tether?

He hath slain them: shall he bid them live?

A little sorrow, a little pleasure,  
That smokes as the dust in the dusty measure

That he, he, the dust of all of us;  
We are born with turmoil and strong crying,  
And from the birth day to the dying  
The likeness of our life is this.

One gilds himself to serve another,  
Whose father was the lust, whose mother  
The little dead **red worm therein**;  
They find no fruit of things they cherish;  
The goodness of a man shall perish,  
It shall be one thing with his sin.

In deep wet ways by gay old gardens  
I find with sharp spring the sweet fruit hard-  
dens;

They know not what fruits wane or grow;  
Red summer brains to the utmost ember;  
They know not, neither can remember,  
The old years and flowers they used to  
know.

Alas for them, sad, over-tipped and taken,  
For their, forgotten and forsaken,  
Watch, sleep not, gild thyself with prayer,  
Nay, where the heart of wrath is broken,  
Where long love ends as a thing spoken,  
How shall thy crying enter there?

Though the iron sides of the old world falter  
The likeness of them shall not alter

For all the rumor of periods,  
The stars and seasons that come after  
The tears of bitter men, the laughter  
Of the old unalterable gods.

Or up above the years and nations,  
The high gods, clothed and crowned with

Endure through days of death-like date;  
They bear the witness of things hidden;  
Before their eyes all life stands chidden,  
As they before the eyes of Fate.

Not for their love shall Fate retire,  
Nor they relent for our desire,

Nor the graves open for their call.  
The end is more than joy and anguish,  
Than lives that laugh and lives that languish,  
The popped sleep, the end of all!

### HERMAPHRODITUS.

#### I.

LIFT up thy lips, turn round, look back for  
love,  
Blind love that comes by night and casts  
out rest;  
Or all things tired thy lips look wearied,  
Save the long smile that they are wearied  
of.  
Ah sweet, albeit no love be sweet enough,  
Choose of two loves and cleave unto the  
best;  
Two loves at either blossom of thy breast  
Strive until one be under and one above.  
Their breath is fire upon the amorous air,  
Fire in thine eyes and where thy lips sus-  
pire:  
And whosoever hath seen thee, being so  
fair,  
Two things turn all his life and blood to  
fire;  
A strong desire begot on great despair,  
A great despair cast out by strong desire.

#### II.

Where between sleep and life some brief  
space is,  
With love like gold bound round about  
the head,  
Sex to sweet sex with lips and limbs is  
wed,  
Turning the fruitful feud of hers and his

To the waste wedlock of a sterile kiss;  
Yet from them something like as fire is  
shed  
That shall not be assuaged till death be  
dead,  
Though neither life nor sleep can find out  
this.  
Love made himself of flesh that perisheth  
A pleasure-house for all the loves his kin;  
But on the one side sat a man like death,  
And on the other a woman sat like sin.  
So with veiled eyes and sobs between his  
breath  
Love turned himself and would not enter  
in.

#### III.

Love, is it love or sleep or shadow or light  
That lies between thine eyelids and thine  
eyes?  
Like a flower laid upon a flower it lies,  
Or like the night's dew laid upon the night.  
Love stands upon thy left hand and thy  
right,  
Yet by no sunset and by no moonrise  
Shall make thee man and ease a woman's  
sighs,  
Or make thee woman for a man's delight.  
To what strange end hath some strange  
god made fair  
The double blossom of two fruitless  
flowers?  
Hid love in all the folds of all thy hair,

Feed thee on summers, watered thee with  
showers,  
Given all the gold that all the seasons wear  
To thee that art a thing of barren hours?

IV.

Yea, love, I see; it is not love but fear.  
Nay, sweet, it is not fear but love, I  
know;  
Or wherefore should thy body's blossom  
blow  
So sweetly, or thine eyelids leave so clear  
Thy gracious eyes that never made a tear—  
Though for their love our tears like blood  
should flow,

Thine love and life and death should  
burn and go,  
So dreadful, so desirable, so dear?  
Yea, sweet, I know; I saw in what swift  
wise  
Beneath the woman's and the water's  
kiss  
Thy moist limbs melted into Salmacis,  
And the large light turned tender in thine  
eyes;  
And all thy boy's breath softened into  
sigh;  
But Love being blind, how should he  
know of this?

*Au Musée du Louvre, Mars 1863.*

FRAGOLETTA.

O LOVE! what shall be said of thee?  
The son of grief begot by joy?  
Being selfless, wilt thou see?  
Being selfless, wilt thou be  
Made an only?

I dream'd of straits lips yesterday  
And cheeks when in the autumn's blood  
Was burning red—  
And when it lay  
Within the bark.

What if I lay the flower in what groves  
Could I tell thee? O my rose flower,  
O daughter of Love,  
With roses that lure the doves  
From bird to bird?

I dream'd not kiss it, lest my lip  
Press harder than men's drawn breath,  
And all the sweet life slip  
Forth—and the flower's blood  
Bloodless, in death.

O sole desire of my delight!  
O sole delight of my desire!  
Mine eyes and my sight  
Feed on thee eye and light  
Like lips of fire.

Draw back thy throat of curven pearl,  
Let thy mouth be like the dove's;  
O Venus had her girl,  
No heart of female e'er,  
As thy Love.

Thy sweet low bosom, thy close hair,  
Thy strait soft flanks and slenderer feet,  
Thy virgin and strange fair,  
Are these not over fair  
For Love to greet?

How should he greet thee? what new name,  
Fit to move all men's hearts, could move  
Thee, dead to love or shame,  
Love's sister, by the same  
Mother as Love?

Oh, sweet, the maiden's mouth is cold,  
Her breast-blossoms are singly red,  
Her hair mere brown or gold,  
Fold over simple fold  
Binding her head.

Thy mouth 's made of fire and wine,  
Thy barren bosom takes my kiss  
And turns my soul to thine  
And turns thy lip to mine,  
And mine it is.

Thou hast a serpent in thine hair,  
In all the curls that close and cling;  
And lo! thy lips are strewed  
Ah! love, thy mouth too fair  
To kiss and sting.

Come to me, love, kiss mine eyes  
Squeeze thy lips with loving me;  
Nay, for thou shalt not die;  
Lie still as I love that dies  
For love of thee.

Mine arms are close about thine head,  
My lips are fervent on thy face,  
And where my kiss hath fed  
Thy flower-like blood leaps red  
To the kissed place.

O bitterness of things too sweet  
O broken singing of the dove!  
Love's wings are over fleet,  
And like the panther's feet  
The feet of Love.

### RONDEL.

THESE many years since we began to  
be,

What have the gods done with us? what  
when?

What wither'd love? they have shown me  
these many years.

Hark! hark! and thou shalt hear them  
these many years.

Grief a vex'd story, and joy a vine that  
these many years.

These many years.

With her, my love, with her have they  
gone well?

But who shall answer for her? who shall  
tell

Sweet things or sad, such things as no man  
hears?

May no tears fall, if no tears ever fell,  
From eyes more dear to me than starriest  
eyes.

These many years!

But if tears ever touched, for any grief,  
Those eyelids folded like a white-rose leaf,  
Deep double shells where through the eye-  
flower peers,

Let them weep once more only, sweet and  
bright.

Brief tears and bright, for one who gave  
her tears

These many years.

### SATIA TE SANGUINE.

IF you love me ever so little,

I shall love the lion's that gull,

I shall love the lion's were brittle;

Yet you shall love me at all.

O beautiful lips. O bosom

More white than the moon's and warm,

A sterile, a ruinous blossom

Is blown your way in a storm.

As a last winter's work, the  
 O. H. L. has been engaged in  
 In fact, were the ...  
 ... loose for the streams to fill

My heart swims bl— in—  
 That stuns me ; swims to and fro,  
 And gathers to wind ward and lee  
 Lamentation, and mourning, and woe.

A broken, an emptied boat,  
Sea says it, winds blow *about*  
Sick and adrift and *about*,  
The barren waif of the *about*

Where, when the gods would be cruel,  
Do they go for a torture ?  
Plant thorns, set pain like a jewel ?  
Ah, not in the flesh, not there ;

The racks of earth and the rods  
Are weak as foam on the sands;  
In the heart is the prey for gods,  
Who crucify hearts, not hands.

More purgals corrode and consume,  
Dead when life dies in the brain;  
In the minute spirit is room  
For the pulse of an infinite pain.

I wish you were dead, my dear;  
I would give you, had I to give,  
Some death too bitter to fear;  
It is better to die than live.

I wish you were stricken of thunder  
And burnt with a bright flame through,  
Consumed and cloven in sunder,  
I dead at your feet like you.

If I could but know after . . .  
 I am, I've come to hunger now . . .  
 The only heart that was ever so small . . .  
 If it were not a stone or a snail . . .

You are crueler, you that we love,  
Than hatred, hunger, or death;  
You have eyes, and breasts like a dove,  
And you kill men's hearts with a breath.

As I go in, a person's cry  
 In a sad exultation dead,  
 So very, when I call for pity  
 Comes back, and twists to be fed.

A turn her with wiles and wheedles,  
 He learns to be fed with wiles;  
 A give him a cross of needles,  
 And whet them sharp as your smiles.

He is patient of thorn and whip,  
He is dumb under axe or dart;  
You suck with a sleepy red lip  
The wet red wounds in his heart.

You thrill as his pulses dwindle,  
You brighten and warm as he bleeds,  
With insatiable eyes that kind  
And insatiable mouth that feeds.

Your hands nailed love to the tree,  
You stript him, scourged him with rods,  
And drowned him deep in the sea  
That hides the dead and their gods.

And for all this, die will he not;  
There is no man sees him but I;  
You came and went and forgot;  
I hope he will some day die.

## A L I F A N Y.

ἐν οὐρανῷ φαίνεται  
καὶ φωτίζῃ τὴν οὐρανὸν,  
μὴ τις ποιεῖται ἐπὶ τὴν ἐκταταύξετε, κ.τ.λ.

*Anth. Sac.*

## FIRST ANAPHORE.

And the bright lights of heaven  
I will make dark over thee ;

One night shall be as seven;  
That its skirts may cover thee;  
I will send on thy strong men a sword.

O, the more we  
Ye shall be with me, O Lord,  
Sath the Lord God.

## SECOND ANTHEM.

As the wings of the doves of the w.  
Are scattered and broken,  
I will break them and scatter them;  
As a sower of seed, I will sow them;  
O Lord our God,  
O Lord our God.

## THIRD ANTHEM.

As the wings of the doves of the w.  
Are scattered and broken,  
I will break them and scatter them;  
As a sower of seed, I will sow them;  
O Lord our God,  
O Lord our God.

## FOURTH ANTHEM.

As the wings of the doves of the w.  
Are scattered and broken,  
I will break them and scatter them;  
As a sower of seed, I will sow them;  
O Lord our God,  
O Lord our God.

## FIFTH ANTHEM.

From all thy lovers that love thee,  
I will break them and scatter them;  
As a sower of seed, I will sow them;  
O Lord our God,  
O Lord our God.

## SIXTH ANTHEM.

From all our lovers that love us,  
Thou God didst scatter us;  
Thou madest darkness of our eyes,  
And madest us as darkness;  
Thou hast broken the wings of the doves,  
And madest us as darkness.

Let a remnant find grace in thy sight,  
We beseech thee, O Lord.

## SEVENTH ANTHEM.

As the wings of the doves of the w.  
Are scattered and broken,  
I will break them and scatter them;  
As a sower of seed, I will sow them;  
O Lord our God,  
O Lord our God.

As the wings of the doves of the w.  
Are scattered and broken,  
I will break them and scatter them;  
As a sower of seed, I will sow them;  
O Lord our God,  
O Lord our God.

## EIGHTH ANTHEM.

As the wings of the doves of the w.  
Are scattered and broken,  
I will break them and scatter them;  
As a sower of seed, I will sow them;  
O Lord our God,  
O Lord our God.

As the wings of the doves of the w.  
Are scattered and broken,  
I will break them and scatter them;  
As a sower of seed, I will sow them;  
O Lord our God,  
O Lord our God.

## NINTH ANTHEM.

In that hour thou shalt be with me,  
O Lord, we beseech thee;  
Thou shalt be with me in thy right,  
Thou shalt be with me in thy right,  
Thou shalt be with me in thy right,  
Thou shalt be with me in thy right.

Thou shalt be with me in thy right,  
Thou shalt be with me in thy right.

We could not stand by day,  
 Nor sit at our lowly bed;  
 The sword was sharp in our way,  
 The sword in our bed;  
 The sword of our sword was made  
 As the sword of our bed;  
 And the sword of our bed  
 For our sword's sake.

We are in the world I have well,  
 Lay a sister and I then us,  
 The Father of God the Father of hell  
 But then up to take the Father us;  
 Our Father turned to a token,  
 Our staff to a rod;  
 Yet shall thou bind them up that were  
 broken  
 O Lord our God.

In our sorrow we said to the night,  
 Fall down and cover us ;  
 To the darkness at left and at right,  
 Be thou shed over us ;  
 We had breaking of spirit to mother

## 1

Ye were mighty in heart from of old,  
Ye shew with the spear, and are slain.  
Ye are after summer is rain,  
And melteth man to the bone.  
As water he weareth away,  
As a flower, as an hour in a day,  
I lift it on laughter to moan.  
But my spirit is shaken with fear  
That an evil thing begin.

Who hath known the ways and the wrath  
The leafless spirit, the root  
And blossom of evil will,



New-born, a spear for a spear,  
 And one for another son,  
 Or ever our tears begin,  
 It was known from of old and of old;  
 One law for a living man,  
 And another law for the dead.  
 For these are fearful and sad,  
 Vain, and fruitless without breath;  
 While he lives let a man be glad,  
 For none hath joy of his death.

## II.

Who hath known the pain, the old pain of  
 earth,  
 Or all the travail of the sea,  
 The many ways and waves, the birth  
 Fruitless, the labor nothing worth?  
 Who hath known, who knoweth, O gods?  
 not we.

There is none shall see I have seen,  
 There is none he hath known.  
 There he saith, Lo, a lord have I been,  
 There he saith, I am alone;  
 I have seen the desire of mine eyes,  
 The beginning of love,  
 The season of kisses and sighs  
 And the end thereof  
 I have known the ways of the sea,  
 All the perilous ways;  
 Strange winds have spoken with me,  
 And the tongues of strange days.  
 I have hewn the pine for ships;  
 Where steeds ran arow,  
 I have seen from their brilled lips  
 Foam blown as the snow,  
 With snapping of chariot poles  
 And with straining of ours  
 I have grazed in the race the pods,  
 In the storm the shores;  
 As a grave is cleft with an arrow  
 At the joint of the knee,  
 I have cleft through the sea-straits narrow  
 To the heart of the sea.  
 What air was smitten in sunder  
 I have watched on high  
 The ways of the stars and of the thunder  
 In the night of the sky;  
 Where the dark brings forth light as a  
 flower,  
 As from lights that discover;  
 O let me both the space of an hour,  
 Or a month for ever;  
 Lo, what hath he seen or known

Of the way and the wave  
 Unholten, unsailed-on, unsown,  
 From the breast to the grave?

Or ever the stars were made, or skies,  
 Grief was born, and the kindest night,  
 Mother of gods without form or name.  
 And light is born out of heaven and day,  
 And one day knows not another's light,  
 But all light is one, and her shape the  
 same.

But dumb the goddesses under ground  
 Wait, and we hear not on earth if their  
 feet  
 Rise, and the night wax loud with  
 their wings;  
 Dumb, without word or shadow of sound;  
 And sit in scales and winnow as wheat  
 Men's souls, and sorrow of manifold  
 things.

## III

Nor less of grief than ours  
 The gods wrought long ago  
 To bruise men one by one;  
 But with the incessant hours  
 Fresh grief and greener woe  
 Spring, as the sudden sun  
 Year after year makes flowers;  
 And I the seed down and grow,  
 And the next year lacks none.

As these men sleep, have slept  
 The old heroes in time fled,  
 No dream-divider sleep;  
 And holier eyes have wept  
 Than ours when on her dead  
 Gods have seen Thetis weep,  
 With heavenly hair far-swept  
 Back, heavenly hands outspread  
 Round what she could not keep.

Could not one day withhold,  
 One night; and like as these  
 White ashes of no weight,  
 He flung his urn the cold  
 Ashes of Hecates!  
 For all things born one gate  
 Opens, no gate of gold,  
 Opens; and no man sees  
 Beyond the gods and fate.

## ANIMA ANCEPS

TILL death have broken  
 Sweet life's love-token,  
 Till all be spoken  
 That shall be said,  
 What dost thou praying,  
 O soul, and playing  
 With song and saying,  
 Things flown and fled  
 For this we know not—  
 That fresh springs flow not  
 And fresh grief grows not  
 When men are dead;  
 When strange years cover  
 Lover and lover,  
 And joys are over  
 And tears are shed.

If one day's sorrow  
 Mar the day's morrow—  
 If man's life borrow  
 And man's death pay—  
 If souls once taken,  
 If lives once shaken,  
 Arise, awaken,  
 By night, by day—

Why with strong crying  
 And years of sighing,  
 Living and dying,  
 Fast ye and pray?  
 For all your weeping,  
 Waking and sleeping,  
 Death comes to reaping  
 And takes away.  
 Though time rend after  
 Roof-tree from rafter,  
 A little laughter  
 Is much more worth  
 Than thus to measure  
 The hour, the treasure,  
 The pain, the pleasure,  
 The death, the birth;  
 Grief, when days alter,  
 Like joy shall falter;  
 Song-book and psalter,  
 Mourning and mirth.  
 Live like the swallow;  
 Seek not to follow  
 Where earth is hollow  
 Under the earth.

## IN THE ORCHARD.

(PROVENÇAL BURDEN.)

LEAVE go my hands, let me catch breath  
 and see;  
 Let the dew-fall drench either side of me;  
 Clear apple-leaves are soft as that  
 moon  
 Seen sidelong like a blossom in the tree;  
 Ah God, ah God, that day should be so  
 soon.

The grass is thick and cool, it lets us  
 lie.  
 Kissed upon either cheek an either  
 eye,  
 I turn to thee at some green afternoon  
 Turns toward sunset, and is loth to die;  
 Ah God, ah God, that day should be so  
 soon.





A suckling of his breed you were,  
One hard to wean;  
But God, who lost you, left you fair,  
We see, Faustine.

You have the face that suits a woman  
For her soul's screen  
The sort of beauty that's called human  
In hell, Faustine.

You could do all things but be good  
Or chaste of mien;  
And that you would not if you could,  
We know, Faustine.

Even he who cast seven devils out  
Of Magdalone  
Could hardly do as much, I doubt,  
For you, Faustine.

Did Satan make you to spite God?  
Or did God mean  
To scourge with scorpions for a rod  
Our sins, Faustine?

I know what queen at first you were,  
As though I had seen  
Red gold and black imperious hair  
Twice crown Faustine.

As if your fell scrophagus  
Spared flesh and skin,  
You come back face to face with us,  
The same Faustine.

She loved the games men played with death,  
Where death must win;  
As though the slain man's blood and breath  
Revived Faustine.

Nets caught the pike, pikes tore the net;  
Lithe limbs and lean  
From drained-out pores dripped thick red  
sweat  
To soothe Faustine.

She drank the steaming drift and dust  
Blown off the scene;  
Blood could not ease the bitter lust  
That galled Faustine.

All round the foul fat furrows reeked,  
Where blood sank in;  
The circus splashed and seethed and shrieked  
All round Faustine.

But these are gone now: years entomb  
The dust and din;  
Yet even the bath's fierce reek and fume  
That slew Faustine.

Was life worth living then? and now  
Is life worth sin?  
Where are the imperial years? and how  
Are you, Faustine?

Your soul forgot her joys, forgot  
Her times of teen;  
Yea, this lie likewise will you not  
Forget, Faustine?

For in the time we know not of  
Did fate begin  
Weaving the web of days that wove  
Your doom, Faustine.

The threads were wet with wine, and all  
Were smooth to spin;  
They wove you like a Bacchanal,  
The first Faustine.

And Bacchus cast your mates and you  
Wild grapes to glean;  
Your flower like lips dashed with dew  
From his, Faustine.

Your drenched loose hands were stretched  
to hold  
The vine's wet green,  
Long ere they coined in Roman gold  
Your face, Faustine.

Then after change of soaring feather  
And winnowing fin,  
You woke in weeks of feverish weather,  
A new Faustine.

A star upon your birthday burned,  
Whose fierce serene  
Red pulseless planet never yearned  
In heaven, Faustine.

Stray breaths of Sapphic song that flew  
Through Mitylene  
Shook the fierce quivering blood in you  
By night, Faustine.

The shameless nameless loves that makes  
Hell's iron gin  
Shut on you like a trap that breaks  
The soul, Faustine.

And when your veins were void and dead,  
What ghosts unclean  
Swarmed round the straitened barren bed  
That hid Faustine?

What sterile growths of sexless root  
Or epicene?  
What flower of kisses without fruit  
Of love, Faustine?

What adders came to shed their coats?  
What coiled obscene  
Small serpents with soft stretching throats  
Caressed Faustine?

But the time came of famished hours,  
Maimed loves and mean,  
This ghastly thin-faced time of ours,  
To spoil Faustine.

You seem a thing that hinges hold,  
A love-machine  
With clockwork joints of supple gold—  
No more, Faustine.

Not godless, for you serve one God,  
The Lampsacene,  
Who mete the gardens with his rod:  
Your lord, Faustine.

If one should love you with real love  
(Such things have been,  
Things your fair face knows nothing of  
It seems, Faustine);

That clear hair heavily bound back,  
The lights wherein  
Shift from dead blue to burnt-up black  
Your throat, Faustine,

Strong, heavy, throwing out the face  
And hard bright chin  
And shameful scornful lips that grace  
Their shame, Faustine,

Curled lips, long since half kissed away,  
Still sweet and keen;  
You'd give him—poison shall we say?  
Or what, Faustine?

### A CAMEO.

THERE was a graven image of Desire  
Painted with red blood on a ground  
of gold  
Passing between the young men and  
the old,  
And by him Pain, whose body shone like  
fire,  
And Pleasure with gaunt hands that grasp-  
ed their hire,  
Of his left wrist, with fingers clenched  
and cold,  
The insatiable Satiety kept hold.

alking with feet unshod that pashed the  
mire,  
The senses and the sorrows and the sins,  
And the strange loves that suck the  
breasts of Hate  
Till lips and teeth bite in their sharp  
indenture,  
Followed like beasts with flap of wings  
and fins. [grate,  
Death stood aloof behind a gaping  
Upon whose lock was written *Perad-  
venture.*

### SONG BEFORE DEATH.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

1795

SWEET mother, in a minute's span  
Death parts thee and my love of thee  
Sweet love, that yet art living man,

Come back, true love, to comfort me.  
Back, ah, come back! ah wellaway!  
But my love comes not any day.

As roses, when the warm West blows,  
Break to full flower and sweeten spring,  
My soul would break to glorious rose  
In such wise at his whispering  
In vain I listen; wellaway!  
My love says nothing any day.

You that will weep for pity of love  
On the low place where I am lain,  
I pray you, having wept enough,  
Tell him for whom I bore such pain  
That he was yet, ah! wellaway!  
My true love to my dying day.

### ROCCO.

TAKE hand and part with laughter;  
Touch lips and part with tears;  
Once more and no more after,  
Whatever comes with years.  
We twain shall not remeasure  
The ways that led us twain;  
Nor crush the lees of pleasure  
From sanguine grapes of pain.

We twain once well in sunder,  
What will the mad gods do  
For hate with me, I wonder  
Or what for love with you?  
Forget them till November,  
An I dream there's April yet,  
Forget that I remember,  
An I dream that I forget.

Time found our tired love sleeping,  
And kissed away his life;  
But what should we do weeping,  
Though light love sleep to death?  
We have drained his lips at leisure,  
Till there's not left to drain  
A single sob of pleasure,  
A single pulse of pain.

Die on that the lips cease to breathe,  
Might quail on that they would;  
Say that this man is worthless;  
Dream that these things are good;  
Say march may well September,  
And time drive on one yet;  
But not that you remember,  
An I not that I forget.

We have heard from hidden places  
What love scarce lives and hears;  
We have seen on fervent faces  
The pillar of strange tears;  
We have trod the wine-vats treasure,  
When ripe to steam and stain,  
Farms round the feet of pleasure  
The blood-red must of pain.

Remembrance may recover  
And time bring back to time  
The name of your first lover,  
The ring of my first rhyme;  
But rose leaves of December  
The frosts of June will fret,  
The day that you remember,  
The day that I forget.

The snake that hides and hisses  
In heaven we twain have known;  
The grief of cruel kisses,  
The joy whose mouth makes moan;  
The pulses pause and measure,  
When in one fervent vein  
Throb through the heart of pleasure  
The purple blood of pain.

As lives are with tears and treasors  
And love for treasors sold;  
Room for the swift new season,  
The years that burn and break,  
Dismantle and dismember  
Men's days and dreams, Juliette;  
For love may not remember,  
But time will not forget.

Life treads down love in flying,  
 Time withers him at root;  
 Bring all dead things and dying,  
 Reaped sheaf and ruined fruit,  
 Where, crushed by three days' pressure  
 Our three days' love lies slain;  
 And earlier leaf of pleasure,  
 And latter flower of pain.

Breathe close upon the ashes,  
 It may be flame will leap;  
 Unclose the soft close lashes,  
 Lift up the lids and weep.  
 Light love's extinguished ember,  
 Let one tear leave it wet  
 For one that you remember  
 And ten that you forget.

### STAGE LOVE.

WHEN the game began between them for a jest, He played king and she played queen to match the best; Laughter soft as tears, and tears that turned to laughter, These were things she sought for years and sorrowed after.	Time was chorus, gave them cues to laugh or cry; They would kill, befool, amuse him, let him die; Set him webs to weave to-day and break to-morrow, Till he died for good in play, and rose in sorrow.
Measure with dry lips, and pain that walks by night; All the sting and all the stain of long de- light; These were things she knew not of, that knew not of her, When she played at half a love with half a lover.	What the years mean; how times dies and is not slain; How love grows and laughs and cries and wanes again; These were things she came to know, and take their measure, When the play was played out so for one man's pleasure.

### THE LEPER.

NOTHING is better, I well think,  
 Than love; the hidden well-water  
 Is not so del to drink:  
 This was of me and her.

I served her in a royal house;  
 I served her wine and curious meat  
 For will to kiss between her brows  
 I had no heart to sleep or eat



More than God knows, that I found;  
 A poor, pale, sick, and dying maid,  
 Who lay in her bed, and I found her  
 Her eyes were closed, and her hands were cold.

I went in, and I found her  
 A poor, pale, sick, and dying maid,  
 And I found her eyes were closed,  
 Her hands were cold, and her heart was dead.

How do I love thee, O my dear,  
 A poor, pale, sick, and dying maid,  
 How do I love thee, O my dear,  
 With a love that is true and true.

Not for a moment, I will leave  
 The poor, pale, sick, and dying maid,  
 Or for a moment, I will leave  
 The poor, pale, sick, and dying maid.

Through the night, I will be by her side,  
 I will be by her side, O my dear,  
 Through the night, I will be by her side,  
 I will be by her side, O my dear.

Then I saw her, O my dear,  
 I found her, O my dear,  
 But at her feet, and I found her  
 What light, O my dear, I found her.

(O my dear, I found her,  
 Both of her, O my dear,  
 A my dear, O my dear,  
 Her dear, O my dear, I found her.)

"Sweet friend, God give you thank,  
 Now am I clean and well,  
 Nor shall men burn me in the fire,  
 For my sweet fault that sent me to the fire."

I tell you over word by word,  
 She said, "I found her, O my dear,  
 I found her, O my dear, I found her,  
 A sweeter thing than the one, I found her."

Oh, that I could find, and find it,  
 A poor, pale, sick, and dying maid,  
 Oh, that I could find, and find it,  
 The body of her, where she was dead.

Love is more sweet and softer,  
 Than the body of her, where she was dead,  
 All the body of her, where she was dead,  
 And I cast her forth for a better thing.

They cursed her, seeing how God had  
 wrought.

They said to plague her, a curse of his,  
 And were they early, and not  
 How sweet it than all sweet she is.

He that had held her by the hair,  
 And he that had held her by the eyes,  
 I found her, O my dear, I found her,  
 And he that had held her by the eyes,

Out of her throat, and adding a oath  
 A poor, pale, sick, and dying maid,  
 With sweet love, and his lips were both  
 Her own should I take the seven or,

Yes, he inside whose grief, all the  
 Her fervent body, O my dear,  
 And he that had held her by the eyes,  
 Found her a plague to spin away.

I hid her in this walled house,  
 I served her water and poor bread,  
 For joy to kiss between her brows  
 Time upon time I was nigh dead.

Bread failed; we got but well-water  
 And gathered grass, with dropping seed.  
 I had such joy of kissing her,  
 I had such joy of kissing her,

Sometimes when service made me glad  
 The happy tears I apt between my lids,  
 I found her, O my dear, I found her,  
 For to the service God forbids.

"I pray you let me be at peace,  
 Give me, make room for me to die."  
 She said that; her poor lip would cease,  
 Put up to mine, and turn to cry.

I said, "Think yourself how love  
 I found her, O my dear, I found her,  
 Still I found her, O my dear, I found her,  
 That I should do this, God forbid."

Yes, though God hate us, he knows  
 How hardy in a little thing  
 Love hath of the work it does  
 Till it grow ripe for gathering.

She said, "Now my sweet is dead  
 And I take me; I know not  
 How we done well, all well said,  
 No word or tender deed forgot.

Too sweet, for the best part in her,  
To have still the cold young lady's eye;  
Could the close-maiden's heart be  
Still.

I might see something I forget.

Six months, and I sit still and hold  
In two cold palms her eye.

Her hair, half grey half ruined,  
Thrills me and burns me in my hand.

Love bites and stings me through, to  
Her keen face made of such keen beauty,  
Her worn-off eyelids madden me,  
That were shot through with purple.

She said, "Be good with me; I grow  
Sick of for some one's sake, I shall die  
If you say no thing!" even so,  
And she is dead now and shame put by.

Yea, and the scorn she had of me  
In the old time, doubtless vexed her  
Then.

I never should have kissed her, —  
What fools God's anger makes of men!

So I might have been, —  
Had I been humbler for her sake.

But the new world, the new love new  
Saw, saw not yet her shame did not.

I took too much of my love,  
Hoping for such mean service done  
Her beauty and all the ways thereof,  
Her face and all the sweet thereof.

For all this while I tended her,  
I knew the old love had been  
Mixed with sad wonder, in her heart.

It may be all my love went wrong  
A scribe's work, writ away and blind,  
I would after the blind eye,  
It must with me perished.

For I would I had been  
All things the best I could, — by chance  
Because I failed, came short of one,  
She kept at heart that other man's.

I would I had with all the things,  
I may be now she hath in sight,  
I would I had knowledge; still there clings  
The old question, — Will not God do  
Right?

En ce temps là estoit dans ce pays grand nombre de ladies et de mesaulx, ce dont le roy eut grand d'splaisir, ven que Dieu leur eut fait gravement corrompé. Ores il advint qu'une noble damoyelle appelée Yolande de Salvo, tant atteinte et toute gastée de ce vilain mal, tous ses amys et ses parens ayant devant leurs yeux, et de la fièvre isir fois de leurs maisons et enques ne voulurent recevoir ni recevoir, car de Dieu et à tous les hommes, si que malheureux. Ceste dame avoit esté malade l'été et l'hiver, et de son corps elle estoit si large et de vie lascive. Pourtant nul d'eux ne l'avoient souvenir fois accablée et l'été et l'hiver, tantement ne voulsent plus héberger si l'été, femme et si détestable pourceuse. Ung seul clerc qui étoit premièrement son lacmays et son entre-donneur, car il l'avoit eue chez luy et la réchauffée dans une petite calane. En mourir la malade d'un mal de cœur et de male mort; et après elle déceda le clerc, qui pour grand amour l'avoit six mois de sa vie soignée, lavée, baillée et deshalée tous les jours de ses mains propres. Mesme diston que ce clerc, un tant homme et maillier clerc remémorant de la grande beauté passée et gastée de ceste femme se d'élire, car maines fois en la baisa sur sa lèvre et le nez, et l'yeux, et l'ocler doucement de ses mains amoureuses. Ainsi est il mort de ceste meisme maladie. Et qu'on voyt le roy Philippe ceste aventure moult en estoit esmerveillé.

*Grandes Chroniques de France, 1501.*

## A BALLAD OF BURDENS.

- THE** burden of a woman. A little light,  
And love's a lantern in some sweet home-  
In way,  
And on a little light that comes by night  
As a light comes that has no heart by  
day,  
And on a light that has no heart by  
day,  
And on a light that has no heart by  
day,  
And on a light that has no heart by  
day,  
This is the end of every man's desire.
- THE** burden of bright kisses. This is sore,  
A burden without fruit in chalice-bearing;  
Between the nightfall and the dawn three-  
score,  
Threescore between the dawn and even-  
ing,  
The shuddering in thy lips, the shudder-  
ing,  
In thy sad eyes is treacherous like fire,  
Mere love's a shame and a  
wretched thing,  
This is the end of every man's desire.
- THE** burden of sweet speeches. Nay, kneel  
down,  
Cover thy head, and weep; for verily  
These market-men that lay thy white and  
brown,  
In the day shall take no thought  
for thee,  
In the day like earth thy face shall  
be,  
Yet, like a man made thick with time  
and pain,  
Said with a voice of the stern  
This is the end of every man's desire.
- THE** burden of long living. Thou shalt  
be  
Wakened by the rising moon and the  
day,  
And say, "I will not die," and the day  
will  
And say, "I will not die," and the day  
will  
This is the end of every man's desire.
- With** weary days thou shalt be clothed  
and fed,  
And wear remorse of heart for thine attire,  
Pain for thy girdle and sorrow upon thine  
head;  
This is the end of every man's desire.
- THE** burden of bright colors. Thou shalt  
see  
Gold tarnished, and the grey above the  
green;  
And as the thing thou seest thy face shall be,  
And no more as the thing beforetime  
seen,  
And thou shalt say of mercy "It hath  
been,"  
And living, watch the old lips and loves  
expire,  
And talking, tears shall take thy breath  
between,  
This is the end of every man's desire.
- THE** burden of sad sayings. In that day  
Thou shalt tell all thy days and hours,  
and tell  
Thy times and ways and words of love, and  
say  
How one was dear and one desirable,  
And sweet was life to hear and sweet to  
speak,  
But now with light's reverse the old hours  
are  
And thou shalt be shod with fire from  
hell,  
This is the end of every man's desire.
- THE** burden of four seasons. Rain in  
spring,  
Where rain and wind among the tender  
trees;  
A summer of green sorrows gathered,  
Rising in a mist of miseries,  
Which thou shalt set towards the year, that  
year,  
Which thou shalt drop out of the dropping  
year,  
And winter wan with many maladies;  
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of dead faces. Out of sight  
And out of love, beyond the reach of  
hands,  
Changed in the changing of the dark and  
light;  
Thy walk and weep about the barren  
lands  
Where no seed is nor any garner stands,  
Where in short breaths the doubtful days  
reside,  
And time's stained glass lets through the  
sighing winds;  
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of much gladness. Life and  
lust  
Forsake thee, and the face of thy delight;  
And underfoot the heavy hour strews dust;

And overhead strange weathers burn and  
bite;  
And where the red was, lo the bloodless  
white,  
And where truth was, the likeness of a  
liar,  
And where day was, the likeness of the  
night;  
This is the end of every man's desire.

## L'ENVOY.

Princes, and ye whom pleasure quickeneth,  
Heed well this rhyme before your plea-  
sure tire;  
For life is sweet, but after life is death.  
This is the end of every man's desire.

## RONDEL.

KISSING her hair I sat against her feet,  
Wove and unwove it, wound and found it  
sweet  
Made fast therewith her hands, drew down  
her eyes,  
Deep as deep flowers an I dreamy like dim  
skies;  
With her own tresses bound and found her  
fair,  
Kissing her hair.

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me,  
Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea;  
What pain could get between my face and  
hers?  
What new sweet thing would love not relish  
worse?  
Unless, perhaps, white death had kissed  
me there,  
Kissing her hair?

## BEFORE THE MIRROR.

## (VERSES WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE.)

INSCRIBED TO J. A. WHISTLER.

WHITE rose in red rose garden  
Is not so white;  
Snow drops that plead for pardon

And pine for fright  
Because the hard East blows  
Over their maiden rows  
Grow not as this face grows from pale to  
bright.

But and the veil, be hidden  
 And up the hill,  
 Love is the best of loves,  
 I think so,  
 I say true, and not jest;  
 Where is the best of loves?  
 Later, when I have found it, who knows  
 I will tell thee.

Sadness is the best of loves,  
 I think so,  
 I say true, and not jest;  
 Who is the best of loves?  
 Long is the best of loves,  
 And when I have found it, who knows  
 I will tell thee.

## II.

"Come, my love, the wind or thunder  
 He has no power,  
 I wish he were a god and wonder  
 At my love's power,  
 No god could do what he does,  
 The best of loves is he,  
 With love and love's leaves and lips that  
 part.

"She knows not love, that kiss I lay  
 She knew not where,  
 And that the best of loves is he,  
 Who is the best of loves?  
 And I think so, who knows?  
 She knows not love,  
 The best of loves is he, who knows,  
 And I think so, who knows?

"I cannot see what pleasures  
 Or what pains were;  
 What I do love and treasures  
 New years will bear;  
 What I can will fill, what shower,  
 What grief or joy for dower;  
 But one thing knows the flower; the  
 flower is true."

## III.

Glad, but not flushed with gladness,  
 Since joys go by;  
 Sad, but not bent with sadness,  
 Since sorrows die;  
 Deep in the gleaming glass  
 She sees all past things pass,  
 And all sweet life that was lie down and  
 lie.

There glowing ghosts of flowers  
 Draw down, draw nigh;  
 And wings of swift spent hours  
 Take flight and fly;  
 She sees by formless gleams,  
 She hears across cold streams,  
 Dead mouths of many dreams that sing  
 and sigh.

Face fallen and white throat lifted,  
 With sleepless eye  
 She sees old loves that drifted,  
 She knew not why  
 Old loves and faded fears  
 Float down a stream that hears  
 The flowing of all men's tears beneath  
 the sky.

## EROTIC.

Sweet I am a little even to fear, and sweet,  
 O love, be thou my love, and love's truest;  
 Shall not I be thy love, and love's truest?  
 Lie down, my love, and love's truest;  
 Yet leave me not yet, if thou wilt, be free;  
 Love me, my love, and love's truest;  
 Love me, my love, and love's truest;  
 One that I am, and one that cannot die.  
 Pass from me; yet thine arms, thine eyes,  
 thine hair,  
 Feed my desire and deaden my despair.  
 Yet once more ere time change us, ere my  
 cheek  
 Whiten, ere hope be dumb or sorrow speak  
 Yet once more ere thou hate me, one full  
 kiss;  
 Keep other hours for others, save me time  
 Yea, and I will not (if it please thee) wear

Lest thou be sad; I will but sigh, and sleep.  
Sweet, does death hurt? thou canst not do  
me wrong:

I shall not lack thee, as I loved thee, long.  
Hast thou not given me above all that live  
joy, and a little sorrow shalt not give?

What even though fairer fingers of strange  
girls

Pass nestling through thy beautiful boy's  
curls

As mine did, or those curled lithe lips of  
thine

Meet theirs as these, all theirs come after  
mine;

And though I were not, though I be not,  
best,

I have loved and love thee more than all  
the rest.

O love, O lover, loose or hold me fast,  
I had thee first, whoever have thee last;

Fairer or not, what need I know, what care?  
To thy fair bud my blossom once seemed  
fair.

Why am I fair at all before thee, why  
At all desired? seeing thou art fair, not I.

I shall be glad of thee, O fairest head,  
Alive, alone, without thee, with thee, dead;

I shall remember while the light lives yet.  
And in the night-time I shall not forget.

Though (as thou wilt) thou leave me ere  
life leave,

I will not, for thy love I will not, grieve;  
Not as they use who love not more than I,

Who love not as I love thee though I die;  
And though thy lips, once mine, be oftener  
prest

To many another brow and balmier breast,  
And sweeter arms, or sweeter to thy mind,

Lull thee or lure, more fond thou wilt not  
find.

### IN MEMORY OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

BACK to the flower-town, side by side,  
The bright months bring,  
New-born, the bridegroom and the bride,  
Freedom and spring.

The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,  
Filled full of sun;  
All things come back to her, being free;  
All things but one.

In many a tender wheaten plot  
Flowers that were dead  
Live, and old suns revive; but not  
That holier head.

By this white wandering waste of sea,  
Far north, I hear  
One face shall never turn to me  
As once this year:

Shall never smile and turn and rest  
On mine as there,  
Nor one most sacred hand be prest  
Upon my hair.

I came as one whose thoughts half linger,  
Half run before;  
The youngest to the oldest singer  
That England bore.

I found him whom I shall not find  
Till all grief end,  
In holiest age our mightiest mind,  
Father and friend.

But thou, if anything endure,  
If hope there be,  
O spirit that man's life left pure,  
Man's death set free,

Not with the sun of days that were  
 Look southward now;  
 Let them revive the reverend hair,  
 The imperial brow;  
 Come back in sleep, for in the life  
 We are the better not  
 Without our death, our Time and strife  
 And the world's lot.  
 Move thee not on, but love at least  
 And reverence heart

May move thee, royal and released,  
 Soul, as thou art.

And thou, Lis Florence, to thy trust  
 Receive and keep,  
 Keep safe his dedicated dust,  
 His sacred sleep.

So shall thy lovers, come from far,  
 Mix with thy name  
 As morning-star with evening-star  
 His faultless fame.

### A SONG IN TIME OF ORDER. 1852.

Push hard across the sand,  
 For the salt wind gathers breath;  
 Shoulder and wrist and hand,  
 Push hard as the push of death.

The wind is as iron that rings,  
 The foam-heads loosen and flee;  
 It swells and welters and swings,  
 The pulse of the tide of the sea.

And up on the yellow cliff  
 The long corn flickers and shakes;  
 Push, for the wind holds it stiff,  
 And the gunwale dips and rakes.

Good hap to the fresh fierce weather,  
 The quiver and beat of the sea!  
 While three men hold together,  
 The kingdoms are less by three.

Out to the sea with her there,  
 Out with her over the sand,  
 Let the kings keep the earth for their share!  
 We have done with the sharers of land.

They have sold the world in a tether,  
 They have bought over God with a fee;  
 While three men hold together,  
 The kingdoms are less by three.

We have done with the kisses that sting,  
 The thief's mouth red from the feast,  
 The blood on the hair is of the king,  
 And the lie at the lips of the priest.

Will they tie the winds in a tether,  
 Put a bit in the jaws of the sea?  
 While three men hold together,  
 The kingdoms are less by three.

Let our flag run out straight in the wind!  
 The old red shall be floated again  
 When the rank that are thin shall be  
 thinned,  
 When the names that were twenty are  
 ten;

When the devil's riddle is mastered  
 And the galley-bench creaks with a  
 Pope,  
 We shall see Buonaparte the bastard  
 Kick heels with his throat in a rope.

While the shepherd sets wolves on his  
 sheep  
 And the emperor halts his kine,  
 While Shame is a watchman asleep  
 And Faith is a keeper of swine.

Let the wind shake our flag like a feather,  
Like the plumes of the foam of the sea;  
While three men hold together,  
The kingdoms are less by three.

All the world has its burdens to bear,  
From Cayenne to the Austrian whips;

Forth, with the rain in our hair  
And the salt sweet foam in our lips;

In the teeth of the hard glad weather,  
In the blown wet face of the sea;  
While three men hold together,  
The kingdoms are less by three.

### A SONG IN TIME OF REVOLUTION. 1860.

THE heart of the rulers is sick, and the  
high-priest covers his head:  
For this is the song of the quick that is  
heard in the ears of the dead.

The poor and the halt and the blind are  
keen and mighty and fleet:  
Like the noise of the blowing of wind is  
the sound of the noise of their feet.

The wind has the sound of a laugh in the  
clamor of days and of deed:  
The priests are scattered like chaff, and  
the rulers broken like reeds.

The high-priest sick from qualms, with his  
raiment bloodily dashed;  
The thief with branded palms, and the liar  
with cheeks abashed.

They are smitten, they tremble greatly, they  
are pained for their pleasant things:  
For the house of the priests made stately,  
and the might in the mouth of the  
kings.

They are grieved and greatly afraid; they  
are taken, they shall not flee:  
For the heart of the nations is made as the  
strength of the springs of the sea.

They were fair in the grace of gold, they  
walked with delicate feet:

They were clothed with the cunning of old,  
and the smell of their garments was  
sweet.

For the breaking of gold in their hair they  
halt as a man made lame;  
They are utterly naked and bare; their  
mouths are bitter with shame.

Wilt thou judge thy people now, O king  
that wast found most wise?  
Wilt thou lie any more, O thou whose  
mouth is emptied of lies?

Shall God make a pact with thee, till his  
hook be found in thy sides?  
Wilt thou put back the time of the sea, or  
the place of the season of tides?

Set a word in thy lips, to stand before God  
with a word in thy mouth:  
That "the rain shall return in the land,  
and the tender dew after drouth."

But the arm of the elders is broken, their  
strength is unbound and undone:  
They wait for a sign of a token; they cry,  
and there cometh none.

Their moan is in every place, the cry of  
them filleth the land:  
There is shame in the sight of their face,  
there is fear in the thews of their hand.

They are girdled about the loins with  
a curse for the girdle thereon:  
For the noise of the rending of chain  
face of their color is gone.



<p>             In the ears of the souls that were dead, in              the dust of the deepness of death;              Where the face of the moon is taken, the              ways of the stars undone,              The light of the whole sky shaken, the              light of the face of the sun:              Where the waters are emptied and broken,              the waves of the waters are stayed;              Where God has bound for a token the              darkness that maketh afraid;              Where the sword was covered and hidden,              and dust had grown in its side,              A word came forth which was bidden, the              crying of one that cried:              The sides of the two-edged sword shall be              bare, and its mouth shall be red,              For the breath of the face of the Lord that              is felt in the bones of the dead.           </p>	<p>             In the ears of the souls that were dead, in              the dust of the deepness of death;              Where the face of the moon is taken, the              ways of the stars undone,              The light of the whole sky shaken, the              light of the face of the sun:              Where the waters are emptied and broken,              the waves of the waters are stayed;              Where God has bound for a token the              darkness that maketh afraid;              Where the sword was covered and hidden,              and dust had grown in its side,              A word came forth which was bidden, the              crying of one that cried:              The sides of the two-edged sword shall be              bare, and its mouth shall be red,              For the breath of the face of the Lord that              is felt in the bones of the dead.           </p>
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### 65 VICTOR HUGO.

<p>             In the fair days when God              By man as godlike trod,              And each alike was Greek, alike was free,              God's lightning spared, they said,              Alone the happier head              Whose laurels screened it; fruitless grace              for thee,              To whom the high gods gave of right              Their thunders and their laurels and their              light.              Sunbeams and bays before              Our master's servants wore,              For these Appollo left in all men's lands              But far from these ere now              And watched with jealous brow              Lay the blind lightnings shut between              God's hands,              And only loosed on slaves and kings              The terror of the tempest of their wings.           </p>	<p>             Born in those younger years              That shone with storms of spears              And shook in the wind blown from a dead              world's pyre,              When by her back-blown hair              Napoleon caught the fair              And fierce Republic with her feet of fire              And stayed with iron words and hands              Her flight, and freedom in a thousand lands:              Thou sawest the tides of things              Close over heads of kings,              And thine hand felt the thunder and the              the              Laurels and lightnings were              As sunbeams and soft air              Mixed each in other, or as mist with sea              Mixed, or as memory with desire,              Or the lute's pulses with the louder lyre.           </p>
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For thee man's spirit stood  
 In bed of flesh and blood  
 And bear the heart of the most secret houses;  
 And to thine hand more tame  
 Than birds in winter came  
 High hopes and unknown flying forms of  
 powers,  
 And from thy table fed and sang  
 Till with the tune men's ears took fire and  
 rang.

Even all men's eyes and ears  
 With fiery sound and tears  
 Waved hot, and cheeks caught flame and  
 eyelids light,  
 At those high songs of thine  
 That stung the sense like wine.  
 Or fell more soft than dew or snow by  
 night,  
 Or wailed as in some flooded cave  
 Sobs the strong broken spirit of a wave.

But we, our master, we  
 Whose hearts, uplift to thee,  
 Ache with the pulse of thy remembered  
 song.

We ask not nor await  
 From the clenched hands of fate,  
 As thou, remission of the world's old  
 wrong;

Respite we ask not, nor release;  
 Freedom a man may have, he shall not  
 peace.

Though thy most fiery hope  
 Stood heaven, to set wide open  
 The all-right-for gate whence God or  
 Chance debars

All feet of men, all eyes —  
 The old night resumes her skies,  
 Her hollow hiding-place of clouds and  
 stars,

Where nought save these is sure in  
 sight  
 And, paven with death, our days are  
 roofed with night.

One thing we can; to be  
 Awhile, as men may, free;  
 But not by hope or pleasure the most stern  
 Goddess, most awful-eyed,  
 Sits, but on either side  
 Sits sorrow and the wrath of hearts that  
 burn,  
 Sad faith, that cannot hope or fear,

And memory grey with many a flowerless  
 year.

Not that in stranger's wise  
 I lift not loving eye.  
 To the fair foster-mother France, that  
 Beyond the pale fleet foam  
 Help to my sires and home,  
 Whose great sweet breast could she  
 those and save  
 Whom from her nursing breasts and  
 hands  
 Their land cast forth of old on gentler  
 lands.

Not without thoughts that ache  
 For theirs and for thy sake,  
 I, born of exiles, hail thy banished head  
 I whose young song took flight  
 Toward the great heat and light  
 On me a child from thy far splendor shed,  
 From thine high place of soul and  
 song,  
 Which, fallen on eye yet feeble, made  
 them strong.

Ah, not with lessening love,  
 For memories born heretof,  
 I look to that sweet mother-land, and  
 The old fields and fair full streams,  
 And skies, but fled like dreams  
 The feet of freedom and the thought of  
 thee;  
 And all between the skies and graves  
 The mirth of mockers and the shame of  
 slaves.

Who, filled with noisome air,  
 Lingers and still so fair,  
 And yet there be freedom," and  
 there was  
 Freedom; and as a lance  
 The fiery eyes of France  
 Touched the world's sleep and as a leap  
 made pass  
 Forth of men's heavier eyes and eyes  
 Smitten with fire and thunder from new  
 sky

Are thou men's friends indeed  
 Who watch them weep and bleed?  
 Because thou hast loved us, shall the gods  
 love thee?  
 Thou first of men and friend,  
 Seest thou, even thou, the end?

Thou knowest what hath been, knowest  
 thou what shall be?  
 Evils may pass and hopes endure;  
 But fade is dim, and all the gods obscure.

O nursed in airs apart,  
 O poet highest of heart,  
 Hast thou seen time, who hast seen so  
 many things?  
 Are not the years more wise,  
 More sad than keenest eyes,  
 The years with sunless feet and sounding  
 wings?  
 Passing we hear them not, but past  
 The terror of them thrills us, and their  
 blast.

Thou art chief of us, and lord;  
 Thy song is as a sword  
 Keen-edged and scented in the blade from  
 flowers;  
 Thou art lord and king but we  
 Lift younger eyes; and see  
 Less of high hope, less light on wandering  
 hours;  
 Hours that have borne men down so  
 long,  
 Seen the right fall, and watched uplift the  
 wrong.

But thine imperial soul  
 As years and ruins roll  
 To the same end, and all things and all  
 dreams  
 With the same wreck and roar  
 Drift on the dim same shore,  
 Still in the bitter foam and brackish  
 streams  
 Tracks the fresh water-spring to be  
 And sudden sweeter fountains in the sea.

As once the high God bound  
 With many a rivet round  
 Man's saviour, and with iron nailed him  
 through,  
 At the wild end of things,  
 Where even his own bird's wings  
 Flagged whence the sea shone like a drop  
 of dew,  
 From Caucasus beheld below  
 Past fathoms of unfathomable snow;

So the strong God, the chance  
 Central of circumstance,  
 Still shows him exile who will not be slave;

All thy great fame and thee  
 Girt by the dim strait sea  
 With multitudinous walls of wandering  
 wave;  
 Shows us our greatest from his throne  
 Fate-stricken, and rejected of his own.

Yea, he is strong, thou say'st,  
 A mystery many-faced,  
 The wild beasts know him and the wild  
 birds flee;  
 The blind night sees him, death  
 Shrinks beaten at his breath,  
 And his right hand is heavy on the sea:  
 We know he hath made us, and is  
 king;  
 We know not if he care for anything.

Thus much, no more, we know;  
 He bade what is be so,  
 Bade light be and bade night be, one by  
 one;  
 Bade hope and fear, bade ill  
 And good redeem and kill,  
 Till all men be weary of the sun  
 And this world burn in its own flame  
 And bear no witness longer of his name.

Yet though all this be thus,  
 Be those men praised of us  
 Who have loved and wrought and sorrowed  
 and not sinned  
 For fame or fear or gold,  
 Nor waxed for winter cold,  
 Nor changed for changes of the world's  
 wind;  
 Praised above men of men be these,  
 Till this one world and work we know  
 shall cease.

Yea, one thing more than this,  
 We know that one thing is,  
 The splendor of a spirit without blame  
 That not the laboring years  
 Bind-born, nor any fears,  
 Nor men nor any gods can tire or tame;  
 But purer power with fiery breath  
 Fills, and exalts above the gulfs of death.

Praised above men be thou,  
 Whose laurel-laden brow  
 Made for the morning, droops not in the  
 night;  
 Praised and beloved, that none  
 Of all thy great things done

Flies higher than thy most equal spirits flight; Praised, that nor doubt nor hope could bend	Earth's loftiest head, found upright to the end.
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## BEFORE DAWN.

SWEET life, if life were stronger,  
 Earth clear of years that wrong her.  
 Then two things might live longer  
     Two sweeter things than they;  
     Delight, the rootless flower,  
 And love, the bloomless bower;  
 Delight that lives an hour,  
     And love that lives a day.

From evensong to daytime,  
 When April melts in Maytime,  
 Love lengthens out his playtime,  
     Love lessens breath by breath,  
 And kiss by kiss grows older  
 On listless throat or shoulder  
 Turned sidewise now, turned colder  
     Than life that dreams of death.

This one thing once worth giving  
 Life gave, and seemed worth living;  
 Sin sweet beyond forgiving  
     And brief beyond regret:  
 To laugh and love together  
 And weave with foam and feather  
 And wind and words the tether  
     Our memories play with yet.

Ah, one thing worth beginning,  
 One thread in life worth spinning,  
 Ah sweet, one sin worth sinning  
     With all the whole soul's will;  
 To lull you till one stilled you,  
 To kiss you till one killed you,  
 To feed you till one filled you,  
     Sweet lips, if love could fill;

To hunt sweet Love and lose him  
 Between white arms and bosom,  
 Between the bud and blossom,  
     Between your throat and chin;

To say of shame—what is it?  
 Of virtue—we can miss it,  
 Of sin—we can but kiss it,  
     And it's no longer sin:

To feel the strong soul, stricken  
 Through fleshly pulses, quicken  
 Beneath swift sighs that thicken,  
     Soft hands and lips that smite;  
 Lips that no love can tire,  
 With hands that sting like fire,  
 Weaving the web Desire  
     To snare the bird Delight.

But love so lightly plighted,  
 Our love with torch unlighted,  
 Paused near us unafrighted,  
     Who found and left him free;  
 None, seeing us cloven in sunder,  
 Will weep or laugh or wonder;  
 Light love stands clear of thunder.  
     And safe from winds at sea.

As, when late larks give warning,  
 Of dying lights and dawning,  
 Night murmurs to the morning,  
     "Lie still, O love, lie still;"  
 And half her dark limbs cover  
 The white limbs of her lover,  
 With amorous plumes that hover  
     And fervent lips that chill;

As scornful day represses  
 Night's void and vain caresses,  
 And from her cloudier tresses  
     Unwinds the gold of his,  
 With limbs from limbs dividing  
 And breath by breath subsiding;  
 For love has no abiding,  
     But dies before the kiss.

So hath it been, so be it;  
For who shall live and flee it?  
But look that no man see it  
Or hear it unware;

Lest all who love and choose him  
See Love, and so refuse him;  
For all who find him lose him,  
But all have found him fair.

## DOLORES.

(NOTRE-DAME DES SEPT DOULEURS.)

Close eyelids that hide like a jewel  
Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour;  
The heavy white limbs, and the cruel  
Red mouth like a venomous flower;  
When these are gone by with their glories,  
What shall rest of thee then, what remain,  
O mystic and sombre Dolores  
Our Lady of Pain?

Seven sorrows the priests give their Virgin;  
But thy sins, which are seventy times  
seven,

Seven ages would fail thee to purge in,  
And then they would haunt thee in  
heaven:

Fierce midnights and famishing sorrows,  
And the loves that complete and control  
All the joys of the flesh, all the sorrows  
That wear out the soul.

O garden not gilded but gilded  
O garden where all men may dwell,  
O tower not of ivory, but hunkled  
By hands that reach heaven from hell;  
O mystical rose of the mure,  
O house not of gold but of grace,  
O house of unquarrelable fire,  
Our Lady of Pain!

O lips full of rest and of laughter,  
Curled snakes that crawl from the  
Bite hard, lest thou art deceived  
And press with new lips to thee, you  
pressed.  
For my heart too presses at the pressure,

Mine eyelids too moisten and burn;  
Ah, feed me and fill me with pleasure,  
Ere pain come in turn.

In yesterday's reach and to-morrow's,  
Out of sight though they lie of to-day,  
There have been and there yet shall be sor-  
rows,  
That smite not and bite not in play.  
The life and the love thou despisest,  
These hurt us indeed, and in vain,  
O wise among women, and wisest,  
Our Lady of Pain.

Who gave thee thy wisdom? what stories  
That stung thee, what visions that smote?  
Wert thou pure and a maiden, Dolores,  
When desire took thee first by the throat?  
What bud was the shell of a blossom  
That all men may smell to and pluck?  
What milk fed thee first at what bosom?  
What sins gave thee suck?

We shift and bedeck and bedrape us,  
Thou art noble and nude and antique;  
Latin thy mother, Priapus  
Thy father, a Fuscus and Greek.  
We play with light lives in the portal,  
A few words and reflect and refrain;  
But see, and we know thee immortal,  
Our Lady of Pain!

Prisings and pressings and time and ages;  
Thou art red with perpetual breath,  
A mass after infinite changes.

And fresh from the kisses of death ;  
Of languors rekindled and rallied,  
Of barren delights and unclean,  
Things monstrous and fruitless, a pallid  
And poisonous queen.

Could you hurt me, sweet lips, though I  
hurt you ?

Men touch them, and change in a trice  
The lilies and languors of virtue  
For the raptures and roses of vice;  
Those lie where thy foot on the floor is,  
These crown and caress thee and chain,  
O splendid and sterile Dolores,  
Our Lady of Pain.

There are sins it may be to discover,  
There are deeds it may be to delight.  
What new work wilt thou find for thy lover ?  
What new passions for daytime or night ?  
What spells that they know not a word of  
Whose lives are as leaves overblown ?  
What tortures undreamt of, unheard of,  
Unwritten, unknown ?

Ah beautiful passionate body  
That never has ached with a heart !  
On thy mouth though the kisses are bloody,  
Though they sting till it shudder and  
smart,  
More kind than the love we adore is,  
They hurt not the heart or the brain,  
O bitter and tender Dolores,  
Our Lady of Pain.

As our kisses relax and redouble,  
From the lips and the foam and the fangs  
Shall no new sin be born for men's trouble,  
No dream of impossible pangs ?  
With the sweet of the sins of old ages  
Wilt thou satiate thy soul as of yore ?  
Too sweet is the rind, say the sages,  
Too bitter the core.

Hast thou told all thy secrets the last time,  
And bared all thy beauties to one ?  
Ah, where shall we go then for pastime,  
If the worst that can be has been done ?  
But sweet as the rind was the core is;  
We are fan of thee still, we are fain,  
O sanguine and subtle Dolores,  
Our Lady of Pain.

By the hunger of change and emotion,  
By the thirst of unbearable things,  
By despair, the twin-born of devotion,

By the pleasure that winces and stings,  
The delight that consumes the desire,  
The desire that outruns the delight,  
By the cruelty deaf as a fire  
And blind as the night,

By the ravenous teeth that have smitten  
Through the kisses that blossom and bud,  
By the lips intertwined and bitten  
Till the foam has a savor of blood,  
By the pulse as it rises and falters,  
By the hands as they slacken and strain,  
I adjure thee, respond from thine altars,  
Our Lady of Pain.

Wilt thou smile as a woman disdaining  
The light fire in the veins of a boy ?  
But he comes to thee sad, without feigning,  
Who has wearied of sorrow and joy;  
Less careful of labor and glory  
Than the elders whose hair has uncurled;  
And young, but with fancies as hoary  
And grey as the world.

I have passed from the outermost portal  
To the shrine where a sin is a prayer;  
What care though the service be mortal ?  
O our lady of Torture, what care ?  
All thine the last wine that I pour is,  
The last in the chalice we drain,  
O fierce and luxurious Dolores,  
Our Lady of Pain.

All thine the new wine of desire,  
The fruit of four lips as they clung  
Till the hair and the eyelids took fire,  
The foam of a serpentine tongue,  
The froth of the serpents of pleasure,  
More salt than the foam of the sea,  
Now felt as a flame, now at leisure  
As wine shed for me.

Ah thy people, thy children, thy chosen,  
Marked cross from the womb and per-  
verse !  
They have found out the secret to cozen  
The gods that constrain us and curse;  
They alone, they are wise, and none other;  
Give me place, even me, in their train,  
O my sister, my spouse, and my mother,  
Our Lady of Pain.

For the crown of our life as it closes  
Is darkness, the fruit thereof dust;  
No thorns go as deep as a rose's,

And love is more cruel than lust.  
Time turns the old days to derision,  
Our loves into corpses or wives;  
And marriage and death and division  
Make barren our lives.

And pale from the past we draw nigh thee  
And satiate with comfortless hours;  
And we know thee, how all men belie thee,  
And we gather the fruit of thy flowers;  
The passion that slays and recovers,  
The pangs and the kisses that rain  
On the lips and the limbs of thy lovers,  
Our Lady of Pain.

The desire of thy furious embraces  
Is more than the wisdom of years,  
On the blossom though blood lie in traces,  
Though the foliage be sodden with tears.  
For the lords in whose keeping the door is  
That opens on all who draw breath  
Gave the cypress to love, my Dolores,  
The myrtle to death.

And they laughed, changing hands in the  
measure.

And they mixed and made peace after  
strife;

Pain melted in tears, and was pleasure;  
Death tingled with blood, and was life.  
Like lovers they melted and tingled,  
In the dusk of thine innermost fame;  
In the darkness they murmured and mingled,  
Our Lady of Pain.

In a twilight where virtues are vices,  
In thy chapels, unknown of the sun,  
To a tune that enthralls and entices,  
They were wed, and the train were as  
one.

For the tune from thine altar hath sounded  
Since God bade the world's work begin,  
And the fume of thine incense abounded,  
To sweeten the sin.

Love listens, and paler than ashes,  
Through his curls as the crown on them  
slips,

Lifts languid wet eyelids and lashes,  
And laughs with insatiable lips.  
Thou shalt hush him with heavy caresses,  
With music that scares the profane;  
Thou shalt darken his eyes with thy tresses,  
Our Lady of Pain.

Thou shalt blind his bright eyes though he  
wrestle,

Thou shalt chain his light limbs though  
he strive;

In his lips all thy serpents shall nestle,  
In his hands all thy cruelties thrive.  
In the daytime thy voice shall go through  
him,

In his dreams he shall feel thee and ache;  
Thou shalt kindle by night and subdue him  
Asleep and awake.

Thou shalt touch and make redder his roses  
With juice not of fruit nor of bud;  
When the sense in the spirit reposes,  
Thou shalt quicken the soul through the  
blood.

Thine, thine the one grace we implore is,  
Who would live and not languish or feign,  
O sleepless and deadly Dolores,  
Our Lady of Pain.

Dost thou dream, in a respite of slumber,  
In a lull of the fires of thy life,  
Of the days without name, without number,  
When thy will stung the world into strife,  
When, a goddess, the pulse of thy passion  
Smote kings as they revelled in Rome;  
And they hailed thee re-risen, O Thalassian,  
Foam-white, from the foam?

When thy lips had such lovers to flatter,  
When the city lay red from thy rods,  
And thine hands were as arrows to scatter  
The children of change and their gods;  
When the blood of thy loemen made fervent  
A sand never moist from the main,  
As one smote them, their lord and thy  
servant,  
Our Lady of Pain.

On sands by the storm never shaken,  
Nor wet from the washing of tides;  
Nor by foam of the waves overtaken,  
Nor winds that the thunder bestrides;  
But red from the print of thy paces,  
Made smooth for the world and its lords,  
Ringed round with a flame of fair faces,  
And splendid with swords.

There the gladiator, pale for thy pleasure,  
Drew bitter and perilous breath;  
There torments laid hold on the treasure  
Of limbs too delicious for death;  
When thy gardens were lit with live torches,

When the world was a steed for thy rein;  
When the nations lay prone in thy porches,  
Our Lady of Pain.

When, with flame all around him aspirant,  
Stood flushed, as a harp-player stands,  
The implacable beautiful tyrant,  
Rose-crowned, having death in his hands;  
And a sound as the sound of loud water  
Smote far through the flight of the fires,  
And mixed with the lightning of slaughter  
A thunder of lyres.

Dost thou dream of what was and no more  
is,

The old kingdoms of earth and the  
kings?

Dost thou hunger for these things, Dolores,  
For these, in a world of new things?  
But thy bosom no fasts could emaciate,  
No hunger compel to complain  
Those lips that no bloodshed could satiate,  
Our Lady of Pain.

As of old when the world's heart was  
lighter,  
Through thy garments the grace of thee  
glows,

The white wealth of thy body made whiter  
By the blushes of amorous blows,  
And seamed with sharp lips and fierce fin-  
gers,

And branded by kisses that bruise;  
When all shall be gone that now lingers,  
Ah, what shall we lose?

Thou wert fair in the fearless old fashion,  
And thy limbs are as melodies yet,  
And move to the music of passion  
With lithe and luscious regret,  
What ailed us, O gods, to desert you  
For creeds that refuse and restrain?  
Come down and redeem us from virtue,  
Our Lady of Pain.

All shrines that were Vestal are flameless;  
But the flame has not fallen from thee,  
Though obscure be the god, and though  
nameless

The eyes and the hair that we kiss;  
Low fires that love sits by and forges  
Fresh heads for his arrows and thine;  
Hair loosened and soiled in mid orgies  
With kisses and wine.

Thy skin changes country and color,  
And shrivels or swells to a snake's.  
Let it brighten and bloat and grow duller,  
We know it, the flames and the flakes,  
Red brands on it smitten and bitten,  
Round skies where a star is a stain,  
And the leaves with thy litanies written,  
Our Lady of Pain.

On thy bosom though many a kiss be,  
There are none such as knew it of old.  
Was it Alciphron once or Arisbe,  
Male ringlets or feminine gold  
That thy lips met with under the statue,  
Whence a look shot out sharp after  
thieves

From the eyes of the garden god at you  
Across the fig-leaves?

Then still, through dry seasons, and mois-  
ter,

One god had a wreath to his shrine;  
The love was the pearl of his oyster,\*  
And Venus rose red out of wine.  
We have all done amiss, choosing rather  
Such loves as the wise gods disdain;  
Intercede for us thou with thy father,  
Our Lady of Pain.

In spring he had crowns of his garden,  
Red corn in the heat of the year,  
Then hoary green olives that harden  
When the grape-blossom freezes with fear;  
And milk-budded myrtles with Venus  
And vine-leaves with Bacchus he trod;  
And ye said, "We have seen, he hath seen  
us,  
A visible God."

What broke off the garlands that girt you?  
What sundered you spirit and clay?  
Weak sins yet alive are as virtue  
To the strength of the sins of that day.  
For dried is the blood of thy lover,  
Ipsithilla, contracted the vein;  
Cry aloud, "Will he rise and recover,  
Our Lady of Pain?"

Cry aloud; for the old world is broken:  
Cry out; for the Phrygian is priest,  
And rears not the bountiful token  
And spreads not the fatherly feast.

\* "Nam te præcipue in suis urbibus colit ora  
Hellas pontia, cæteris ostensor oris."  
CATULL. *Carm.* xviii



From the midmost of Ida, from steady  
 recesses that murmur at morn,  
 They have brought and baptized her, Our  
 Lady,  
 A goddess new-born.

And the chaplets of old are above us,  
 And the oyster-bed teems out of reach;  
 Old poets outsing and outlove us,  
 And Cæcilius makes mournful our speech.  
 Who shall kiss, in this their own city,  
 With such lips as he sang with, again?  
 Intercede for us, all of thy pray,  
 Our Lady of Pain.

Coty of Dardanus heavily laden  
 Her lowly, lowly and unfed  
 A mother, a mother, a mother,  
 A queen, a mother, and the dead,  
 She is old, and her hair is lowly,  
 Her temple of branches and sods;  
 Most fruitful and virginal, holy,  
 A mother of gods.

She hath wasted with fire thine high places,  
 She hath hidden and marred and made  
 sad  
 The fair limbs of the Loves, the fair faces  
 Of gods that were goodly and glad.  
 She slays, and her hands are not bloody;  
 She moves as a moon in the wane,  
 Whiter than snow, and thy raiment is ruddy,  
 Our Lady of Pain.

They shall pass and their places be taken,  
 The gods and the priests that are pure.  
 They shall pass, and shalt thou not be  
 shaven?  
 They shall perish, and shalt thou endure?  
 Death laughs, but closing close and relentless  
 In the nostrils and eyelids of lust,  
 With a pinch in the fingers of senseless  
 And delicate art.

But the worm shall revive thee with kisses,  
 Thou shalt change and transmute as a  
 god,  
 As the rod to a serpent that hisses,  
 As the serpent again to a rod,  
 Thy life shall not cease though thou doff it;  
 Thou shalt live until evil be slain.  
 And good shall die first, said thy prophet,  
 Our Lady of Pain.

Did he lie? did he laugh? does he know it,  
 Now he lies out of reach, out of breath,  
 Thy prophet, thy preacher, thy poet,  
 Sin's child by incestuous Death?  
 Did he find out in time at his waking,  
 Or discern as his eyelids lost light,  
 When the hands of the body were breaking  
 And all came in sight?

Who has known all the evil before us,  
 Or the tyrannous secrets of time?  
 Though we match not the dead men that  
 bore us  
 At a song, at a kiss, at a crime—  
 Though the heathen outface and outlive us,  
 And our lives and our longings are twain—  
 Ah, forgive us our virtues, forgive us,  
 Our Lady of Pain.

Who are we that embalm and embrace thee  
 With spices and savors of song?  
 What is time, that his children should face  
 thee;  
 What am I, that my lips do thee wrong?  
 I could hurt thee—but pain would delight  
 thee;  
 Or caress thee—but love would repel;  
 And the lovers whose lips would excite thee  
 Are serpents in hell.

Who now shall content thee as they did,  
 Thy lovers, when temple were built  
 And the hair of the sacrifice braided  
 And the blood of the sacrifice spilt,  
 In Lampsacus fervent with faces,  
 In Aphaca red from thy reign,  
 Who embraced thee with awful embraces,  
 Our Lady of Pain?

Where are they, Cotytto or Venus,  
 Astarte or Ashtatoth, where?  
 Do their hands as we touch come between  
 us?  
 Is the breath of them hot in thy hair?  
 Have their lips have thy lips taken fever,  
 With the blood of their bodies grown red?  
 Hast thou left upon earth a believer  
 If these men are dead?

They were purple of raiment and golden,  
 Filled full of thee, fiery with wine,  
 Thy lovers, in haunts unbeholden,  
 In marvellous chambers of thine.  
 They are fled, and their footprints escape  
 us,

Who appraise thee, adore, and abstain,  
O daughter of Death and Priapus,  
Our Lady of Pain.

What ails us to fear overmeasure,  
To praise thee with timorous breath,  
O mistress and mother of pleasure,  
The one thing as certain as death?  
We shall change as the things that we  
cherish,  
Shall fade as they faded before,

As foam upon water shall perish  
As sand upon shore

We shall know what the darkness discovers,  
If the grave-pit be shallow or deep;  
And our fathers of old, and our lovers,  
We shall know if they sleep not or sleep.  
We shall see whether hell be not heaven,  
Find out whether tares be not grain,  
And the joys of thee seventy times seven,  
Our Lady of Pain.

### THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

HERE, where the world is quiet,  
Here, where all trouble seems  
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot  
In doubtful dreams of dreams;  
I watch the green field growing  
For reaping folk and sowing,  
For harvest time and mowing,  
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,  
And men that laugh and weep  
Of what may come hereafter  
For men that sow to reap:  
I am weary of days and hours,  
Blown buds of barren flowers,  
Desires and dreams and powers  
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbor,  
And far from eye or ear  
Wan waves and wet winds labor,  
Weak ships and spirits steer;  
They drive adrift, and whither  
They wot not who make thither;  
But no such winds blow hither,  
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,  
No heather-flower or vine,

But bloomless buds of poppies,  
Green grapes of Proserpine,  
Pale beds of blowing rushes,  
Where no leaf blooms or blushes,  
Save this whereout she crushes  
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,  
In fruitless fields of corn,  
They low themselves and slumber  
All night till light is born;  
And like a soul belated,  
In hell and heaven unmated,  
By cloud and mist abated  
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,  
He too with death shall dwell,  
Nor wake with wings in heaven,  
Nor weep for pains in hell;  
Though one were fair as roses,  
His beauty clouds and closes;  
And well though love reposes,  
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,  
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands  
Who gathers all things mortal  
With cold immortal hands;

Her language is sweeter  
Than joy, and she waits to greet her  
To men to come and meet her  
From all time and lands.

She waits for each and other,  
She waits for all men; *earn;*  
Forget the earth and mother,  
The sea and fruits and corn;  
And forget the sea and wallow  
The sea and fruit and corn;  
When the long night is low  
And flowers are put to scorn.

For so the loves that wither,  
And old loves with wearier wings;  
And the years draw thither,  
And the disastrous things;  
And the days forsaken  
And the snows have shaken,  
And the winds have taken,  
And the springs are ruined.

We are not sure of sorrow,  
If we are never sure;

To-day will die to-morrow;  
Time stoops to no man's lure;  
And love, grown faint and fretful  
With lips but half regretful  
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful  
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,  
From hope and fear set free,  
We thank with brief thanksgiving  
Whatever gods may be  
That no life lives for ever;  
That dead men rise up never;  
That even the weariest river  
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,  
Nor any change of light:  
Nor sound of waters shaken,  
Nor any sound or sight:  
Nor wintry leaves, nor vernal,  
Nor days nor things diurnal;  
Only the sleep eternal  
In an eternal night.

### HESPERIA.

Out of the golden remote wild west where  
the sea without shore is,  
Full of the sunset, and sad, if at all, with  
the fulness of joy,  
As a wind sets in with the autumn that  
blows from the region of stories,  
Blows with a perfume of songs and of  
memories beloved from a boy,  
Blows from the capes of the past oversea to  
the bays of the present,  
Filled as with shadow of sound with the  
pulse of invisible feet,  
Far out to the shallows and straits of the  
future, by rough ways or pleasant.

Is it thither the wind's wings beat? is it  
hither to me, O my sweet?  
For thee, in the stream of the deep tide-  
wind blowing in with the water,  
Thee I beheld as a bird borne in with the  
wind from the west,  
Straight from the sunset, across white waves  
whence rose as a daughter  
Venus thy mother, in years when the  
world was a water at rest.  
Out of the distance of dreams, as a dream  
that abides after slumber,  
Strayed from the fugitive flock of the  
night, when the moon overhead

Wanes in the wan waste heights of the  
heaven, and stars without number  
Die without sound, and are spent like  
lamps that are burnt by the dead,

Comes back to me, stays by me, lulls me  
with touch of forgotten caresses,  
One warm dream clad about with a fire  
as of life that endures;

The delight of thy face, and the sound of  
thy feet, and the wind of thy tresses,  
And all of a man that regrets, and all of  
a maid that allures.

But thy bosom is warm for my face and  
profound as a manifold flower,

Thy silence as music, thy voice as an  
odor that fades in a flame;

Not a dream, not a dream is the kiss of thy  
mouth, and the bountiful hour

That makes me forget what was sin, and  
would make me forget were it shame

Thine eyes that are quiet, thine hands that  
are tender, thy lips that are loving,

Comfort and cool me as dew in the dawn  
of a moon like a dream;

And my heart yearns baffled and blind,  
moved vainly toward thee, and mov-  
ing

As the reffluent seaweed moves in the  
languid exuberant stream,

Fair as a rose is on earth, as a rose under  
water in prison,

That stretches and swings to the slow  
passionate pulse of the sea,

Closed up from the air and the sun, but  
alive, as a ghost re-arisen,

Pale as the love that revives as a ghost  
re-risen in me.

From the beautiful infinite west, from the  
happy memorial places

Full of the stately repose and the lordly  
delight of the dead,

Where the fortunate islands are lit with the  
light of ineffable faces,

And the sound of a sea without wind is  
about them, and sunset is red,

Come back to redeem and release me from  
love that recalls and represses,

That cleaves to my flesh as a flame, till  
the serpent has eaten his fill;

From the bitter delights of the dark, and  
the feverish, the furtive caresses

That murder the youth in a man or ever  
his heart have its will,

Thy lips cannot laugh and thine eyes can  
not weep; thou art pale as a rose is,  
Paler and sweeter than leaves that cover  
the blush of the bud;

And the heart of the flower is compassion,  
and pity the core it encloses,

Pity, not love, that is born of the breath  
and decays with the blood

As the cross that a wild nun clasps till the  
edge of it bruises her bosom,

So love wounds as we grasp it, and  
blackens and burns as a flame;

I have loved overmuch in my life: when the  
live bud bursts with the blossom,

Bitter as ashes or tears is the fruit, and  
the wine thereof shame.

As a heart that its anguish divides is the  
green bud cloven asunder;

As the blood of a man self-slain is the  
flush of the leaves that allure;

And the perfume as poison and wine to  
the brain, a delight and a wonder;

And the thorns are too sharp for a boy;  
too slight for a man, to endure.

Too soon did I love it, and lost love's rose;  
and I cared not for glory's;

Only the blossoms of sleep and of plea-  
sure were mixed in my hair.

Was it myrtle or poppy thy garland was  
woven with, O my Dolores?

Was it pallor or slumber, or blush as of  
blood, that I found in thee fair?

For desire is a respite from love, and the  
flesh not the heart is her fuel;

She was sweet to me once, who am fled  
and escaped from the rage of her  
reign;

Who behold as of old time at hand as I  
turn, with her mouth growing cruel,

And flushed as with wine with the blood  
of her lovers,

Our Lady of Pain.

Low down where the thicket is thicker with  
thorns than with leaves in the sum-  
mer,

In the brake is a gleaming of eyes and a  
hissing of tongues that I knew;

And the lithe long throats of her snakes  
reach round her, their mouths over-  
come her,

And her lips grow cool with their foam,  
made moist as a desert with dew.

With the thirst and the hunger of lust  
though her beautiful lips be so bitter

With the coral and foam of the snakes  
 they sicken at sudden and smiler;  
 And her face more sweetens, her eye  
 more tender and her smile more  
 And she sings with a voice of  
 her face and her  
 She laughs, and her hands reach higher, her  
 hair flows like wind and  
 As a low-lit flame in wind, she blows  
 till it shudders and leaps;  
 Let her lips not again lay hold on my soul  
 nor her poisonous kisses,  
 To consume it alive and smolder in thy  
 bosom, Our Lady of Sleep,  
 Ah daughter of sunset and slumber, if now  
 it return into prison,  
 Who shall redeem it anew? but we, if  
 thou wilt, let us fly;  
 Let us take to us, now that the white skies  
 thrill with a moon unarisen,  
 Swift horses of fear or of love, take flight  
 and depart and not die.  
 They are swifter than dreams, they are  
 stronger than death; there is none  
 that hath ridden,  
 None that shall ride in the dim strange  
 ways of his life as we ride:

By the meadows of moorland the highlands  
 that is hidden,  
 We shall find the low and unseen, a  
 glorious and silent  
 By the sands where the sea has trodden,  
 the salt pools bitter and sterile,  
 By the shore of the sea and the low sea-  
 wall of the channel of years,  
 Our wills shall prey on the narrow  
 hard through pleasure and pain,  
 Labor and listen and pant for our pains  
 for the peril that nears;  
 And of them trampling the way  
 cleaves right as an arrow asunder,  
 And slow by the land and swift by  
 the down with its clumps of grass  
 Sudden the music, as our feet  
 tramp the hunter,  
 Rings in the ear of the blind wine of  
 the night as we pass;  
 Still shrieks in our faces the blind bland  
 air that was mute as a maiden,  
 Stung into storm by the speed of our  
 passage, and deaf where we past;  
 And our spirits too burn as we bound, thine  
 holy but mine heavy-laden,  
 As we burn with the fire of our flight; ah,  
 love, shall we win at the last?

### LOVE AT SEA.

We are in love's land to-day;  
 Where shall we go?  
 Love, shall we start or stay,  
 Sail or row?  
 There's no ny a wind and way,  
 And never a May but May;  
 We are in love's hand to-day;  
 Where shall we go?

Our landwind is the breath  
 Of sorrows kissed to death  
 And joys that were;

Our ballast is a rose;  
 Our way lies where God knows  
 And love knows where.  
 We are in love's hand to-day—

Our seams are fledged Loves,  
 Our masts are bills of doves,  
 Our decks fine gold;  
 Our ropes are dead maids' hair,  
 Our stores are love-shafts fair  
 And manifold.

We are in love's land to-day—

Where shall we find you, sweet?  
 On fields of strange men's feet,  
 Or fields near home?  
 Or where the fire flowers blow,  
 Or where the flowers of snow  
 Or flowers of foam?

We are in love's hand to-day—

Land me, she says, where love  
 Shows but one shaft, one dove,  
 One heart, one hand.  
 —A shore like that, my dear,  
 Lies where no man will steer,  
 No maiden land.

*Imitated from Theophile Gautier.*

## APRIL

## FROM THE FRENCH OF THE VIFAME DE CHARTRES.

12—?

WHEN the fields catch flower  
 And the underwood is green,  
 And from bower unto bower  
 The songs of the birds begin,  
 I sing with sighing between.  
 When I laugh and sing,  
 I am heavy at heart for my sin;  
 I am sad in the spring  
 For my love that I shall not win,  
 For a foolish thing.

This profit I have of my woe,  
 That I know, as I sing,  
 I know he will needs have it so  
 Who is master and king,  
 Who is lord of the spirit of spring.  
 I will serve her and will not spare  
 Till her pity awake  
 Who is good, who is pure, who is fair,  
 Even her for whose sake  
 Love hath ta'en me and slain unaware.

O my Lord, O Love,  
 I have laid my life at thy feet;  
 Have thy will thereof,  
 Do as it please thee with it,  
 For what shall please thee is sweet.  
 I am come unto thee  
 To do thee service, O Love;

Yet cannot I see  
 Thou wilt take any pity thereof,  
 Any mercy on me.

But the grace I have long time sought  
 Comes never in sight,  
 If in her it abideth not,  
 Through thy mercy and might,  
 Whose heart is the world's delight.  
 Thou hast sworn without fail I shall die,  
 For my heart is set  
 On what hurts me, I wot not why,  
 But cannot forget  
 What I love, what I sing for and sigh.

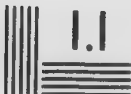
She is worthy of praise,  
 For this grief of her giving is worth  
 All the joy of my days  
 That lie between death's day and birth  
 All the lordship of things upon earth.  
 Nay, what have I said?  
 I would not be glad if I could;  
 My dream and my dread  
 Are of her, and for her sake I would  
 That my life were fled.

Lo, sweet, if I durst not pray to you,  
 Then were I dead;  
 If I sang not a little to say to you,  
 (Could it be said)  
 O my love, how my heart would be fed;



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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Ah sweet who hast hold of my heart  
 For thy love's sake I live,  
 Do but tell me, ere either depart,  
 What a lover may give

For a woman so fair as thou art.  
 The lovers that disbelieve,  
 False rumors shall grieve  
 And evil-speaking shall part.

### BEFORE PARTING.

A MONTH or twain to live on honey-maid  
 Is pleasant; but one tires of scented time,  
 Cold sweet recurrence of accepted rhyme,  
 And that strong purple under juice and  
 foam  
 Where the wine's heart has burst;  
 Nor feel the latter kisses like the first.

Once yet, this poor one time; I will not  
 pray  
 Even to change the bitterness of it,  
 The bitter taste ensuing on the sweet,  
 To make your tears fall where your soft hair  
 lay  
 All blurred and heavy in some perfumed  
 wise  
 Over my face and eyes.

And yet who knows what end the scythed  
 wheat  
 Make of its foolish poppies' mouths of  
 red  
 These were not sown, these are not har-  
 vested,  
 They grow a month and are cast under feet  
 And none has care thereof,  
 As none has care of a divided love.

I know each shadow of your lips by rote,  
 Each change of love in eyelids and eye-  
 brows;  
 The fashion of fair temples tremulous  
 With tender blood, and color of your throat;  
 I know not how love is gone out of this,  
 Seeing that all was his.

Love's likeness there endures upon all  
 these:  
 But out of these one shall not gather love.  
 Day hath not strength nor the night shade  
 enough  
 To make love whole and fill his lips with  
 ease,  
 As some be-cubbed cell  
 Feels at filled lips the heavy honey swell.

I know not how this last month leaves your  
 hair  
 Less mill of purple color and hid spice,  
 And that luxurious trouble of closed eyes  
 Is mixed with meaner shadow and waste  
 care;  
 And I, ve, kissed out by pleasure, seems not  
 yet  
 Worth patience to regret.

## THE SUNDEW.

A LITTLE marsh-plant, yellow green,  
And pricked at lip with tender red.  
Tread close, and either way you tread  
Some faint black water jets between  
Lest you should bruise the curious head.

A live thing may be; who shall know?  
The summer knows and suffers it;  
For the cool moss is thick and sweet  
Each side, and saves the blossom so  
That it lives out the long June heat.

The deep scent of the heather burns  
About it; breathless though it be,  
Bow down and worship; more than we,  
Is the least flower whose life returns,  
Least weed renascent in the sea.

We are vexed and cumbered in earth's sight  
With wants, with many memories;  
These see their mother: what she is,  
Glad-growing, till August leave more bright  
The apple-colored cranberries.

Wind blows and bleaches the strong grass,  
Blown all one way to shelter it  
From trample of strayed kine, with feet

Felt heavier than the moorhen was,  
Strayed up past patches of wild wheat

You call it sundew: how it grows,  
If with its color it have breath,  
If life taste sweet to it, if death  
Pain its soft petal, no man knows:  
Man has no sight or sense that saith.

My sundew, grown of gentle days,  
In these green miles the spring begun  
Thy growth ere April had half done  
With the soft secret of her ways  
Or June made ready for the sun.

O red-lipped mouth of marsh-flower,  
I have a secret halved with thee.  
The name that is love's name to me  
Thou knowest, and the face of her  
Who is my festival to see.

The hard sun, as thy petals knew,  
Colored the heavy moss-water:  
Thou wert not worth green midsummer  
Nor fit to live to August blue,  
O sundew, not remembering her.

## FÉLISE.

*Mais où sont les neiges d'autan.*

WHAT shall be said between us here,  
Among the downs, between the trees,  
In fields that knew our feet last year,  
In sight of quiet sands and seas,  
This year, Félisé?

Who knows what word were best to say?  
For last year's leaves lie dead and red  
On this sweet day, in this green May,

And barren corn makes bitter bread.  
What shall be said?

Here as last year the fields begin,  
A fire of flowers and glowing grass:  
The old fields we laughed and lingered in,  
Seeing each our souls in last year's glass,  
Félisé, alas!

Shall we not laugh, shall we not weep,  
Not we, though this be as it is?  
For love awake or love asleep  
End in a laugh, a dream, a kiss,  
A song like this.

I that have slept awake, and you  
Sleep, who last year were well awake.  
The night is all that love can do,  
My heart will never ache or break  
For your heart's sake.

The great sea, faultless as a flower,  
Throbs, trembling under beam and  
breeze,  
And laughs with love of the amorous hour.  
I found you fairer once, Felise,  
Than flowers or seas.

We played but bondsmen and at queen;  
But as the days have changed too;  
I find the grey sea's all of green,  
The green sea's seven-flake of blue,  
More beautiful.

Your beauty is not over fair  
Now in mine eyes, who am grown up  
wise.  
The smile of flowers in all your hair  
Allures not now; no sigh replies  
If your heart sighs.

But you, O sleep, you sleep sound,  
You find love's new name good enough.  
Less sweet I find it than I found  
The sweetest name that ever love  
Grew weary of.

My snake with bright bland eyes, my snake  
Grown tame and glad to be caressed.  
With lips athirst for mine to slake  
Thou tender lover! who had guessed  
You loved me best?

I had doubtless last year, to know  
You loved me best. Who'll turn on fate?  
I care not if he can or go  
Now, though your love seek mine for  
a life.  
It is too late.

The dust of many strange desires  
Lies deep between us; in our eyes  
Dead smoke of perishable fires  
Flickers, a tune in air and skies,  
A steam of sighs.

You loved me and you loved me not;  
A little, much, and overmuch.  
Will you forget as I forgot?  
Let all dead things lie dead; none such  
Are soft to touch.

I love you and I do not love,  
Too much, a little, not at all;  
Too much, and never yet enough.  
Birds quick to fledge and fly at call  
Are quick to fall!

And these love longer now than men,  
And larger loves than ours are these.  
No diver brings up love again  
Dropped once, my beautiful Felise,  
In such cold seas.

Gone deeper than all plummet's sound,  
Where in the dim green dayless day  
The life of such dead thing lies bound  
As the sea feeds on, wreck and stray  
And castaway.

Can I forget? yea, that can I,  
And that can all men; so will you,  
Alive, or later, when you die,  
Ah, but the love you plead was true?  
Was mine not too?

I loved you for that name of yours  
Long ere we met, and long enough.  
Now that one thing of all endures—  
The sweetest name that ever love  
Waxed weary of.

Like colors in the sea, like flowers,  
Like a cat's splendid circled eyes  
That wax and wane with love for hours,  
Green as green flame, blue-grey like skies,  
And soft like sighs—

And all these only like your name,  
And your name full of all of these.  
I say it, and it sounds the same—  
Save that I say it now at ease,  
Your name, Felise.

I said "she must be swift and white  
And subtly warm, and half perverse  
And sweet like sharp soft fruit to bite,  
And like a snake's love lithe and fierce."  
Men have guessed worse.

What was the song I made of you  
Here where the grass forgets our feet  
As afternoon forgets the dew?  
Ah that such sweet things should be fleet,  
Such fleet things sweet!

As afternoon forgets the dew,  
As time in time forgets all men,  
As our old place forgets us two,  
Who might have turned to one thing  
then,  
But not again.

O lips that mine have grown into  
Like April's kissing May,  
O fervent eyelids letting through  
Those eyes the greenest of things blue,  
The bluest of things grey,

If you were I and I were you,  
How could I love you, say?  
How could the roseleaf love the rue,  
The day love nightfall and her dew,  
Though night may love the day?

You loved it may be more than I;  
We know not; love is hard to seize,  
And all things are not good to try;  
And lifelong loves the worst of these  
For us, Felise.

Ah, take the season and have done,  
Love well the hour and let it go:  
Two souls may sleep and wake up one,  
Or dream they wake and find it so,  
And then—you know.

Kiss me once hard as though a flame  
Lay on my lips and made them fire;  
The same lips now, and not the same;  
What breath shall fill and re-inspire  
A dead desire?

The old song sounds hollower in mine ear  
Than thin keen sounds of dead men's  
speech—

A noise one hears and would not hear;  
Too strong to die, too weak to reach  
From wave to beach.

We stand on either side the sea,  
Stretch hands, blow kisses, laugh and  
lean

I toward you, you toward me;  
But what hears either save the keen  
Grey sea between?

A year divides us, love from love,  
Though you loved now, though I loved  
then.

The gulf is strait, but deep enough;  
Who shall recross, who among men  
Shall cross again?

Love was a jest last year, you said,  
And what lives surely, surely dies.  
Even so; but now that love is dead,  
Shall love rekindle from wet eyes,  
From subtle signs?

For many loves are good to see;  
Mutable loves, and loves perverse;  
But there is nothing, nor shall be,  
So sweet, so wicked, but my verse  
Can dream of worse.

For we that sing and you that love  
Know that which man may, only we.  
The rest live under us; above,  
Live the great gods in heaven, and see  
What things shall be.

So this thing is and must be so;  
For man dies, and love also dies.  
Though yet love's ghost moves to and fro  
The sea-green mirrors of your eyes,  
And laughs, at times.

Eyes colored like a water-flower,  
And deeper than the green sea's glass;  
Eyes that remember one sweet hour—  
In vain we swore it should not pass;  
In vain, alas!

Ah my Felise, if love or sin,  
If shame or fear could hold it fast,  
Should we not hold it? Love wears thin,  
And they laugh well who laugh the last.  
Is it not past?

The gods, the gods are stronger; time  
Falls down before them, all men's knees  
Bow, all men's prayers and sorrows climb  
Like incense towards them; yea, for  
these  
Are gods, Felise.

Immortal are they, clothed with powers,  
Not to be comforted at all;  
Lords over all the fruitless hours;  
Too great to appease, too high to appal,  
Too far to call.

For none shall move the most high gods,  
Who are most sad, being cruel; none  
Shall break or take away the rods  
Wherewith they scourge us, not as one  
That smites a son.

By many a name of many a creed  
We have called upon them, since the  
sands  
Fell through time's hour-glass first, a seed  
Of life and life of many lands  
Have we stretched hands.

When have they heard us? who hath  
known  
Their faces, climbed unto their feet,  
Felt them and found them? Laugh or  
groan,  
Doth heaven remurmur and repeat  
Sad sounds or sweet?

Do the stars answer? in the night  
Have ye found comfort? or by day  
Have ye seen gods? What hope, what light,  
Falls from the farthest starriest way  
On you that pray?

Are the skies wet because we weep,  
Or fair because of any mirth?  
Cry out; they are gods; perchance they  
sleep;  
Cry; thou shalt know what prayers are  
worth,  
Thou dust and earth.

O earth, thou art fair; O dust, thou art  
great  
O laughing lips and lips that mourn,  
Pray, all ye feel the exceeding weight  
Of God's intolerable scorn,  
Not to be born.

Behold, there is no grief like this;  
The barren blossom of thy prayer,  
Thou shalt find it how sweet it is.  
O God, O God, what seek ye there,  
High in the air?

Ye must have gods, the friends of men,  
Merciful gods, compassionate,  
And these shall answer you again.  
Will ye beat always at the gate,  
Ye fools of fate?

Ye fools and blind; for this is sure,  
That all ye shall not live, but die.  
Lo, what thing have ye found endure?  
Or what thing have ye found on  
high  
Past the blind sky?

The ghosts of words and dust, dreams,  
Old memories, faiths infirm and dead.  
Ye fools; for which among you deem  
His prayer can alter green to red  
Or stones to bread?

Why should ye bear with hopes and fears  
Till all these things be drawn in one,  
The sound of iron-footed years,  
And all the oppression that is done  
Under the sun?

Ye might end surely, surely pass  
Out of the multitude of things,  
Under the dust, beneath the grass,  
Deep in dim death, where no thought  
sings,  
No record clings.

No memory more of love or hate,  
No trouble, nothing that aspires,  
No sleepless labor thwarting fate,  
And thwarted; where no travail tires,  
Where no faith fires.

All passes, nought that has been is,  
Things good and evil have one end.  
Can anything be otherwise  
Though all men swear all things would  
mend  
With God to friend?

Can ye beat off one wave with prayer,  
Can ye move mountains? bid the flower  
Take flight and turn to a bird in the air?  
Can ye hold fast for shine or shower  
One wingless hour?

Ah sweet, and we too, can we bring  
One sigh back, bid one smile revive?  
Can God restore one ruined thing,  
Or he who slays our souls alive  
Make dead things thrive?

Two gifts perforce he has given us yet,  
Though sad things stay and glad things  
fly;

Two gifts he has given us, to forget  
All glad and sad things that go by,  
And then to die.

We know not whether death be good,  
But life at least it will not be :  
Men will stand saddening as we stood,  
Watch the same fields and skies as we  
And the same sea.

Let this be said between us here,  
One love grows green when one turns  
grey;

This year knows nothing of last year,  
To-morrow has no more to say  
To yesterday.

Live and let live, as I will do  
Love and let love, and so will I.  
But, sweet, for me no more with you :  
Not while I live, not though I die.  
Good-night, good-bye.

### AN INTERLUDE.

In the greenest growth of the Maytime,  
I rode where the woods were wet,  
Between the dawn and the daytime;  
The spring was glad that we met.

There was something the season wanted,  
Though the ways and the woods smelt  
sweet;

The breath at your lips that panted,  
The pulse of the grass at your feet.

You came, and the sun came after,  
And the green grew golden above;  
And the flag-flowers lightened with laugh-  
ter,  
And the meadow sweet shook with love.

Your feet in the full-grown grasses  
Moved soft as a weak wind blows;  
You passed me as April passes,  
With face made out of a rose.

By the stream where the stems were slender,  
Your bright foot paused at the sedge;  
It might be to watch the tender  
Light leaves in the springtime hedge.

On boughs that the sweet month blanches,  
With flowery frost of May :  
It might be a bird in the branches,  
It might be a thorn in the way.

I waited to watch you linger  
With foot drawn back from the dew,  
Till a sunbeam straight like a finger  
Struck sharp through the leaves at you

And a bird overhead sang *Follow*,  
And a bird to the right sang *Here*;  
And the arch of the leaves was hollow,  
And the meaning of May was clear.

I saw where the sun's hand pointed,  
I knew what the bird's note said;  
By the dawn and the dewfall anointed,  
You were queen by the gold on your head.

As the glimpse of a burnt-out ember  
Recalls a regret of the sun,  
I remember, forget, and remember  
What Love saw done and undone.

I remember the way we parted,  
The day and the way we met;  
You hoped we were both broken-hearted,  
And knew we should both forget.

And May with her world in flower  
Seemed still to murmur and smile  
As you murmured and smiled for an hour;  
I saw you turn at the stile.

A hand like a white wood-blossom  
 You lifted, and waved, and passed,  
 With head hung down to the bosom,  
 And pale, as it seemed, at last.

And the best and the worst of this is  
 That neither is most to blame  
 If you've forgotten my kisses  
 And I've forgotten your name.

### HENDECASYLLABICS.

IN the month of the long decline of roses  
 I, beholding the summer dead before me,  
 Set my face to the sea and journeyed silent,  
 Gazing eagerly where above the sea-mark  
 Flame as fierce as the fervid eyes of lions  
 Half divided the eyelids of the sunset;  
 Till I heard as it were a noise of waters  
 Moving tremulous under feet of angels  
 Multitudinous, out of all the heavens;  
 Knew the fluttering wind, the fluttered  
 foliage,  
 Shaken fitfully, full of sound and shadow;  
 And saw, trodden upon by noiseless angels,  
 Long mysterious reaches fed with moon-  
 lig'  
 Sweet secret straits in a soft subsiding  
 channel,  
 Blown about by the lips of winds I knew  
 not,  
 Winds not born in the north nor any  
 quarter,  
 Winds not warm with the south nor any  
 sunshine;  
 Heard between them a voice of exultation,  
 "Lo, the summer is dead, the sun is faded,  
 Even like as a leaf the year is withered,

All the fruits of the day from all her  
 branches  
 Gathered, neither is any left to gather.  
 All the flowers are dead, the tender blos-  
 soms,  
 All are taken away; the season wasted,  
 Like an ember among the fallen ashes.  
 Now with light of the winter days, with  
 moonlight,  
 Light of snow, and the bitter light of hoar-  
 frost,  
 We bring flowers that fade not after autumn  
 Pale white chaplets and crowns of latter  
 seasons,  
 Fair false leaves (but the summer leaves  
 were falsest.)  
 Woven under the eyes of stars and planets  
 When low light was upon the windy reaches  
 Where the flower of foam was blown, a lily  
 Dropt among the sonorous fruitless furrows  
 And green fields of the sea that make no  
 pasture:  
 Since the winter begins, the weeping winter,  
 All whose flowers are tears, and round his  
 temples  
 Iron blossom of frost is bound for ever."

### SAPPHICS.

ALL the night sleep came not upon my eye-  
 lids,  
 Shed not dew, nor shook nor unclosed a  
 feather,  
 Yet with lips shut close and with eyes of  
 iron  
 Stood and beheld me.

Then to me so lying awake a vision  
 Came without sleep over the seas and  
 touched me,  
 Softly touched mine eyelids and lips; and I  
 too,  
 Full of the vision,

W the white implacable Aphrodite,  
Saw the hur unbound, and the feet un-  
sandalled  
Shine as fire of sunset on western waters;  
Saw the reluctant

Feet, the straining plumes of the doves  
that drew her,  
Looking always, looking with necks re-  
verted,  
Back to Lesbos, back to the hills where-  
under  
Shone Mitylene;

Heard the flying feet of the Loves behind  
her  
Make a sudden thunder upon the waters,  
As the thunder flung from the strong un-  
closing  
Wings of a great wind.

So the goddess fled from her place, with  
awful  
sound of feet and thunder of wings around  
her;  
While behind a clamour of singing women  
Severed the twilight.

Ah the singing, ah the delight, the passion!  
All the Loves wept, listening; sick with  
anguish,  
Stood the crowned nine Muses about Apollo;  
Fear was upon them,

While the tenth sang wonderful things they  
knew not.  
Ah the tenth, the Lesbian! the nine were  
silent,  
None endured the sound of her song for  
weeping;  
Laurel by laurel,

Faded all their crowns; but about her fore-  
head,  
Round her woven tresses and ashen temples  
White as dead snow, paler than grass in  
summer,  
Ravaged with kisses,

Shone a light of fire as a crown for ever.  
Yea, almost the implacable Aphrodite  
Paused, and almost wept; such a song was  
that song,  
Yea, by her name too

Called her, saying, "Turn to me, O my  
Sappho!"  
Yet she turned her face from the Loves, she  
saw not  
Tears or laughter darken immortal eyelids,  
Heard not about her

Fearful fitful wings of the doves departing,  
Saw not how the bosom of Aphrodite  
Shook with weeping, saw not her shaken  
raiment,  
Saw not her hands wrung;

Saw the Lesbians kissing across their  
smitten  
Lutes with lips more sweet than the sound  
of lute-strings,  
Mouth to mouth and hand upon hand, her  
chosen,  
Fairer than all men;

Only saw the beautiful lips and fingers,  
Full of songs and kisses and little whispers,  
Full of music; only beheld among them  
Soar, as a bird soars

Newly fledged, her visible song, a marvel,  
Made of perfect sound and exceeding  
passion,  
Sweetly shapen, terrible, full of thunders,  
Clothed with the wind's wings.

Then rejoiced she, laughing with love, and  
scattered  
Roses, awful roses of holy blossom;  
Then the Loves thronged sadly with hidden  
faces  
Round Aphrodite,

Then the Muses, stricken at heart, were  
silent;  
Yea, the gods waxed pale; such a song  
was that song.  
All reluctant, all with a fresh repulsion,  
Fled from before her.

All withdrew long since, and the land was  
barren,  
Full of fruitless women and music only.  
Now perchance, when winds are assuaged  
at sunset,  
Lulled at the dewfall,



the grey sea-side, unassuaged, unheard  
of,  
Unbeloved, unseen in the ebb of twilight,  
Ghosts of outcast women return lament-  
ing,  
Purged not in Lethe,

Clothed about with flame and with tears,  
in I sing  
Songs that move the heart of the shaken  
heaven,  
Songs that break the heart of the earth  
with pain,  
Hearing, to hear them.

### AT ELEUSIS.

MEN of Eleusis, ye that with long staves  
Sit in the market-houses, and speak words  
Made sweet with wisdom as the rare wine is  
Thickened with honey; and ye sons of these  
Who in the glad thick streets go up and  
down  
For pastime or grave traffic or mere chance;  
And all fair women having rings of gold  
On hands or hair; and chiefest over these  
I name you, daughters of this man the  
king,  
Who dipping deep smooth pitchers of pure  
brass  
Under the bubbled wells, till each round lip  
Stooped with loose gurgle of waters in-  
coming,  
Found me an old sick woman, lamed and  
lean,  
Beside a growth of builded olive boughs  
Whence multiplied thick song of thick-  
plumed throats—  
Also wet tears filled up my hollow hands  
By reason of my crying into them—  
And pitied me; for as cold water ran  
And washed the pitchers full from lip to lip,  
So washed both eyes full the strong salt of  
tears.  
And ye put water to my mouth, made sweet  
With brown hill-berries; so in time I spoke  
And gathered my loose knees from under  
me,  
Moreover in the broad fair hills this month  
Have I found space and bountiful abode  
To please me. I Demeter speak of this,  
Who am the mother and the mate of things;  
For as ill men by drugs or singing words

Shut the doors inward of the narrowed  
womb  
Take a lock bolted with round iron through,  
Thus I shut the body and sweet mouth  
Of all soft pleasure and the tender land,  
So that no food can enter in by it  
Though one sow thickly, nor some grain get  
out  
But the hard clois men cleave and bite  
with steel  
To widen the sealed lips of them for use.  
None of you is there in the peopled street  
But knows how all the dry-drawn furrows  
ache  
With no green sowing made count of in the  
black;  
How the wind finds no comfortal leg grass  
Nor is a suaged with food nor breath of  
herb;  
And in hot autumn when ye house the  
stacks,  
All fields are helpless in the sun, all trees  
Stand as a man stripped out of all but skin.  
Nevertheless ye sick have help to get  
By means and stablished ordinance of God;  
For God is wiser than a good man is.  
But never shall new grass be sweet in earth  
Till I get righted of my wound and wrong  
By changing counsel of ill-minded Zeus,  
For of all other gods is none save me  
Clothed with like power to build and break  
the year.  
I make the lesser green begin, when spring  
Touches not earth but with one fearful foot;  
And as a careful glower with grave or  
Soberly of a completes the fall.

Mouth, chin and all, of some sweet word  
tongue,

I chose the shapes of grass and tender corn  
And color the ripe edges and long  
With the red in the sea and the grace of gold.  
No tradesman in soft wool's chamber  
To kill the secret of the fat white flower  
With stains of blue and green, I wrought in  
Three moons were made and three moons  
burnt away.

While I left my journey hither out of Crete  
Comfortless, tended by grave Hecate  
Whom my wound stung with double iron  
point,

For all my face was like a cloth wrung out  
With close and weeping wrinkles, and I took  
bids

Sudden with salt continuance of tears.  
For Hades and the sidelong will of Zeus  
And that lame wisdom that has writhen  
left,

Gunning, begotten in the bed of Shame,  
These three took evil will at me, and made  
So he counsel that when time got wing to fly  
This Hades out of summer and low fields  
Forced the bright body of Persephone:  
Out of pure grass, where she lying down,  
red flowers

Made their sharp little shadows on her  
sides,

Pale heat, pale color on pale maiden flesh—  
And chill water slid over her reddening  
feet,

Killing the throbs in their soft blood; and  
birds,

Perched next her elbow and pecking at  
her hair,

Stretched their necks more to see her than  
even to sing.

A sharp thing is it I have need to say;  
For Hades holding both white wrists of  
hers

Unloosed the girdle and with knot and knot  
Bound her between his wheels upon the  
seat,

Bound her pure body, holiest yet and dear  
To me and God as always, clothed about  
With blossoms loosened as her knees went  
down,

Let fall as she let go of this and this  
By tens and twenties, tumbled to her feet,  
White waifs or purple of the past age.  
Therefore with only going up and down  
My feet were wasted, and the ground as air,  
To me uncomfortable and vain, became

As weak smoke blowing in the under world.  
And finding in the process of ill days

What part had Zeus herein and how as  
made

He coped with Hades, yokefellow in sin,  
For his lips against the meat of gods

And drank, not, neither ate nor slept in  
Heaven.

Nor in the golden gleam of their mouths  
And ear take note of nor eye at all

Track my feet going in the ways of them.  
Like a great fire on some strait slip of land

Between two washing inlets of wet sea  
That lances the grass up to each lip of  
beach

And strengtheners, waxing in the growth of  
world

So burnt my soul in me at heaven and  
earth,

Each way a ruin and a hungry plague,  
Visible evil; nor could any night

Put cool between mine eyelids, nor the sun  
With competence of gold fill out my want.

Yea so my flame burnt up the grass and  
stones,

Shone to the salt-white edges of thin sea,  
Distempered all the gracious work, and  
made

Sick change, unseasonable increase of days  
And scant avail of seasons; for by this

The fair gods faint in hollow heaven: there  
comes

No taste of burnings of the twofold fat  
To leave their palates smooth, nor in their  
lips

Soft rings of smoke and weak scent wander-  
ing;

All cattle waste and rot, and their ill smell  
Grows always on the lank unsavory flesh,

But no man slay for offering; the sea  
And waters were beneath the heath and  
earth.

serve the fish,  
river and the sea on the smooth;

But all earth is on the smooth;  
(Except the swarms of the line)

That takes the  
fish.

Was scented with  
ent and

I ear and nostril  
Faint grape-flower  
And the just grain with  
salt

Waste and  
ent and

I ear and nostril  
Faint grape-flower  
And the just grain with  
salt

Waste and  
ent and

I ear and nostril  
Faint grape-flower  
And the just grain with  
salt

Made me content; yet my hand loosened not  
 Its gripe upon your harvest all year long  
 While I, thus worn and mottled in wan flesh  
 And waste externals of a perished face,  
 Preserved the levels of my wrath and love  
 Patiently ruled; and with soft words  
 Cooled the sharp noons and lured the  
 In care of the very life of the  
 Triptolemus, the king's selected son,  
 That this fair yearling body, which hath  
 Strong with strange milk upon the morrow  
 And nerved with half a god, might so in-  
 Out of the bulk and the bare scope of  
 And waxen over large to hold within  
 Base breath of yours and this impoverished  
 I might exalt him past the flame of stars,  
 The limit and walled reach of the great  
 Therefore my breast made common to  
 Immortal savors, and the taste whereat  
 Twice their hard life strains out the colored  
 And twice its train turns the narrow  
 All at night, unwinding cloth from cloth  
 As who unhusks an almond to the white  
 And pastures curiously the purer taste,  
 I bared the gracious limbs and the soft feet,  
 Unswaddled the weak hands, and in mid-  
 Laid the sweet flesh of either feeble side,  
 More tender for impresse of some touch  
 Than wax to any pen; and lit around  
 Fire, and made crawl the white worm-  
 And leap in little angers spark by spark  
 At head at once and feet; and the faint hair  
 Hissed with rare sprinkles in the closer  
 And like scaled oarage of a keen thin fish  
 In sea-water, so in pure fire his feet  
 Struck out, and the flame bit not in his  
 But he a kiss it curled his lip, and heat  
 Fluttered his eyelids; so each night I blew  
 The hot ash red to purge him to full god,  
 Ill is it when tear hangers in the soul  
 For pain itself, and chokes thereof, being  
 And all start eyes interpret the straight sun,  
 But in their scope its white is wried  
 By the queen Metaneira mean I this;  
 For with sick wrath upon her lips and  
 Narrowing with fear the spleenful passages,  
 She thought to thread this web's fine ravel  
 Nor leave her shuttle split in combing it;  
 Therefore she stole on us, and with hard  
 Bent, and stooped close; then with pa-  
 open mouth  
 As the fire note her in the eyes between  
 Cried, and the child's laugh sharply short-  
 As fire doth under rain, fell off; the flame  
 Worked once all through and died, and in  
 Tears fell from mine on the child's weep-  
 Eyes dispossessed of strong inheritance  
 And mortal fallen anew. Who not the less  
 From bud of beard to pale-grey flower of  
 Shall wax vinewise to a lordly vine, whose  
 Plead the red heavy blood of swoln soft  
 wine,  
 Subtle with sharp leaves' intricacy, until  
 Full of white years and blossom of hoary  
 days  
 I take him perfected; for whose one sake  
 I am thus gracious, to the least who stands  
 Filleted with white wool and girt upon  
 As he whose prayer endures upon the lip  
 And falls not waster; wherefore let sacrifice  
 Burn and run red in all the wider ways;  
 Seeing I have sworn by the pale temples  
 And popped hair of gold Perseph  
 Sad-tressed and pleached low down out  
 her brows,  
 And by the sorrow in her lips and death  
 Her dumb and mournful-mouthed minister,  
 My word for you is eased of its harsh weight  
 And doubled with soft promise; and your  
 king  
 Triptolemus, this Celeus dead and swathed  
 Purple and pale for golden burial,  
 Shall be your helper in my services,  
 Dividing earth and reaping fruits thereof

In fields where wait, well girl, w  
 The heavy-hair of seasons all year through;  
 Saving the chance of warm spear-headed  
 grain,

All things that grow with the seasons  
 And  
 With their bowed necks of burden equable

## AUGUST

THERE were four apples on the bough,  
 Half gold half red, that one might know  
 The blood was ripe inside the core;  
 The color of the leaves was more  
 Like stems of yellow corn that grow  
 Through all the gold June meadow's floor

The warm smell of the fruit was good  
 To feel on, and the split green wood,  
 With all its bearded lips and stains  
 Of mosses in the cloven veins,  
 Most pleasant, if one lay or stood  
 In sunshine or in happy rains.

There were four apples on the tree,  
 Red stained through gold, that all might  
 see  
 The sun went warm from core to rind;  
 The green leaves made the summer blind  
 In that soft place they kept for me  
 With golden apples shut behind.

The leaves caught gold across the sun  
 And where the bluest air begun,  
 Thirsted for song to help the heat;  
 As I to feel my lady's feet  
 Draw close before the day were done;  
 Both lips grew dry with dreams of it.

In the mute August afternoon  
 They trembled to some undertune  
 Of music in the silver air;  
 Great pleasure was it to be there  
 Till green turned duskier and the moon  
 Colored the corn-sheaves like gold hair.

I. August time it was delight  
 To watch the red moons wane to white  
 'Twixt grey-seamed stems of apple-trees;  
 A sense of heavy harmonies  
 Grew on the growth of patient night,  
 More sweet than shapen music is.

But some three hours before the moon  
 The air, still eager from the noon,  
 Flagged after heat, not wholly dead;  
 Against the stem I leant my head;  
 The color soothed me like a tune,  
 Green leaves all round the gold and red

I lay there till the warm smell grew  
 More sharp, when flocks of yellow dew  
 Between the round ripe leaves had blurred  
 The rind with stain and wet; I heard  
 A wind that blew and breathed and blew,  
 Too weak to alter its one word.

The wet leaves next the gentle fruit  
 Felt smoother, and the brown tree-root  
 Felt the mould warmer: I too felt  
 (As water feels the slow gold melt  
 Right through it when the day burns mute)  
 The peace of time wherein love dwelt.

There were four apples on the tree,  
 Gold stained on red that all might see  
 The sweet blood filled them to the core  
 The color of her hair is more  
 Like stems of fair faint gold, that be  
 Mown from the harvest's middle-floor.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.\*

THREE damsels in the queen's chamber,  
The queen's mouth was most fair;  
She spake a word of God's mother  
As the combs went in her hair.  
Mary that is of might,  
Bring us to thy Son's sight.

They held the gold combs out from her,  
A span's length off her head;  
She sang this song of God's mother  
And of her bearing-bed  
Mary most full of grace.  
Bring us to thy Son's face.

When she sat at Joseph's hand,  
She looked against her side;  
And either way from the short silk band  
Her girdle was all wried.  
Mary that of good may,  
Bring us to thy Son's way.

Mary had three women for her bed,  
The twain were maiden's clean;  
The first of them had white and red,  
The third had riven green.  
Mary that is so sweet,  
Bring us to thy Son's feet.

She had three women for her hair,  
Two were gloved soft and shag;  
The third had feet and finger bare,  
She was the likest God  
Mary that wieldeth land,  
Bring us to thy Son's hand.

She had three women for her ease,  
The twain were good women;  
The first two were the two Maries,  
The third was Magdalen.  
Mary that perfect is,  
Bring us to thy Son's kiss.

Joseph had three workmen in his stall,  
To serve him well upon;  
The first of them were Peter and Paul,  
The third of them was John.  
Mary, God's handmaiden,  
Bring us to thy Son's ken.

"If your child be none other man's,  
But if it be very mine,  
The bedstead shall be gold two spans,  
The bedfoot silver fine.  
Mary that made God mirth,  
Bring us to thy Son's birth.

"If the child be some other man's,  
And it be none of mine,  
The manger shall be straw two spans,  
Betwixen kine and kine."  
Mary that made sin cease,  
Bring us to thy Son's peace.

Christ was born upon this wise,  
It fell on such a night,  
Neither with sounds of psalteries  
Nor with fire for light.  
Mary that is God's spouse,  
Bring us to thy Son's house.

The star came out upon the east  
With a great sound and sweet;  
King of Jewry to make him feast  
And to bring him to eat.  
Mary, of thy sweet mood,  
Bring us to thy Son's good.

He had two handmaiden's at his head,  
One handmaiden at his foot;  
The two of them were fair and red,  
The third one was right sweet.  
Mary that is most wise,  
Bring us to thy Son's eyes. Amen.

\* Suggested by a drawing of Mr. D. G. R. ...

## THE MASQUE OF QUEEN BERSABE.

## A MIRACLE-PLAY

## KING DAVID.

KNIGHTS mine, all that be in hall,  
 I have a council to you all,  
 Because of this thing God lets fall  
 Among us for a sign.  
 For some days hence as I did eat  
 From kingly dishes my good meat,  
 There flew a bird between my feet  
 As red as any wine.  
 This bird had a long bill of red  
 And a gold ring above his head;  
 Long time he sat and nothing said,  
 Put softly down his neck and fed  
 From the gilt patens fine:  
 And as I marvelled at the last  
 He shut his two keen eyen fast  
 And suddenly woxe big and brast  
 Ere one should tell to nine.

## PRIMUS MILES.

Sir, note this that I will say;  
 That Lord who maketh corn with hay  
 And morrows each of yesterday,  
 He hath you in his hand.

SECUNDUS MILES (*Paganus quidam*).

By Satan I hold no such thing;  
 For if wine swell within a king  
 Whose ears for drink are hot and ring,  
 The same shall dream of wine-bibbing  
 Whilst he can lie or stand.

## QUEEN BERSABE.

Peace now, lords, for God is head,  
 Ye chirk as starlings that be fed  
 And gape as fishes newly dead;  
 The devil put your bodies to bed,  
 Lo, this is all to say.

## SECUNDUS MILES.

By Mahound, lords, I have good will  
 This devil's bird to wring and spill;  
 For now meseems our game goes ill,  
 Ye have scant hearts to play.

## TERTIUS MILES.

Lo, sirs, this word is there said,  
 That Urias the knight is dead  
 Through some ill craft; by Poulis head,  
 I doubt his blood hath made so red  
 This bird that flew from the queen's bed  
 Whereof ye have such fear.

## KING DAVID.

Yea, my good knave, and is it said  
 That I can raise men from the dead?  
 By God I think to have his head  
 Who saith words of my lady's bed  
 For any thief to hear.  
*Et percutiat eum in capite.*

## QUEEN BERSABE.

I wis men shall spit at me,  
 And say it were but right for thee  
 That one should hang thee on a tree;  
 Ho! it were a fair thing to see  
 The big stones bruise her false body;  
 Fie! who shall see her dead?

## KING DAVID.

I rede you have no fear of this.  
 For as ye wot, the first good kiss  
 I had must be the last of his;  
 Now are ye queen of mine, I wis,  
 And lady of a house that is  
 Full rich of meat and bread.

## PRIMUS MILES.

I bid you make good cheer to be  
So fair a queen as all men see.  
And hold us for your lieges free;  
By Peter's soul that hath the key,  
Ye have good hap of it.

## SECUNDUS MILES.

I would that he were hanged and dead  
Who hath no joy to see your head  
With gold about it, barred on red;  
I hold him as a sow of lead  
That is so scant of wit.

*Tunc dicat NATHAN propheta.*

O king, I have a word to thee;  
The child that is in Bersabe  
Shall wither without light to see;  
This word is come of God by me  
For sin that ye have done.  
Because herein ye did not right,  
To take the fair one lamb to smite  
That was of Urias the knight;  
Ye wist he had but one.  
Full many sheep I wot ye had,  
And many women, when ye bade  
To do your will and keep you glad;  
And a good crown about your head  
With gold to show thereon.  
This Urias had one poor house  
With low-barred latoun shot-windows  
And scant of corn to fill a mouse;  
And rusty basnets for his brows,  
To wear them to the bone.  
Yea the roofs also, as men sain,  
Were thin to hold against the rain;  
Therefore what rushes were there lain  
Grew wet withouten foot of men;  
The stancheons were all gone in twain  
As sick man's flesh is gone.  
Nathless he had great joy to see  
The long hair of this Bersabe  
Fall round her lap and round her  
Even to her small soft feet, that be  
Shod now with crimson royally  
And covered with clean gold.  
Likewise great joy he had to kiss  
Her throat, where now the scarlet is  
Against her little chin, I wis,  
That then was but cold.  
No scarlet then her kirtle had  
And little gold about it sprad;

But her red mouth was always glad  
To kiss, albeit the eyes were sad  
With love they had to hold.

## SECUNDUS MILES.

How! old thief, thy wits are lame;  
To clip such it is no shame;  
I rede you in the devil's name,  
Ye come not here to make men game;  
By Termagaunt that maketh grame,  
I shall to-bete thine head.  
*Hic Diabolus capiat eum.*  
This knave hath sharp fingers, perfoy;  
Mahound you thank and keep away,  
And give you good knees to pray;  
What man hath no lust to play,  
The devil wring his ears, I say;  
There is no more but wellaway,  
For now am I dead.

## KING DAVID.

Certes his mouth is wried and black,  
Full little pence be in his sack;  
This devil hath him by the back,  
It is no boot to lie.

## NATHAN.

Sitteth now still and learn of me  
A little while and ye shall see  
The face of God's strength presently.  
All queens made as this Bersabe,  
All that were fair and foul ye be,  
Come hither; it am I.  
*Et hic omnes cantabunt.*

## HERODIAS.

I am the queen Herodias.  
This headband of my temples was  
King Herod's gold band woven me,  
This broken dry staff in my hand  
Was the queen's staff of a great land  
Betwixen Perse and Samarie.  
For that one dancing of my feet,  
The fire is come in my green wheat  
From one sea to the other sea.

## AHOLIBAH.

I am the queen Aholibah.  
My lips kissed dumb the word of Ah  
Sighed on strange lips grown sick  
thereby  
God wrought to me my royal bed;

The inner work thereof was red,  
 The outer work was ivory.  
 My mouth's heat was the heat of flame  
 For lust towards the kings that came  
 With horsemen riding royally.

## CLEOPATRA.

I am the queen of Ethiopie.  
 Love bade my kissing eyelids ope  
 That men beholding might praise love.  
 My hair was wonderful and curled;  
 My lips held fast the mouth o' the world  
 To spoil the strength and speech there-  
 of.  
 The latter triumph in my breath  
 Bowed down the beaten brows of death,  
 Ashamed they had not wrath enough.

## ABIHAIL.

I am the queen of Tyrians.  
 My hair was glorious for twelve spans,  
 That dried to loose dust afterward.  
 My stature was a strong man's length:  
 My neck was like a place of strength  
 Built with white walls, even and hard.  
 Like the first noise of rain leaves catch  
 One from another, snatch by snatch,  
 Is my praise, hissed against and marred.

## AZUBAH.

I am the queen of Amorites.  
 My face was like a place of lights  
 With multitudes at festival.  
 The glory of my gracious brows  
 Was like God's house made glorious  
 With colors upon either wall.  
 Between my brows and hair there was  
 A white space like a space of glass  
 With golden candles over all.

## AHOLAH.

I am the queen of Amalek.  
 There was no tender touch or fleck  
 To spoil my body or bare feet  
 My words were soft like dulcemers,  
 And the first sweet of grape-flowers  
 Made each side of my bosom sweet.  
 My raiment was as tender fruit  
 Whose rind smells sweet of spice-tree root,  
 Bruised balm-blossom and budded  
 wheat.

## AHINOAM.

I am the queen Ahinoam  
 Like the throat of a soft slain lamb  
 Was my throat, softer veined than his:  
 My lips were as two grapes the sun  
 Lays his whole weight of heat upon  
 Like a mouth heavy with a kiss:  
 My hair's pure purple a wrought fleece,  
 My temples therein as a piece  
 Of a pomegranate's cleaving is.

## ATARAH.

I am the queen Sidonian.  
 My face made faint the face of man,  
 And strength was bound between my  
 brows.  
 Spikenard was hidden in my ships,  
 Honey and wheat and myrrh in strips,  
 White wools that shine as color does  
 Soft linen dyed upon the fold,  
 Split spice and cores of scented gold  
 Cedar and broken calamus.

## SEMIRAMIS.

I am the queen Semiramis.  
 The whole world and the sea that is  
 In fashion like a chrysopras,  
 The noise of all men laboring,  
 The priest's mouth tired through thanks-  
 giving,  
 The sound of love in the blood's pause,  
 The strength of love in the blood's beat,  
 All these were cast beneath my feet  
 And all found lesser than I was.

## HESIONE.

I am the queen Hesione.  
 The seasons that increased in me  
 Made my face fairer than all men's.  
 I had the summer in my hair;  
 And all the pale gold autumn air  
 Was as the habit of my sense.  
 My body was as fire that shone;  
 God's beauty that makes all things one  
 Was one among my handmaidens.

## CHRYSOthemis.

I am the queen of Samothrace.  
 God, making roses, made my face  
 As a rose filled up full with red.  
 My brows made sharp the straitened seas  
 From Pontus to that Chersonese



Whereon the dbed Asian stream is  
shed,

My hair was as sweet scent that drips;  
Love's breath begun about my lips  
Kindled the lips of people dead.

#### THOMYRS.

I am the queen of Scythians,  
My strength was like no strength of man's,  
My face like day, my breast like  
spring.

My fame was felt in the extreme land  
That hath sun-shine on the one hand  
And on the other star-shining.  
Yea, and the wine there falls of bread;  
Yea, and their lie is waste like death;  
Yea, and there death is a glad thing.

#### HARHAS.

I am the queen of Anakim,  
In the spent years whose speech is dim,  
Whose raiment is the dust and death,  
My stately body without stain  
Shone as the shining race of rain  
Whose hair a great wind scattereth,  
Now hath God turned my lips to sighs,  
Plucked off mine eyelids from mine eyes,  
And sealed with seals my way of breath.

#### MYKKHA.

I am the queen Arabian,  
The tears wherewith mine eyelids ran  
Smelt like my perfumed eyelids' smell.  
A harsh thirst made my soft mouth hard,  
That ached with kisses afterward;  
My heart was like a eaten bell.  
As tears on eyes, as fire on wood,  
Sin fell upon my face and blood,  
Sin made my breasts' beside and swell.

#### PASIPHAE.

I am the queen Pasiphae,  
Not all the pure clean-colored sea  
Could cleanse or cool my yearning

#### VIET.

Nor any root or herb that grew,  
Flowers that let green water through,  
Nor washing of the dews and rains.  
From some's pressed coat I wrung the  
sweet  
Fruit's savour that was death to eat,  
Whereof no seed but death remains.

#### SAPPHO.

I am the queen of Lesbians,  
My love, that had no part in man's,  
Was sweeter than all shape of sweet,  
The intolerable infinite desire  
Made my face pale like faded  
When the ashen pyre falls through with  
leaves.  
My blood was hot wan wine of love,  
And my song's sound the sound thereof,  
The sound of the delight of it.

#### MESSALINA.

I am the queen of Italy,  
These were the signs God set on me;  
A barren beauty subtle and sleek,  
Curled carven hair, and cheeks worn wan  
With fierce false lips of many a  
Large temples where the blood ran  
weak.  
A mouth athirst and amorous  
And hungering as the grave's mouth does  
That, being an-hungered, cannot speak.

#### AMFISTRIS.

I am the queen of Persians,  
My breasts were lordlier than bright swans,  
My body as amber fair and thin,  
Strange flesh was given my lips for bread,  
With poisonous hours my days were fed,  
And my feet shod with adders' den,  
In Shushan toward Ecbatane  
I wrought my joys with tears and pain,  
My loves with blood and bitter sin.

#### EPHRATH.

I am the queen of Rephaim,  
God, that some while refraineth him,  
Made in the end a fool of  
My rumor was upon  
As strong as iron,  
Through porches of  
My hair was like the flag-flower,  
And my breast's carven goodlier  
Than beryl with chalcedony.

#### PASITHEA.

I am the queen of Cyriotes,  
Mine on-men, laboring with brown throats,  
Singing of my aches and pains,  
My molens, carled looms  
With gold from loom to white wrist,

Trasled me between their wool-combing,  
All that praise Venus all night long  
With lips like speech and lids like song  
Praised me till song lost heart to sing.

## ALACIEL.

I am the queen Alaciel.  
My mouth was like that moist gold cell  
Whereout the thickest honey drips  
Mine eyes were as a grey-green sea;  
The amorous blood that smote on me  
Smote to my feet and finger-tips.  
My throat was whiter than the dove,  
Mine eyelids as the seal of love,  
And as the doors of love my lips.

## ERIGONE.

I am the queen Erigone  
The wild wine shed as blood on me  
Made my face brighter than a bride's.  
My large lips had the old thirst of earth,  
Mine arms the might of the old sea's earth  
Bound round the whole world's iron  
sides,  
Within mine eyes and in mine ears  
Were music and the wine of tears,  
And light, and thunder of the skies.  
*Et hic exeat, et dicat Bersabe re vera.*

Alas, God, for thy great pity  
And for the might that is in thee,  
Behold, I woful Bersabe  
Cry out with stoopings of my knee  
And thy wrath laid and bound on me  
Till I may see thy love.  
Behold, Lord, this chile is grown  
Within me between bone and bone  
To make me mother of a son,  
Made of my body with strong moan;  
There shall not be another one  
That shall be made hereof.

## KING DAVID.

Lord God, alas, what shall I say?  
Lo, thou art as an hundred men  
both to break and build again:  
The wild ways thou makest plain  
Thine hands hold the hail and rain  
And thy fingers both grape and grain;  
Of their largess we be all well fain,  
And of their great pity;  
The sun thou madest of good gold,

Of clean silver the moon cold,  
All the great stars thou hast told  
As thy cattle in thy fold  
Every one by his name of old;  
Wild land and water thou hast in hold,  
Both the land and the long sea;  
Both the green sea and the land,  
Lord God, thou hast in hand,  
Both white water and grey sand;  
Upon thy right or thy left hand  
There is no man that may stand;  
Lord, thou true on me.  
O wise Lord, if thou be keen  
To note things amiss that been,  
I am not worth a shell of bean  
More than an old mare meagre and lean  
For all my wrong-doing with my queen,  
It grew not of our heartes clean.  
But it began of her body.  
For it fell in the hot May  
I stood within a paven way  
Built of fair bright stone, perlay,  
That is as fire of night and day  
And lighteth all my house.  
Therein be neither stones nor sticks,  
Neither red nor white bricks,  
But for cubits five or six  
There is most goodly sardonix  
And amber laid in rows.  
It goes round about my roais,  
(If ye list ye shall have proofs)  
There is good space for horse and hoofs,  
Plain and nothing perilous.  
For the fair green weather's heat,  
And for the smell of leaves sweet,  
It is no marvel, well ye weet,  
A man to waxen amorous.  
This I say now by my case  
That spied forth of that royal place;  
There I saw in no great space  
Mine own sweet, both body and face,  
Under the fresh boughs,  
In a water that was there  
She wesshe her goodly body bare  
And dried it with her owen hair:  
Both her arms and her knees fair,  
Both bosom and brows;  
Both shoulders and eke thighs  
Thou she wesshe upon this wise;  
Ever she sighed with little sighs,  
And ever she gave God thank.  
Yea, God wot I can well see yet  
Both her breast and her sides all wet  
And her long hair withouten let  
Spread sideways like a drawing net;  
Full dear bought and full far set

Was that sweet thing there y-set:  
 It were a hard thing to forget  
 How both lips and eyen met,  
     Breast and breath sank,  
 So goodly a sight as there she was,  
 Lying looking on her glass  
 By wan water in green grass,  
     Yet saw never man.  
 So soft and great she was and bright  
 With all her body waxen white,  
 I wove nigh blind to see the light  
 She led out of it to left and right;  
 This bitter sin from that sweet sight  
     Between us twain began.

NATHAN.

Now, sir, be merry anon,  
 For ye shall have a full wise son,  
 Goodly and great of flesh and bone;  
 There shall no king be such an one,  
     I swear by Godis rood.  
 Therefore, lord, be merry here,  
 And go to meat withouten fear,  
 And hear a mass with goodly cheer;  
 For to all folk ye shall be dear,  
     And all folk of your blood.

*Et tunc dicant Laudamus.*

## ST. DOROTHY.

It hath been seen and yet it shall be seen  
 That out of tender mouths God's praise  
     hath been  
 Made perfect, and with wood and simple  
     string  
 He that played music sweet as shawm-  
     playing  
 To please himself with softness of all sound;  
 And no small thing but hath been some-  
     time found  
 Full sweet of use, and no such humbleness  
 But God hath bruised withal the sentences  
 And overcome of wise men witnessing;  
 No lord of this is so soft a hidden thing  
 It never shall get sight of the great sun;  
 The strength of ten has been the strength  
     of one,

And lowliness has waxed impetuous.

There was in Rome a man Theophilus  
 Of right great blood and gracious ways,  
     that had  
 All noble fashions to make people glad  
 And a soft life of pleasant days;  
 He was a goodly man for one to praise  
 Flawless and whole upward from foot to  
     head;  
 His arms were a red hawk that alway fed  
 On a small bird with feathers gnawed upon,

Beaten and plucked about the bosom-bone  
 Whereby a small round fleck like fire there  
     was:

They called it in their tongue lampadas;  
 This was the banner of the lordly man.  
 In many straits of sea and reaches wan  
 Full of quick wind, and many a shaken  
     firth,

It had seen fighting days of either earth,  
 Westward or east of waters Gaditane  
 (This was the place of sea-rocks under Spain  
 Called after the great praise of Hercules)  
 And north beyond the washing Pontic seas,  
 Far windy Russian places fabulous,  
 And salt fierce tides of storm-swoln Bos-  
     plonus.

Now as this lord came straying in Rome  
     town

He saw a little lattice open down  
 And after it a press of maidens' heads  
 That sat upon their cold small quiet beds  
 Talking, and played upon short-stringed  
     lutes;

And lo! out of some ground perfume out of roots  
 Gathered by marvellous moons in Asia  
 Saffron and aloes and wild cassia,  
 Colored all through and smelling of the  
     sun;

And over all these was a certain one  
Clothed softly, with sweet herbs about her  
hair

And bosom flowerful; her face more fair  
Than sudden-singing April in soft lands;  
Eye! like a gracious bird, and in both  
hands

She held a psalter painted green and red.  
This Theophile laughed at the heart, and  
said;

Now God so help me hither and St. Paul,  
As by the new time of their festival  
I have good will to take this maid to wife,  
And herewith fell to fancies of her life

And soft half-thoughts that ended suddenly.  
Thus is man's guise to please himself, when  
he

Shall not see one thing of his pleasant  
things,

Nor with outwatch of many travailsings  
Come to be eased of the least pain he hath  
For all his love and all his foolish wrath  
And all the heavy manner of his mind.

Thus is he like a fisher far in land  
That casts his nets across the boat awry  
To strike the sea, but lo, he striketh dry  
And plucks them back all broken for his  
pain

And bites his beard and casts across again  
And reaching wrong slips over in the sea.  
So hath this man a strangled neck for lee,  
For all his cost he chuckles in his throat.

This Theophile that little hereof wote  
Laid wait to hear of her what she might be:  
Men told him she had name of Dorothy,  
And was a lady of a worthy house.

Thereat this knight grew inly glorious  
That he should have a love so fair of place.

She was a maiden of most quiet face,  
Tender of speech and had no hardihood  
But was nigh feeble of her fearful blood;  
Her mercy in her was so marvellous  
From her least years, that seeing her school-  
fellows

That read beside her stricken with a rod,  
She would cry sore and say some word to  
God

That he would ease her fellow of his pain.  
There is no touch of sun or fallen rain  
That ever fell on a more gracious thing.

In middle Rome there was in stone-  
working

The church of Venus painted royally.  
The chapels of it were some two or three,  
In each of them her tabernacle was

And a wide window of six feet in glass  
Colored with all her works in red and gold.  
The altars had bright cloths and cups to  
hold

The wine of Venus for the services,  
Made out of honey and crushed wood-  
berries

That shed sweet yellow through the thick  
wet red,

That on high days was borne upon the head  
Of Venus' priest for any man to drink;  
So that in drinking he should fall to think  
On some fair face, and in the thought  
thereof

Worship, and such should triumph in his  
love.

For this soft wine that did such grace and  
good

Was newtrans-shaped and mixed with love's  
own blood,

That in the fighting Trojan time was bled;  
For which came such a woe to Diomed  
That he was stifled after in hard sea.

And some said that this wine-shedding  
should be

Made of the falling of Adonis' blood,  
That curled upon the thorns and broken  
wood

And round the gold silk shoes on '15'  
feet;

The taste thereof was as hot honey sweet  
And in the mouth ran soft and riotous.  
This was the holiness of Venus' house.

It was their worship that in August days  
Twelve maidens should go through their  
Roman ways

Naked, and having gold across their brows  
And their hair twisted in short golden rows  
To minister to Venus in this wise:

At twelve men chosen in their companies  
To watch these maidens by the altar-stair,  
All in one habit, crowned upon the hair  
Among these men was chosen Theophile.

This knight went out and prayed a little  
while,

Holding queen Venus by her hands and  
knees;

I will give thee twelve royal images  
Cut in glad gold, with marvels of wrought  
stone

For thy sweet priest to lean and pray upon,  
Jasper and hyacinth and chrysopras,  
And the strange Asian thalamite that was  
Hidden twelve ages under heavy sea  
Among the little sleepy pearls, to be

A shrine lit over with soft candle-flame  
 Burning all night red as hot brows of shame,  
 So thou wilt be my lady with love and grace,  
 Godless that art all gold out ide and in,  
 Help me to serve thee in thy holy way.  
 Thou knowest, Love, that in my heart, by  
 There shone a laughter in the morning stars  
 Round the good coiled bride-bed when  
 Mar  
 I kissed thee and had thee in your kissing  
 Now, therefore, sweet, kiss thou my red lips  
 That they may open graciously toward me;  
 And this new fashion of thy shrine I do  
 As good as thine own happy heart.  
 The goddess, that was painted with face  
 Between two long green tumbled sides,  
 Stooped her neck sideways, and spoke  
 pleasantly:  
 Thou shalt have grace as thou art thrall of  
 me.  
 And with this came a savor of shed wine  
 And plucked-out petals from a rose's head:  
 And softly with slow laughs of lip she said,  
 Thou shalt have favor all thy days of me.  
 Then came Theophilus to Dorothy,  
 Saying: O sweet, if one should strive or  
 speak  
 Against God's ways, he gets a beaten cheek  
 For all his wage and shame above all men,  
 Therefore I have no will to turn again  
 When God saith "go," lest a worse thing  
 all out  
 Then she, misdoubting lest he went about  
 To catch her wits, made answer somewhat  
 thus:  
 I have no will, my lord Theophilus,  
 To speak against this worthy word of yours;  
 Knowing how God's will in all speech en-  
 dures,  
 That save by grace there may no thing be  
 done.  
 Then Theophile waxed light from foot to  
 head,  
 And softly fell upon this answering.  
 It is well seen you are a chosen thing  
 To do God service in his gracious way.  
 I will that you make haste and holiday  
 To go next year upon the Venus's stair,  
 Covered none else, but crowned upon your  
 hair.  
 And of the service that a maiden doth,

She said: but I that am Christ's maid were  
 loth  
 To do this thing that hath such bitter name.  
 Then at his brows were beaten with sore  
 hand  
 And he came off and said no other word.  
 Then his eyes chanced upon his banner-  
 loth  
 And he fell fingering at the stain of it  
 And laughed for wrath and stared between  
 his feet.  
 And out of a chafed heart he spake as thus:  
 Lo how she japes at me Theophilus,  
 Feigning herself a fool and hard to love;  
 Yet in good time for all she boasteth of  
 She shall be like a little beaten bird.  
 And while his mouth was open in that word  
 He came upon the house Janiculum,  
 Where some went busily, and other some  
 Told in the gate called the gate glorious.  
 The emperor, which was one Gabalus,  
 Sat over all and drank chill wine alone.  
 To whom is come Theophilus anon,  
 And said as thus: *Bon sire, Dieu vous aide.*  
 And afterward sat under him, and said  
 All this thing through as ye have wholly  
 heard.  
 This Gabalus laughed thickly in his  
 beard.  
 Yea, this is righteousness and maiden rule.  
 Truly, he said, a maid is but a fool.  
 And japed at them as one full villainous,  
 In a lewd wise, this heathen Gabalus,  
 And sent his men to bind her as he bade.  
 Thus have they taken Dorothy the maid,  
 And haled her forth as men hule pick-  
 purses:  
 A little need God knows they had of this,  
 To hale her by her maiden gentle hair.  
 Thus went she lowly, making a soft prayer,  
 As one who stays the sweet wine in his  
 mouth,  
 Mournouring with eased lips and is most  
 loth  
 To have done wholly with the sweet of it.  
 Christ king, fair Christ, that knowest all  
 men's wit  
 And all the feeble fashion of my ways,  
 O perfect God, that from all yesterdays  
 Adest whole with morrows perfected,  
 I pray thee by thy mother's holy head  
 Thou help me to do right, that I not slip:  
 I have no speech nor strength upon my lip,  
 Except thou help me who art wise and  
 sweet.

Do this too for those nails that clove thy  
feet,

Let me die maiden after many pains.

Though I be least among thy handmaidens,  
Doubtless I shall take death more sweetly  
thus.

Now have they brought her to King  
Galadus,

Who laughed in all his throat some breath-  
ing-whiles.

By God, he said, if one should live so  
miles,

He were not pained about the sides so  
much.

This were a soft thing for a man to touch.  
Shall one so chafe that hath such little  
bones?

And shook his throat with thick and  
chuckled moans

For laughter that she had such holiness.

What aileth thee, wilt though do services  
It were good fare to fare as Venus doth.

Then said this lady with her maiden  
mouth,

Shamefaced, and something paler in the  
cheek:

Now, sir, albeit my wit and will to speak

Give me no grace in sight of worthy men,

For all my shame yet know I this again,

I may not speak, nor after downlying

Like up to take delight in lute-playing,

Nor sing nor sleep, nor sit and fold my  
hands,

But my soul in some measure under-stands

God's grace laid like a garment over me.

For this fair God that out of strong sharp sea

Lifted the shapely and green-colored land,

And hath the weight of heaven in his hand

As one might hold a bird, and under him

The heavy golden planets beam by beam

Building the feasting-chambers of his house,

And the large world he holdeth with his  
brows,

And with the light of them astonisheth

All place and time and face of life and  
death

And motion of the north wind and the  
south,

And is the sound within his angel's mouth  
Of singing words and words of thanksgiv-  
ing.

And is the color of the latter spring

And heat upon the summer and the sun,

And is beginning of all things begun

And gathers in him all things to their end,

And with the fingers of his hand doth bend  
The stretched-out sides of heaven like a  
lid.

And with his breath he maketh the red pale

And fills with blood faint faces of men dead,

And with his hand between his lips are led

Iron and fire and the white body of snow,

And blossom of all trees in places low,

And small bright herbs on the little hills,

And fruit pricked softly with birds' tender  
bills,

And flight of foam about green banks of sea,

And fourfold strength of the great winds  
that be

Moved always outward from beneath his  
feet,

And growth of grass and growth of sheaved  
wheat

And all green flower of goodly-growing  
lands;

And all these things he gathers with his  
hands

And covers all their beauty with his wings;  
The same, even God that governs all these  
things,

Hath set my feet to be upon his ways.

Now therefore for no painfulness of days

I shall put off this service bound on me.

Also, fair sir, ye know this certainly,

How God was in his flesh full chaste and  
meek

And gave his face to shame, and either  
cheek

Gave up to smiting of men tyrannous.

And here with a great voice this Galadus  
Cried out and said: By God's blood and his  
bones,

This were good game betwixen night and  
nones

For one to sit and hearken to such saws:  
I were as lief fall in some big beast's jaws

As hear these women's jaw-teeth chattering;

By God a woman is the harder thing,

One may not put a hook into her mouth.

Now by St. Luke I am so sore adrouth

For all these saws I must needs drink again

But I pray God deliver all us men

From all such noise of women and their  
heat.

That is a noble scripture, well I weet,

That likens women to an empty can;

When God said that he was a full wise man.

I trow no man may blame him as for that.

And herewithal he drank a draught, and  
spat

And said: Now shall I make in cold blood,  
Come near, I need not learn in for God's  
love,

And yet shall I love thee for twain, God wot,  
And spake, with a then with full thick and  
hot,

But thou dost not a word he shouldly slain  
Lo, sir, she said, he death and all the  
pun

I take in penance of my bitter sin.

Yea, now, quoth Gabalus, this game begins.

Lo, without sin one shall not live a span.

Lo, this is she that would not look on man

Between her fingers folded in thwart wise.

See how shame hath smitten in her eyes.

That was so clean she had not heard of  
shame.

Certes, he said, by Gabalus my name.

This two years back I was not so well  
pleased.

This were good mirth for sick men to be  
eased.

And rise up whole and laugh at hearing of.

I pray thee show us something of thy love.

Since thou wast maid thy gown is waxen  
wide.

Yea, maid I am, she said, and somewhat  
sighful.

As one who thought upon the low far  
house

Where she sat working, with soft leached  
brows

Watching her thralls among the school-  
maisters.

And she thought well now God hath brought  
her thence

She should not come to sew her gold again.

Then cried King Gabalus upon his men

To have her forth and draw her with steel  
guns.

And as a man big and low and grim

And bent his body, looking at his lord.

So wagged he with his body and knave's  
head.

Gaping at her, and blowing with his breath.

And in good time began to speak death.

Out of his low life with his cursed wives:

His bones were down asunder as with  
knives.

For his misliving, certes it is said.

But all the evil wrought up on a maid.

It were tall hard for one to tell.

For her of this I was full upon her feet.

And all her body for a use full fruit.

But she, as of aching God's great sin,

Spoke not nor wept for all the travail hard.

When the king commanded afterward

To be brought presently in all men's sight.

And as yet he was in the night

And water was in the stars began.

He was in the stars and all won.

For he was of a windy wind and snow.

And he was walking in soft wise and

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And he was walking in soft wise and

And plays some tune with subt'le fingering  
On a small cithern, full of tears and sleep;  
And heavy pleasure that is quick to weep;  
And sorrow with the honey in her mouth;  
And for this might of music that he doth  
Are all souls drawn toward him with great  
love.

And weep for sweetness of the noise that of  
And bow to him with worship of their  
knee:

And all the flesh is thick with comp'ny  
Of fair-clothed men that play on shaw  
and lute.

And gather honey of the yellow fruits  
Between the branches waxen soft and wile;  
And all this peace endures in either side  
Of the green land, and God beholdeth all.  
And this is girdled with a round fair wall  
Made of red stone and cool with heavy  
leaves.

Grown out against it, and green blossom  
cleaves

To the green chinks, and lesser wall-weed  
sweet,

Kissing the crannies that are sp'it with  
heat,

And branches where the summer draws to  
head.

And Theophile burnt in the cheek, and  
said:

Yea, could one see it, this were marvellous.  
I pray you, at your coming to this house,  
Give me some leaf of all those trees and bushes;  
Seeing how so sharp and white our weather  
is.

There is no green nor gracious red to see.

Yea, sir, she said, that shall I certainly.  
And from her long sweet throat without a  
fleck

Undid the gold, and through her stretched  
out neck

The cold axe clove, and smote away her  
head:

Out of her throat the tender blood full red  
Fell suddenly through all her long soft hair.  
And with good speed for hardness of the air,  
Each man departed to his house again.

Lo, as fair color in the face of men  
At seed-time of their blood, or in such wise  
As a thing seen increaseth in men's eyes,  
Caught first far off by sickly fits of sight,  
So a word said, if one shall hear aright,  
Abides against the season of its growth.  
This Theophile went slowly, as one doth  
That is not sure for sickness of his feet;

And counting the white stonework of the  
street,

Tears fell out of his eyes for wrath and love,  
Making him weep more for the dead  
than for the living.

Then for true pity went he forth again,  
And women mocked him, saying: Thou  
pale,

Lo, she is dead: what shall a woman love  
That loveth such a one? so Christ me save,  
I were as lief to love a man new dead.  
Surely this man has eaten on his own  
This makes him sad and writhed in his bed.

And when they came upon the paven  
place

That was called sometime the place Amor-  
ous.

There came a child before Theophilus,  
Bearing a basket, and said suddenly:  
Fair sir, this is my mistress Dorothy.

That sends you greet, and with this basket  
of gold.

In all this earth is there not such a one  
For color and straight stature nor.

The tender growing gold of his part  
Was as wheat growing, and his neck as  
flax.

God called him Holy after his own name,  
With gold clothed like the burning  
child.

But for the fair green basket that he bore,  
It was filled up with heavy white and red.

Great roses stained still where the first  
blood.

Burning at heart for shame their heart was  
bold:

And the sad color of their cheeks  
That have the sun to kiss their lips

love;

The flower that Venus' hair is woven  
The color of the poppies in the sun.

Late peaches with red when the heat  
dies.

And the slender red breath, and the  
The fur faint-headed poppies drunk with  
dew.

And heaviness of hollow lilies red.

Then cried they all that saw these things,  
and said:

It was God's doing, and very marvellous,  
And indeed while this bright Theophilus  
Is with us, let us be all as one.

Before the king of God and love and death  
For which the king bade hang him.

sently.





Sown close among the strewings of the floor;

And either wall of the slow corridor  
Was dim with deep device of gracious things;

Some angel's steady mouth and weight of wings

Shut to the side; or Peter with straight stole  
And beard cut black against the aureole  
That spanned his head from nose to crown;  
there

Mary's gold hair, thick to the girdle-tie  
Wherein was bound a child with tender feet;

Or the broad cross with blood-nigh brown  
on it.

Within this house a righteous lord abode,  
Ser Averardo; patient of his mood,  
And just of judgment; and to child he had  
A maid so sweet that her mere sight made glad

Men sorrowing, and unbound the brows of hate;

And where she came, the lips that pain  
made strait

Waxed warm and wide, and from untender  
grew

Tender as those that sleep brings patience to,  
Such long locks had she, that with knee  
to clasp

She might have wrapped and warmed her  
feet therein.

Right seldom fell her face on weeping wise;  
Gold hair she had, and golden-colored  
eyes,

Filled with clear light and fire and large  
repose

Like a fair hound's; no man there is but  
knows

her face was white, and thereto she was  
tall;

In no wise lacked there any praise at all  
To her most perfect and pure maidenhood;  
No sin I think there was in all her blood.

She, where a gold grate shut the roses in,  
Dwelt daily through deep summer weeks,  
through green

Flushed hours of rain upon the leaves;  
and there

Love made him room and space to worship  
her

With tender worship of bowed knees, and  
wrought

Such pleasure as the pained sense palates  
not

For weariness, but at one taste undoes  
The heart of its strong sweet, is ravenous  
Of all the hidden honey, words and sense  
That through the time's imperious prevail.

In a poor house this lover kept apart,  
Long communing with patience next his  
heart

It was not his heart's move that face at all,  
Tender as those with sleep brings patience to;

Then, such length of days he had that —  
"I say,"

For love's own sake and for the love there-  
of

Let no harsh words untune your gracious  
mood;

For good it were, if anything be good  
To comfort me in this pain's plague of  
mine;

Seeing thus, how neither sleep nor bread  
for wine

Seemeth to me; yea, nothing that is  
Seemeth to me; only I know this,

My fingers are sharp for palms of piteous  
men

To travel, but the end of such is sweet:  
No, do with me as seemeth you the best."

She mused a little, as one holds his guest  
By the hand musing, with her face borne  
down;

Then said: "Yea, though such bitter seed  
be sown,

Have no more care of all that you have  
said;

Since if there is no sleep will bind your  
head,

Lo, I am fain to help you certainly;  
Christ knoweth, sir, if I would have you  
die;

There is no pleasure when a man is dead."  
Thereat he kissed her hands and yellow  
head

And clipped her fair long body many times;  
I have no wit to shape in written rhymes

A scant tithe of this great joy they had  
They were too near love's secret to be  
glad

As whose deems the core will surely melt  
From the warm fruit his lips caress, hath  
felt

Some bitter kernel where the teeth shut  
hard;

Or as sweet music sharpens afterward,  
Being half disrelished both for sharp and  
sweet;

... a-water, having killed over-heat



To praise her with; but only her low name  
 "Andrevuola" came thrice, and thrice put  
 shame

In her clear cheek, so fruitful with new red  
 That for pure love straightway shame's self  
 was dead.

Then with lids gathered as who late had  
 wept

She began saying: "I have a little red,  
 My lids drowse now against the very sun;  
 Yea, the brain aching with a dream begun  
 Beats like a fitful blood: kiss but betwix  
 brows,

And you shall pluck my thoughts grown  
 dangerous

Almost away." He said: "Thou hast a name,  
 "O sole sweet thing that God is glad to  
 name.

My one gold gift, if dreams be sharp and  
 sore

Shall not the waking time increase much  
 more

With taste and sound, sweet eyesight or  
 sweet scent?

Has any heat too hard and insolent  
 Burnt bare the tender married leaves, un-  
 done

The maiden grass shut under from the sun?  
 Where in this world is room enough for  
 pain?"

The feverish finger of love had touched  
 again

Her lips with happier blood; the pain lay  
 meek

In her fair face, nor altered lip nor cheek  
 With pallor or with pulse; but in her mouth

Love thirsted as a man wayfaring doth,  
 Making it humble as weak wanderers.

She lay close to him, bade do this and this,  
 Say that, sing thus: then almost weeping-  
 ripe

Crouched, then laughed low. As one that  
 fain would wipe

The old record out of old things done and  
 dead,

She rose, she heaved her hands up, and  
 waxed red

For wilful heart and blameless fear of  
 blame:

Saying "Though my wits be weak, this is  
 no shame

For a poor maid when I am told to blush  
 With heats of hesitation and stop to reach

That with my dreams I live yet hear  
 For pure sad heart and faith's humility.

Now be not wroth and I will shew you  
 this.

"Methought our lips upon their second  
 kiss

Met in the place, and a fair day we had  
 At first in leaves that waxed and were  
 not sad

With shaken rain or bitten through with  
 drouth;

When I, beholding ever how your mouth  
 Waited for mine, the throat being fallen  
 back,

Saw crawl thereout a live thing flaked with  
 bla-

specks of brute slime and leper-colored  
 scale,

A devil's hide with foul flame-writhen grail  
 La-bored where hell's heat festers loath-

some;

And that brief speech may ease me of the  
 rest,

Thus were you slain and eaten of the thing,  
 My waxed eyes felt the new day shuddering

On their low lids, felt the whole east so  
 beat,

Part with close pulse of such a plague-  
 some heat,

As if the palpitating dawn drew breath  
 For horror, breathing between life and

death,

Till the sun sprang blood-bright and vio-  
 lent,

Finishing, her soft strength wholly spent,  
 Begged each way, but some brute-hooved

thing,

The timeless travail of hell's childbearing,  
 Should threat upon the sudden: whereat he,

For relish of her tested misery  
 And tender little thornprick of her pain,

Laughed with mere love. What lover  
 among men

But hath his sense fed sovereignly 'twixt  
 wiles

With tears and covered eyelids and sick  
 smiles

A better disaster of a pained face?  
 What color, what look, what sweet a play,

For the lips, what heat of the full-fringed  
 eye?

What color burning man's wide-open eye  
 But may be pleasantly seen? what sense

Keeps in its hot sharp extreme violence  
 No savor of sweet things? The bereaved

blood

And emptied flesh in their most broken  
 mood

Fail not so wholly, famish not when thus  
 Past honey keeps the starved lip covetous,  
 Therefore this year from a glad mouth  
 began.  
 Breathed in for tender hair and temples  
 wan  
 Like one prolonged life, while the lips had  
 fresh  
 "Sleep that is the sleep of death  
 And in death" says, wears out half his  
 age,  
 Hath his dreams full of the vassalage,  
 Shadow and sound of things engracious;  
 Fair sh flow face, but not full of sorrow,  
 And mouth past kissing, yet itself have  
 had  
 As harsh a dream as half your eyelids sad,  
 "This dream I tell you, one three nights  
 ago;  
 In full mid sleep I took a whim to know  
 How sweet things might be; so I turned  
 and thought;  
 But save my dream all sweet availed me  
 not.  
 First came a smell of powdered spice and  
 scent  
 Such as God ripens in some continent  
 Of utmost richness, the Syrian;  
 And then this as though some costly rose  
 could be  
 Spurred slowly, with a bitter fire  
 To burn the sweet and the leaf, and the  
 The flower's poor heart with heat and  
 waste, to make  
 Strong magic for some pined woman's  
 sleep.  
 Then a cool, polished touch with my feet  
 Of laid and blossoming; and of veins  
 that beat  
 As if a bee should play of its own heart  
 As if a bee should play of its own heart;  
 And all my blood in the with sharp and  
 sweet  
 As gold swelled grain about the full  
 wheat;  
 So I rose naked from the bed and  
 Counting the measure of my blood  
 Some pleasant word, and through each  
 Swirl little of the flame,  
 Felt in the thrilling of the veins as  
 As the  
 Thrill of the flame as from fire;  
 And blind between my dream and my de-  
 sire  
 I once to stand and held my spirit still  
 Lost the should cease. A child whose  
 fingers spill  
 Honey from cells forgotten of the bee  
 Is less afraid to stir the hive and see  
 Some wasp's bright back inside, than I to  
 feel  
 Some finger-touch disturb the flesh like  
 steel.  
 I prayed thus; Let me catch a secret here  
 So sweet, it sharpens the sweet taste of  
 fear  
 And takes the mouth with edge of wine: I  
 would  
 Have here some color and smooth shape a-  
 good  
 As those in heaven whom the chief garden  
 hides  
 Whose low grape-blossom veiling their white  
 sides  
 And lesser tendrils that so blind and blind  
 Their eyes and feet, that if one come  
 behind  
 To touch their hair they see not, neither  
 fly;  
 This would I see in heaven and not die.  
 So praying; I had high cried out and knelt,  
 So wholly my prayer filled me; till I felt  
 In the dumb night's warm weight of glow-  
 ing gloom  
 Somewhat that altered all my sleeping-  
 room,  
 And made it like a green low place wherein  
 Maids mix to bathe: one sets her small  
 white chin  
 As just a ripple that the angry pearl  
 May flow like flame about her: the next  
 curl  
 Displays a redly colored of the sun  
 To wash the dust well out; another one  
 Hides her fragile ankle in her hair and  
 sways  
 With a body added on, so that it is  
 Of the sweet water, swollen and splendid,  
 full  
 All round her fine and floated body part,  
 Swayed flower fashion, and her balanced  
 full  
 Swerved edgeways lets the weight of water  
 full  
 As when in some underflow of sea  
 The gold of sea-flowers;  
 but she

Palls down some branch to keep her per-  
 feet head  
 Clear of the river: even from wall to bed,  
 I tell you, was my room transfigured so,  
 Sweet, green and warm it was, nor could I  
 one know  
 If there were walls or leaves, or if there was  
 No bed's green curtain, but mere gentle  
 glass.  
 There were set also lanterns at the foot  
 Of the pines with honey and green grapes  
 to eat,  
 With the cool water's noise to hear in  
 rhyme.  
 And I, which warmed me full of furze and  
 fumes  
 And all hot sweets the heavy summer fills  
 To the round brim of smooth cup-shriven  
 hills.  
 Next the grave walking of a woman's feet  
 Made my veins hesitate, and gracious heat  
 Made thick the lids and leath'ry  
 eyes:  
 And I thought ever, surely it were w,  
 Not yet to see her: this may be, who  
 knows?)  
 Five minutes; the poor rose is twice a rose  
 Because it turns a face to her, the wind  
 Sings that way: both this woman ever  
 sinned,  
 I wonder? as a boy with apple-rind,  
 I played with pleasures, made them to my  
 mind,  
 Changed each ere tasting. When she came  
 met,  
 First her hair touched me, then I grew to  
 feel  
 Of the sense of her hand; her mouth at  
 last  
 Touched me between the cheek and lip  
 and past  
 Over my face with kisses here and there  
 Sown in and out across the eyes and hair,  
 So I said nothing; till she set her face  
 More close and harder on the kissing face,  
 And her mouth caught me as a bee  
 and stung  
 So faint and tenderly  
 and  
 More than a bird's foot: yet a wound it  
 grew,  
 A great one, let this red mark witness you  
 Under the left breast; and the s  
 of  
 So clove my sense that I woke out of I  
 And knew not what this dream was nor  
 held with  
 But now God knows if I have skill of it."  
 Her, at she laid one palm against her  
 lips  
 To stop their trembling; as when water  
 slips  
 Out of a beak-mouthed vessel with faint  
 hiss  
 And chuckles in the narrow throat and  
 clasp  
 The earthen rims with murmuring, so came  
 Words in her lips with no word right of  
 the  
 A beaten speech thick and disconsolate,  
 Tell his smile ceasing waxed compassionate  
 Of her sore fear that grew from anything  
 The sound of the strong summer thickening  
 In heated leaves of the smooth apple-trees:  
 The day's breath felt about the ash-branches  
 And noises of the noon whose weight still  
 drew  
 O the lot he ycle-ded flowers, and  
 drew  
 I the mouths open till the rose-heart  
 drew  
 For a while if the crowding rose was  
 slaked  
 And soothed with shade: but westward all  
 growth  
 Seemed to breathe hot with heat as a man  
 doth.  
 Who feels his temples newly feverous,  
 And even with such motion in her brow  
 As that men hath in whom sick days begin,  
 She turned her throat and spake, her voice  
 drew  
 As a sick man's, sudden and tremulous:  
 "Sweet, if this end be come indeed on us,  
 Let us love more;" and held his mouth  
 with her  
 As the first sound of flooded hill-waters  
 Is heard by people of the meadow-grass,  
 Or ever a wandering wail of ruin pass  
 With whirling stones and foam of the brown  
 draw  
 Flashed with fierce yellow: so beheld  
 She felt before tears came her eyelids wet,  
 Saw the face deadly thin where life was  
 drew  
 He hid his throat's harsh last moan before  
 drew  
 And he, with close mouth passionate and  
 drew

Burned at her lips: so by day without  
 Each great grief, and the eye of each  
 Fell into a deep, and the heart of each  
 Fell into a deep, and the heart of each  
 This word "O help me, sweet, I am but  
 And even so saying, the color of fair red  
 Was gone out of his face, and his blood's  
 Felt, and stark death made sharp his up-  
 wood feet  
 A pointed hands: and without mean he  
 Pain smote her sudden in the brows and  
 Strained her lips open and made burn her  
 eyes:  
 For the pure sharpness of her miseries  
 She had no heart's pain, but mere body's  
 wicks:  
 But at the last, the color of fair red  
 slowly upon her face, and her stunted  
 suddenly grown away: and the  
 Gathered themselves, her eyes shone, her  
 heart as though one high dead came back  
 from the dead:  
 Her heart's blood, and the heart's blood  
 And in brief while she thought to bury  
 The dead man that her love had left with  
 In a sweet bed under the rose-trees' shade  
 And soft earth round the branched an-  
 trees,  
 Full of heat and heavy with great  
 And the man, entering, saw her there,  
 With her hand on her hand,  
 To help her help to do, on this wise  
 And saying so the tear out of her eyes  
 Fell without noise and comforted her heart  
 Yea, her great pain eased of the sorest part  
 Begun to soften in her sense of  
 There under all the little branches sweet  
 The place was shapen of his heart's  
 They shed thereon no more the red,  
 The colored leaves of latter rose-blossom,  
 Stems of soft grass, some withered red and  
 Fair and fleshed blood; and spoil of splendider  
 Of many old and great spent sunflower.  
 And afterward she came back without  
 word  
 To her own house; two days went, and the  
 third  
 Went, and she showed her father of this  
 thing,  
 And for great grief of her soul's travail  
 He gave consent she should endure in  
 Till her life's end; yea, till her time should  
 And having lived a holy year or two  
 She died of pure waste heart and weariness,  
 And for love's honor in her love's distress  
 This word was written over her tomb's  
 "Here dead she lieth, for whose sake Love  
 is dead."

## AHOLIBAH.

In the beginning God made thee

And in the beginning God made thee

And in the beginning God made thee

And in the beginning God made thee

And in the beginning God made thee

There was none like thee in the land;

There was none like thee in the land;

There was none like thee in the land;

There was none like thee in the land;

There was none like thee in the land;

Strange raiment clad thee like a bride,  
 With silk to wear on hands and feet  
 And plates of gold on either side:  
 Wine made thee glad, and thou didst  
 eat

Honey, and choice of pleasant meat.

And fishers in the middle sea  
 Did get thee sea-fish and sea-weeds  
 In color like the robes on thee;  
 And curious work of platted reeds,  
 And wools wherein live purple like lilies.

And round the edges of thy cap  
 Men wrought thee marvels out of gold,  
 Strong snakes with lean throats luted up,  
 Large eyes whereon the brows had  
 hold,  
 And scaly things their slime kept cold.

For thee they blew soft wind in flutes  
 And ground sweet roots for cunning  
 scent;  
 Made slow because of many lutes,  
 The wind among thy chambers went  
 Wherein no light was violent.

God called thy name Aholibah,  
 His tabernacle being in thee,  
 A witness through waste Asia;  
 Thou wert a tent sewn cunningly  
 With gold and colors of the sea.

God gave thee gracious ministers  
 And all their work who plait and  
 weave:  
 The cunning of embroiderers  
 That sew the pillow to the sieve,  
 And likeness of all things that live.

Thy garments upon thee were fair  
 With scarlet and with yellow thread;  
 Also the weaving of thine hair  
 Was as fine gold upon thy head,  
 And thy silk shoes were sewn with red.

All sweet things he bade sift, and ground  
 As a man grindeth wheat in mills;  
 With strong wheels alway going round;  
 He gave thee corn, and grass that fills  
 The cattle on a thousand hills.

The wine of many seasons fed  
 Thy mouth, and made it fair and clear;  
 Sweet oil was poured out on thy head  
 And ran down like cool rain between  
 The strait close locks it melted in.

The strong men and the captains knew  
 Thy chambers wrought and fashioned  
 With gold and covering of blue,  
 And the blue raiment of thine head  
 Who satest on a stately bed.

All these had on their garments wrought  
 The shape of beasts and creeping  
 things,  
 The body that availeth not,  
 Flat backs of worms and veined wings,  
 And the lewd bulk that sleeps and  
 stings.

Also the chosen of the years,  
 The multitude being at ease,  
 With sackbuts and with dulcimers,  
 And noise of shawms and psalteries  
 Made mirth within the ears of these.

But as a common woman doth,  
 Thou didst think evil and devise;  
 The sweet smell of thy breast and mouth  
 Thou madest as the harlot's wise,  
 And there was painting on thine eyes.

Yea, in the woven guest-chamber  
 And by the painted passages  
 Where the strange gracious paintings were,  
 State upon state of companies,  
 There came on thee the lust of these.

Because of shapes on either wall  
 Sea-colored from some rare blue shell  
 At many a Tyrian interval,  
 Horsemen on horses, girdled well,  
 Delicate and desirable,

Thou saidest: I am sick of love:  
 Stay me with flagons, comfort me  
 With apples for my pain thereof  
 Till my hands gather in his tree  
 That fruit wherein my lips would be.

Yea, saidest thou, I will go up  
 When there is no more shade than one  
 My cover with a hollow cup,  
 And make my bed against the sun  
 Till my blood's violence be done.

The mouth was leant upon the wall  
 Against the painted mouth, thy chin  
 Touched the hair's painted curve and fall;  
 Thy deep throat, fallen lax and thin,  
 Worked as the blood's beat worked  
 therein.



Therefore, O thou Aholibah,  
 God is not glad because of thee;  
 And thy fine gold shall pass away  
 Like those fair coins of ore that be  
 Washed over by the middle sea.

Then will one make thy body bare  
 To strip it of all gracious things,  
 And pluck the cover from thine hair,  
 And take the gift of many kings,  
 Thy wrist-rings and thine ankle-rings.

Likewise the men who love thee  
 To thy smooth face will be true,  
 Who hath a reflection in them  
 And dyed their robes upon her feet  
 The same when young, worshipped.

Because thy face was like the face  
 Of a clean maiden that smells sweet,  
 Because thy gait was as the pace  
 Of one that opens not her feet  
 And is not heard within the street—

Even he, O thou Aholibah,  
 Made separate from thy desire,  
 Shall cut thy nose and ears away  
 And bruise thee for thy body's hire  
 And burn the residue with fire.

Then shall the heathen people say  
 The multitude being at ease,  
 Lo, this is that Aholibah  
 Whose name was blown among strange  
 seas,  
 Grown old with soft adulteries.

Also her bed was made of green,  
 Her windows be of crystal glass  
 That she had made her bed between;  
 Yet, for pure love her body was  
 Made like white summer-colored grass.

Her perfume was a strong man's spoil;  
 Upon a table by a bed  
 She set mine incense and mine oil  
 To be the beauty of her head  
 In chambers walled about with red.

Also between the walls she had  
 Fair faces of strong men portrayed;  
 All girded round the loins, and clad  
 With several cloths of woven braid  
 And garments marvellously made.

Therefore the wrath of God shall be  
 Set as a watch upon her way;  
 And whoso findeth by the sea  
 Blown dust of bones will hardly say  
 If his were that Aholibah.

## LOVE AND SLEEP.

LYING asleep between the strokes of night  
 I saw my love lean over my sad bed,  
 Pale as the duskiest lily's leaf or head,  
 Smooth-skinned and dark, with hair of fire  
 To make me bite,  
 Too warm for blushing and too warm for  
 white,  
 But perfect red with white or red  
 And her lips opened amorously, and  
 said  
 I wist not what, saying one word of  
 light.

And all her face was honey to my mouth,  
 And all her body pasture to mine eyes;  
 The long lithe arms and hotter hands  
 than fire,  
 The quivering flanks, hair smelling of the  
 south,  
 The bright light feet, the splendid supple  
 thighs  
 And glittering eyelids of my soul's  
 desire.

## MADONNA MIA.

UNDER green apple bough  
That never a storm will rouse,  
My lady hath her house  
Between two bowers;  
In either of the twain  
Red roses full of rain;  
She hath for bondwomen  
All kind of flowers.

She hath no handmaid fair  
To draw her curled gold hair  
Through rings of gold that bear  
Her whole hair's weight;  
She hath no maids to stand  
Gold-clothed on either hand;  
In all the great green land  
None is so great.

She hath no more to wear  
But one white hood of vair  
Drawn over eyes and hair,  
Wrought with strange gold,  
Made for some great queen's head,  
Some fair great queen since dead;  
And one strait gown of red  
Against the cold.

Beneath her eyelids deep  
Love lying seems asleep,  
Love, swift to wake, to weep,  
To laugh to gaze;  
Her breasts are like white birds,  
And all her gracious words  
As water-grass to herds  
In the June-days.

To her all dews that fall  
And rains are musical;  
Her flowers are fed from all,  
Her joys from these;  
In the deep-feathered firs  
Their gift of joy is hers,  
In the least breath that stirs  
Across the trees.

She grows with greenest leaves,  
Keeps with reddest sheaves,  
Forgets, remembers, grieves,  
And is not sad;  
The quiet lands and skies  
Leave light upon her eyes;  
None knows her, weak or wise,  
Or tired or glad.

None knows, none understands,  
What flowers are like her hands;  
Though you should search all lands  
Wherein time grows,  
What snows are like her feet,  
Though his eyes burn with heat  
Through gazing on my sweet,  
Yet no man knows.

Only this thing is said;  
That white and gold and red,  
God's three chief words, man's bread  
And oil and wine,  
Were given her for dowers,  
And kingdom of all hours,  
And grace of goodly flowers  
And various vine.

This is my lady's praise:  
God after many days  
Wrought her in unknown ways,  
In sunset lands;  
This was my lady's birth;  
God gave her might and birth  
And laid his whole sweet earth  
Between her hands.

Under deep apple boughs  
My lady hath her house;  
She wears upon her brows  
The flower thereof;  
All saying but what God saith  
For her and with her;  
She is more strong than death,  
Being strong as love.

## THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

We were ten maidens in the green corn,  
 Small red leaves in the mill-water;  
 Fairer maidens never were born,  
 Apples of gold for the king's daughter.

We were ten maidens by a well-head,  
 Small white birds in the mill-water;  
 Sweeter maidens never were wed,  
 Rings of red for the king's daughter.

The first to spin, the second to sing,  
 Seeds of wheat in the mill-water;  
 The third may was a goodly thing,  
 White bread and brown for the king's daughter.

The fourth to sew and the fifth to play,  
 Fair green weed in the mill-water;  
 The sixth may was a goodly may,  
 White wine and red for the king's daughter.

The seventh to woo, the eighth to wed,  
 Fair thin reeds in the mill-water;  
 The ninth had gold work on her head,  
 Honey in the comb for the king's daughter.

The tenth had gold work round her hair,  
 Fallen flowers in the mill-water;  
 The tenth may was goodly and fair,  
 Golden gloves for the king's daughter.

We were ten maidens in a field green,  
 Fallen fruit in the mill-water;  
 Fairer maidens never have been,  
 Golden sleeves for the king's daughter.

By there comes the king's young son,  
 A little wind in the mill-water;  
 "Out of ten maidens ye'll grant me one,"  
 A crown of red for the king's daughter.

"Out of ten may's ye'll give me the best,"  
 A little rain in the mill-water;  
 A bed of yellow straw for all the rest,  
 A bed of gold for the king's daughter.

He's ta'en out the goodliest,  
 Rain that rains in the mill-water;  
 A comb of yellow shell for all the rest,  
 A comb of gold for the king's daughter.

He's made her bed to the goodliest,  
 Wind and hail in the mill-water;  
 A grass girdle for all the rest,  
 A girdle of arms for the king's daughter.

He's set his heart to the goodliest,  
 Snow that snows in the mill-water;  
 Nine little kisses for all the rest,  
 An hundredfold for the king's daughter.

He's ta'en his leave at the goodliest,  
 Broken boats in the mill-water;  
 Golden gifts for all the rest,  
 Sorrow of heart for the king's daughter.

"Ye'll make a grave for my fair body,"  
 Running rain in the mill-water;  
 "And ye'll streek my brother at the side of me,"  
 The pains of hell for the king's daughter.

## AFTER DEATH.

THE four boards of the coffin lid  
 Heard all the dead men did.

The first curse was in his mouth,  
 Made of grave's mould and deadly drouth.

The next curse was in his head,  
 Made of God's work discomfited.

The next curse was in his hands,  
 Made out of two grave-bands.

The next curse was in his feet,  
Made out of a grave-sheet.

"I had fair coins red and white,  
And my name was as great light;

I had fair clothes green and red,  
And strong gold bound round my head.

But no meat comes in my mouth,  
Now I fare as the worm doth;

And no gold binds in my hair,  
Now I fare as the blind fare.

My live thews were of great strength,  
Now I am waxen a span's length;

My live sides were full of lust,  
Now are they dried with dust."

The first board spake and said:  
"Is it best eating flesh or bread?"

The second answered it:  
"Is wine or honey the more sweet?"

The third board spake and said:  
"Is red gold worth a girl's gold head?"

The fourth made answer thus:  
"All these things are as one with us."

The dead man asked of them:

"Is the green land stained brown with  
flame?"

Have they hewn my son for beasts to eat,  
And my wife's body for beasts' meat?

Have they boiled my maid in a brass pan,  
And built a gallows to hang my man?"

The boards said to him:  
"This is a lewd thing that ye deem.

Your wife has gotten a golden bed,  
All the sheets are sewn with red.

Your son has gotten a coat of silk,  
The sleeves are soft as curded milk.

Your maid has gotten a kirtle new,  
All the skirt has braids of blue.

Your man has gotten both ring and glove,  
Wrought well for eyes to love."

The dead man answered thus:  
"What good gift shall God give us?"

The boards answered him anon:  
"Flesh to feed hell's worm upon."

## MAY JANET.

(BRETON.)

"STAND up, stand up, thou May Janet,  
And go to the wars with me."  
He's drawn her by both hands  
With her face against the sea.

"He that strews red shall gather white,  
He that sows white reap red.  
Before your face and my daughter's  
Meet in a marriage bed.

"Gold coin shall grow in the yellow field,  
Green corn in the green sea-water,  
And red fruit grow of the rose's red,  
Ere your fruit grow in her."

"But I shall have her by land," he said,  
"Or I shall have her by sea,  
Or I shall have her by strong treason  
And no grace go with me."

Her father's drawn her by both hands,  
He's rent her gown from her.  
He's ta'en the smock round her body,  
Cast in the sea-water.

The cup-maid's drawn her by both sides  
Out of the sea-water;  
"Stand up, stand up, thou May Janet,  
And come to the war with me."

The first town they came to  
There was a blue bride-chamber;  
He clothed her on with silk  
And belted her with amber.

The second town they came to  
The bridesmen feasted knee to knee,  
He clothed her on with silver,  
A stately thing to see.

The third town they came to  
The bridesmaids all had gowns of gold;  
He clothed her on with purple,  
A rich thing to behold.

The last town they came to  
He clothed her white and red,  
With a green flag either side of her  
And a gold flag overhead.

## THE BLOODY SON.

(FINNISH.)

"O woe! I have ye seen the noon sae late,  
My merry son, come tell me hither?  
O where have ye been the noon sae late?  
And I wot I hae but anither."

"By the water-gate, by the water-gate,  
O dear mither."

"And whartin' kind o' wark had ye there to  
My merry son, come tell me hither?  
And whartin' kind o' wark had ye there to  
make?"

"I have slain my ae brither by the weary  
O dear mither."

"And where will ye gang to mak your  
My merry son, come tell me hither?  
And where will ye gang to mak your mend?  
And I wot I hae but anither."

"The warldis way, to the warldis end,  
O dear mither."

"Why is your heart so fashed the day  
My merry son, come tell me hither?  
Why is your heart sae fashed the day?  
O dear mither."

"The first town they came to  
There was a blue bride-chamber;  
He clothed her on with silk  
And belted her with amber."

"The second town they came to  
The bridesmen feasted knee to knee,  
He clothed her on with silver,  
A stately thing to see."

"The third town they came to  
The bridesmaids all had gowns of gold;  
He clothed her on with purple,  
A rich thing to behold."

"The last town they came to  
He clothed her white and red,  
With a green flag either side of her  
And a gold flag overhead."

"And I wot I hae but anither."

"The steeds wer stamping sair by the  
weary banks of clay,  
O dear mither."

"And where gat ye thae sleeves of red,  
My merry son, come tell me hither?  
And where gat ye thae sleeves of red?  
And I wot I hae but anither."

"I have slain my ae brither by the weary  
O dear mither."

"And where will ye gang to mak your  
My merry son, come tell me hither?  
And where will ye gang to mak your mend?  
And I wot I hae but anither."

"The warldis way, to the warldis end,  
O dear mither."

"The first town they came to  
There was a blue bride-chamber;  
He clothed her on with silk  
And belted her with amber."

"The second town they came to  
The bridesmen feasted knee to knee,  
He clothed her on with silver,  
A stately thing to see."

"The third town they came to  
The bridesmaids all had gowns of gold;  
He clothed her on with purple,  
A rich thing to behold."

"The last town they came to  
He clothed her white and red,  
With a green flag either side of her  
And a gold flag overhead."

and what will ye leave your father dear,

My merry son, come tell me hither?

And what will ye leave your fat' er dear?

And I wot I hae not anither."

"The wood to fell and the wool to wear,

For he'll never see my body mair,

O dear mither."

"And what will ye leave your mither dear,

My merry son, come tell me hither?

And what will ye leave your mither dear?

And I wot I hae not anither."

"The wool to card and the wool to wear,

For ye'll never see my body mair,

O dear mither."

"And what will ye leave for your wife to  
take,

My merry son, come tell me hither?

And what will ye leave for your wife to  
take?

And I wot I hae not anither."

"A goodly gown and a fair new make,

For she'll do nae mair for my body's sake,

O dear mither."

"And what will ye leave your young son  
fair,

My merry son, come tell me hither?

And what will ye leave your young son  
fair?

And I wot ye hae not anither."

"A twiggen school-rod for his body to bear,

Though it garred him greet he'll get nae  
mair,

O dear mither."

"And what will ye leave your little daugh-  
ter sweet?

My merry son, come tell me hither?

And what will ye leave your little daughter  
sweet?

And I wot ye hae not anither."

"Wild mulberries for her mouth to eat,

Sh. il get nae mair though it garred her  
greet,

O dear mither."

"And when will ye come back frae roamin',

My merry son, come tell me hither?

And when will ye come back frae roamin'?

And I wot I hae not anither."

"When the sunrise out of the north is  
comin',

O dear mither."

"When shall the sunrise on the north side  
be,

My merry son, come tell me hither?

When shall the sunrise on the north side  
be?

And I wot I hae not anither."

"When chuckie-stanes shall swim in the  
sea,

O dear mither."

"When shall stanes in the sea swim,

My merry son, come tell me hither?

When shall stanes in the sea swim?

And I wot I hae not anither."

"When birdies' feathers are as lead therein,  
O dear mither."

"When shall feathers be as lead,

My merry son, come tell me hither?

When shall feathers be as lead?

And I wot I hae not anither."

"When God shall judge between the quick  
and dead,

O dear mither."

### THE SEA-SWALLOWS.

This fell when Christmas lights were done,

Red rose leaves will never make wine;

But before the Easter lights began;

The ways are sair fra' the Till to the  
Tyne.

8

Two lovers sat where the rowan blows

And all the grass is heavy and fine,

By the gathering place of the sea-swallow;

When the wind brings them over Tyne.

Blossoms of thorn will never make bread,  
Red rose leaves will never make wine;  
Between a lord's walls hang ye a cloth,  
That will be fair for the sides of Tyne.

"O what will ye give my son for land,  
Red rose leaves will never make wine;  
Three girl's paces of red sand,  
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne."

"O what will ye give my son to eat,  
Red rose leaves will never make wine;  
For water to drink and bread to eat,  
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne."

"Or what will ye give my son to wear,  
Red rose leaves will never make wine;  
A woe and a woe in the hall,  
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne."

"Or what will ye take to bury me,  
Red rose leaves will never make wine?  
Two black stones at the kirkwall's head,  
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne."

"Or what will ye give my son for land,  
Red rose leaves will never make wine?  
Three girl's paces of red sand,  
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne."

"Or what will ye give me for my son,  
Red rose leaves will never make wine?  
Three girl's paces of red sand,  
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne."

"But what have ye done with the bearing,  
The bed,  
And what have ye made with the washing,  
The gown?"

"Or what have ye made your crumpling-bed,  
To lie in a son in the sides of Tyne?"

"The bed was made in the straining wine;  
The bed was made between green and blue,  
It stands full soft by the sides of Tyne."

"The far green was my bearing;  
The well-water my washing;  
The low leaves were my crumpling-bed,  
And that was best in the sides of Tyne."

"O daughter, if ye have done this thing,  
I wot the greater price is mine;  
This was a better child's bearing,  
When ye were got by the sides of Tyne."

"About the time of sea-swallows  
That fly full thick by six and nine,  
Ye'll have my body out of the house,  
To bury me by the sides of Tyne."

"Set nine stones by the wall for twain,  
Red rose leaves will never make wine;  
For the led I take will measure ten,  
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne."

"Tread twelve girl's paces out for three,  
Red rose leaves will never make wine;  
For the led I take will measure ten,  
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne."

### THE YEAR OF LOVE.

THERE were four loves that one by one,  
Following the seasons and the sun,  
Passed over without tears, and tell  
Away without farewell.

The first was made of gold and tears,  
The next of aspen-leaves and fears,  
The third of rose-boughs and rose-roots,  
The last love of strange fruits.

These were the four loves faded. Hold  
Some minutes fast the time of gold  
When our lips each way clung and clove  
To a face full of love.

The tears inside our eyelids met,  
Wrung forth with kissing, and wept wet  
The faces cleaving each to each  
Where the blood served for speech.

The second, with low patient brow,  
Bound under aspen-colored boughs  
And eyes made strong and grave with sleep  
And yet too weak to weep -

The third, with eager mouth at ease  
Fed from late autumn honey, lees  
Of scarce gold left in latter cells  
With scattered flower-smells -

Hair sprinkled over with spoilt sweet  
Of ruined roses, wrists and feet

Slight-washed, as grassy girdled sheaves  
Hold in stray poppy-leaves

The fourth, with lips whereon has bled  
Some great pale fruit's slow color, shed  
From the rank bitter husk whence dry  
Faint blood between her lip

Made of the heat of whole great Jove  
Burning the blue dark round their moons  
(Each like a mown red marigold)  
So hard the flame keeps hold

These are burnt thoroughly away.  
Only the first holds out a day  
Beyond these latter loves that were  
Made of mere heat and air.

And now the time is wintrily  
The first loves fades too; none will see,  
When April warms the world anew,  
The place wherein love grew.

## DEDICATION.

1865.

THE sea gives her shells to the shingle,  
The earth gives her streams to the sea;  
They are many, but my gift is single,  
My verses, the first fruits of me.  
Let the wind take the green and the grey  
leaf,

Cast forth without fruit upon air;  
Take rose-leaf and vine-leaf and bay-leaf  
Blown loose from the hair.

The night shakes them round me in legions  
Dawn drives them before her like dreamer  
Time sheds them like snows on strange  
regions,  
Swept shoreward on infinite streams;

Leaves pallid and sombre and ruddy  
Dead fruits of the fugitive years;  
Some stained as with wine and made  
bloody,  
And some as with tears.

Some scattered in seven years' trace,  
As they fell from the boy that was then;  
Long left among life's green places,  
Or gathered but now among men;  
On seas full of wonder and peril,  
Blown white round the capes of the  
north,  
Or in islands where myrtles are sterile  
And loves bring not forth.



O daughters of dream and of love,  
That life is not worth living;  
Faintly, faintly, I believe,  
Believe and yet believe not,  
Shall I live yet, or still, shall I miss you  
When sleep, or death, is true or false?  
Come, let me hope, let me hope,  
O daughter of dream.

They are past as a slumber that passes,  
As the flow of a dawn of old time;  
More frail than the shadow of a bird,  
More fleet than a wave on a wind,  
As the waves after the blowing of a wind,  
When the hollows are full of the night,  
So the birds that flow, coming to me, ward  
Recede out of sight.

The songs of dead seasons, that wander  
On wings of articulate words;  
Lost leaves that the shore-wind may squander,  
Light flocks of untameable bird;  
Some sang to me dreaming in class time  
And truant in land of a foreigner;  
For the youngest were born of joy,  
The eldest are young.

Is there shelter while life in them lingers,  
Is there, bearing for long the burden,  
Tunes that had from a harp with men's  
fingers,  
Or blown with boy's mouth in a reed?  
Is there place in the land of your labor,  
Is there room in your world of delight,  
Where change has not sorrow for neighbor  
And day has not night?

In their wings, though the sea-wind yet  
quivers,  
Will you spare not a place for them there  
Made green with the rain of rivers  
And gracious with temperate air;  
In the field and the marsh, the fern,  
That cover from air, heat, and rain  
Fair passions and beautiful plies  
And loves without stain?

Let the world be a reed, and stones,  
Let the world be a worldless hour,  
With a world of glory and of glories,  
And a murmur of musical flowers;  
In wood, where the spring half uncovers  
The mask of her amorous face,  
Let the world be a worldless hour,  
Let the world be a worldless hour.

For the songbirds of the sea,  
Their music is elated,  
For the songbirds of the sea,  
Their music is elated,  
We have seen a wave  
In the direction of the storm as it settles  
Blown seaward, borne far from the sun,  
Shaken loose on the darkness like petals  
Dropt one after one.

Though the world of your hands be more  
gracious,  
And lovelier in lordship of things,  
Clothed round by sweet art with the  
grace,  
Wanna heaven of a permanent wings,  
Let us be a world of the land and night finding,  
Let us be a world of the land and night finding,  
And the world of the land and night finding,  
The world of the land and night finding.

Though the seasons of man full of losses  
Make empty the years full of youth,  
In one thing be constant in crosses,  
Change lays not her hand upon truth;  
Hope, die, and their tombs are for token  
That the grief as the joy of them ends  
Ere time that breaks all men has broken  
The faith between friends.

Though the many lights dwindle to one,  
There is help if the heaven has one;  
Though the skies be disrowned of the  
sun,  
And the earth dispossessed of the sun,  
They have moonlight and sleep for a day  
When, refreshed as a bride and set free  
With stars and sea-winds in her name,  
Night takes on the sea.

# SONGS OF TWO NATIONS.

---

I. A SONG OF ITALY.

II. ODE ON THE PROCLAMATION OF THE  
FRENCH REPUBLIC.

III. DIRÆ.

---

*I saw the double-featured statue stand  
Of Memnon or of Janus, half with night  
veiled, and fast bound with iron; half with light  
Crowned, holding all men's future in his hand.*

*And all the old westward face of time grown grey  
Was writ with cursing and inscribed for death  
But on the face that met the morning's breath  
Fear died of hope as darkness dies of day.*

---

INSCRIBED

WITH ALL DEVOTION AND REVERENCE

TO

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

A SONG OF ITALY.

UPON a windy night of stars that fall  
 At the wind's bidding, and  
 Swept with sharp strokes of wind  
 From the clear gulf of night,  
 Between the fixed and fallen stars  
 Against my vision,  
 More fair and fearful than the stars  
 That measure light and night,  
 And worthier worship; and with many  
 Eyes  
 Their formless folded sails  
 Took shape and were unfolded  
 As flowers.  
 And I beheld the beams  
 As narrows, and the days as halcyon morn;  
 And the nights again  
 As weaned women to their own souls went,  
 And ages as the world  
 And over these living, and them that are dead,  
 From one to the other side  
 A brother light, the riches of earth on  
 Made the world more fair,  
 A woman like to have in the world  
 A thing of wonder to be  
 And like to hope, but having I had  
 Truth  
 And like to joy or youth,  
 Save that upon the rock her feet were  
 Set  
 And like what men forget,  
 And like what men of high thought, I had  
 Seen  
 And yet like none of these,  
 Being not as these are mortal, but with  
 Eyes  
 That sounded the deep skies  
 And clove like wings or arrows their clear  
 Way  
 Through night and dawn and day  
 So fair a presence over star and sun  
 Stood, making these as one  
 For in the shadow of her shape were all  
 Darkened and held in thrall,  
 So mightier rose she past them; and I felt  
 Whose form, whose form I knew  
 With covered hair and face and clasped  
 Her knees;

And with the first of these  
 Was I, who had been of Italy,  
 And with the first of these  
 I had been, and I knew not nor had  
 I  
 There with to hear my part  
 And with the first of these  
 How true by sacred tear  
 I had been, and I knew not nor had  
 I  
 In some slum feaster's hall  
 Where in mid music and melodious breath  
 At the first of these  
 So fair, so lost, so sweet she knelt; or so  
 I had been, and I knew not nor had  
 I  
 So fair, so lost, so sweet she knelt; or so  
 I had been, and I knew not nor had  
 I  
 As who bids dead men wake  
 I had been, and I knew not nor had  
 I  
 Because dead things are dead;  
 For these thy children on hill-side, city and  
 plain  
 Are shed as drops of rain;  
 For these thy children were black, all heaven  
 was black,  
 And we cast out of mind;  
 For these thy children wept, saying *Freedom*, know-  
 ing not thee,  
 Child, that thou wast not free;  
 For these thy children where blood was not shame was  
 Where thy pure foot did pass;  
 For these thy children the rocks distent  
 Their fouler eagles rent;  
 For these thy children a serpent stans with slime and  
 shame  
 This that is not thy Rome;  
 Child of my womb, whose limbs were made  
 of mine,  
 Have I forgotten thee?  
 For these thy children through all these years  
 I had been, and I knew not nor had  
 I

Hast thou dreamed such a thing?  
 The mortal mother-bird outsoars her nest,  
 The child outgrows the breast;  
 But suns as stars shall fall from heaven and  
 cease,  
 Ere we twain be as these;  
 Yea, utmost skies forget their utmost sun,  
 Ere we twain be not one.  
 My lesser jewels sewn on skirt and hem,  
 I have no heed of them  
 Obscured and flawed by sloth or craft or  
 power;  
 But thou, that wast my flower,  
 The blossom bound between my brows and  
 worn  
 In sight of even and morn  
 From the last ember of the flameless west  
 To the dawn's haring breast  
 I were not Freedom if thou wert not free,  
 Nor thou wert Italy,  
 O mystic rose ingrained with blood, im-  
 pearled  
 With tears of all the world!  
 The torpor of their blind brute-ridden  
 trance  
 Kills England and chills France;  
 And Spain sobs hard through strangling  
 blood and snows  
 Hide the huge eastern woes.  
 But thou, twin-born with morning, nursed  
 of noon,  
 And blessed of star and moon!  
 What shall avail to assail thee any more,  
 From sacred shore to shore?  
 Have Time and Love not knelt down at  
 thy feet,  
 Thy sorrows soiled, thy sweet,  
 Fresh from the flints and mire of murderous  
 ways  
 And List of travelling days?  
 Hath Time not kissed them, Love not  
 washed them fair,  
 And wiped with tears and hair?  
 Though God forget thee, I will not forget;  
 Though heaven and earth be set  
 Against thee, O unconquerable child,  
 Abused, abased, reviled,  
 Lift thou not less from no funereal bed  
 Thine undishonored head;  
 Love thou not less, by lips of thine own  
 prest,  
 This my now barren breast;  
 Seek thou not less, being well assured  
 thereof,  
 O child, my latest love.

For now the barren bosom shall bear fruit,  
 Songs leap from lips long mute,  
 And with my milk the mouths of nations  
 fed  
 Again be glad and red  
 That were worn white with hunger and  
 sorrow and thirst;  
 And thou, most fair and first,  
 Thou whose warm hands and sweet live  
 lips I feel  
 Upon me for a seal.  
 Thou whose least looks, whose smiles and  
 little sighs,  
 Whose passionate pure eyes,  
 Whose dear fair limbs that neither bonds  
 could bruise  
 Nor hate of men mis-  
 Whose flower-like breath and bosom, O my  
 O mine and undefiled,  
 Fill with such tears as burn like bitter  
 These mother's eyes of mine,  
 Thrill with huge passions and primeval  
 The fulness of my vein  
 O sweetest head seen higher than any  
 I touch thee with mine hands,  
 I lay my lips upon thee, O thou most  
 I touch thee on thy feet  
 And with the fire of mine to fill thine eyes;  
 I say unto thee, Arise.  
 She ceased, and heaven was full of flame  
 and sound,  
 And earth's old limbs unbound  
 Shone and waxed warm with fiery dew and  
 seed  
 Shed through her at this her need;  
 And highest in heaven, a mother and full  
 With no more covered face,  
 With no more lifted hands and bended  
 knees,  
 Rose, as from sacred seas  
 Love, when old time was full of plenteous  
 springs,  
 The fairest-born of things,  
 The land that holds the rest in tender  
 For love's sake in them all,  
 That leads with words and holds with eyes  
 and hands

[illegible][illegible]

And all the year round, veils and wings  
With wings.

Spread 'til the morning light  
The robe of resurrection, all the bright  
  breast by she: the lady,  
The lady like the snowy lay  
  I re the stars wholly die.

How is it owned from thy grace  
For the green fruitful grass, the flowers  
The green, the green, the green, the green,

That the grass and weaver, in some of the

O, the ancient earth-divine,  
The holy heart of things, the secret  
thing.

The mystic I warm earth,  
O thou her flower of flower, with the le-

Be thy sweet head arrayed,  
In witness of her mighty motherhood  
Who bore thee, and found thee, and

Her latest born of children, on whose  
head  
Her green and white and red

THE GREEN AND WHITE AND RED

And the soul, and life, inviolate  
 Only the soul,  
 The soul that is through deep Italian

There is a shield of shielded battle-flags  
And of battle-flags, too.

A wailing woods in autumn's forest  
A black as death;  
The scurried worms that sicken in the

Fig. 9. The same mer and red is down and

A child's heart of light,  
 If it be light when color unborn,  
 If it be true

Fly, that as wind on every wind that blow,  
 In diverse and dyed forms of things,  
 As he on other forms of things is dyed  
 In diverse and dyed forms of things.

From which white, red, blue, green,  
and yellow.

And the old hordes that moon in mist,

And the tattered robes  
And the stark serfs of lands that wait and  
wail

See the angel to thee in vain,  
 In the clear laughter of all winds and  
 waves,  
 In the downy folds of

In the broad breath of rest,

And as a spoken word  
 I set that fair god and that merciless

And when the Python's  
 strike the sound, and so the fire that warth  
 she feels, her ancient breath  
 and the old blood move in her inner part

Strenuous travail and strong pains,

While thy pure blood and tea

Mix'd with the Tyne and Trent: And yet  
 Laid there were they not;  
 As of one buried deep among the leaves;  
 Yea, she hath been, they said,  
 As when time was younger, and is  
 not;  
 The very cerecloths rot  
 That flutter'd round her;  
 Not meeting with her breath;  
 For seasons and forgotten years are told  
 Her dead corse;  
 With many windy winters and pale  
 springs;  
 She is none of this world's things;  
 Though her dead head like a live maid  
 The golden-crowning hair  
 That flows over her breast down to her  
 Dead queens, whose life was sweet  
 In sight of all men living, have been  
 So cold, so clad, so crown'd,  
 With all things faded and with one thing  
 Then of a sudden  
 When she is dead as they,  
 And she is dead as they.  
 So men said sadly, mocking; so the slave,  
 Whose life was his soul's grave;  
 So, pale or red with change of fast and  
 feast,  
 The sanguine smile;  
 So the Austrian, whose blood  
 And the worn way was blood;  
 When she was that which she is now;  
 So made that which she is now;  
 Even the last born of the line  
 That link the living;  
 So, triple-crown'd with fear and fraud and  
 shame,  
 He of whom treason came,  
 The herd-man of the Gallican swine;  
 So all his ravens kine,  
 Made fat with poisonous pasture; so not  
 we,  
 Mother, beholding thee,  
 Make answer, O the crown of all our  
 slain,  
 Ye that were once, being twin,  
 As children, twin-born to the second  
 earth  
 To be the prophesying stars that say  
 How hard is night on day,  
 Stars in serene and sudden heaven risen  
 Before the sun break prison  
 And ere the moon be wasted; fair first  
 In that red wreath of ours  
 Woven with the lives of all whose lives  
 Crown their mother's head  
 With leaves of civic cypress and thick  
 Yew,  
 Till the olive braid too,  
 Of laurel and all other leaves  
 That victory wears or weaves  
 At her fair feet for her beloved;  
 Hear, for she too lives now,  
 O Pisacane, from Celtic man's sand;  
 O all heroic hands,  
 Close on the sword-hilt, hands of all her  
 O many a holy hand,  
 O chosen, O pure and just,  
 Who counted for a small thing life's estate,  
 And died, and made it great;  
 Whose names mix with all her memo-  
 ries  
 Who rather chose to see  
 Death, than our more intolerable things;  
 Than whose name withers ours,  
 Ages later thou too, O chieftain, thou,  
 The slayer of splendid brow,  
 Land where the living lips of fear deride  
 The fallen tyrant's head,  
 Failed, fallen, and dead, and happy,  
 The chieftain's name,  
 Not less than our father of the right,  
 Thy name, thy name, thy name,  
 Ah, happy land that sad lens-swerve  
 Flung down all thy land,  
 Yea, lit the balance with compulsory  
 Drive down the righteous way;  
 And first! for from thee the wars be-  
 From thee the fresh spring;  
 From thee the lady land that queens the  
 earth  
 And as she gave new birth,

Of wine and honey, O our dead of  
 Fair without reward, void without  
 strong without strength, red without  
 Hear with ears that hear not, and on  
 The wine and honey of freedom and of  
 Rise with them now; thou art holier: yet

Eye have ye not, and see it; neither ear  
 This is the same for which ye died, and  
 This is that very life for which ye  
 At the blind face of king

But thou, though all were not well done,  
 Must thou take shame or grief?

Because thou art not as thou art not,  
 Because the same surprise is not yet,  
 Will thou not yet abide a little while,  
 Shall we not fear or grieve,  
 Make our O our prophet, O our priest,  
 A little hour of doubt and of control,  
 Withhold thine heart, our father, our  
 Is it not here, the flower,  
 Is it not blown and fragrant from the rose,  
 And shall not be the fruit?  
 Thy children, even thy people thou hast  
 Thing, with thy words arrayed,  
 Clothed with thy thoughts and girt with  
 Yet thou, O our father,  
 Art thou not father, O father, of all these?  
 From thine own glory,  
 To where of nights the lower extreme  
 Feet, O our father,  
 No other grace than mother's breast  
 But hath that grace through thee,  
 The mill of life on death, and art thou  
 They drink, and they were men.

The wine and honey of freedom and of  
 faith

They drank, and cast off death.  
 bear with them now; thou art holier: yet

Till they as thou be pure.  
 Their swords at least that stemmed half  
 As thou stole

But thou, though all were not well done,  
 Must thou take shame or grief?

Because thou art not as thou art not,  
 Because the same surprise is not yet,  
 Will thou not yet abide a little while,  
 Shall we not fear or grieve,  
 Make our O our prophet, O our priest,  
 A little hour of doubt and of control,  
 Withhold thine heart, our father, our  
 Is it not here, the flower,  
 Is it not blown and fragrant from the rose,  
 And shall not be the fruit?  
 Thy children, even thy people thou hast  
 Thing, with thy words arrayed,  
 Clothed with thy thoughts and girt with  
 Yet thou, O our father,  
 Art thou not father, O father, of all these?  
 From thine own glory,  
 To where of nights the lower extreme  
 Feet, O our father,  
 No other grace than mother's breast  
 But hath that grace through thee,  
 The mill of life on death, and art thou  
 They drink, and they were men.

Not by their hands they made time's  
 promise true:  
 Not by their hands, but through,  
 Nor on their hands then blood to waste,  
 Nor tell their fame defaced

Whom stormiest Adria with tumultuous  
 Whirls undersea and hides.  
 Not his, who from the sudden-settling  
 deck

Looked over death and wreck  
 To where the mother's bosom shone, who  
 smiled

As he, so dying, her child;  
 For he smiled surely, dying, to mix his  
 death

With her memorial breath;  
 Smiled, being most sure of her, that in no  
 wise,

Die whose will, she dies;  
 And she smiled surely, fair and far above,  
 Wept not, but smiled for love.

Thou too, O splendor of the sudden  
 sword

Thou too, the crews abhorred  
 From Naples, and the shrouded strand  
 Thine from thy master's hand

Shine from the middle summer of the  
 seas

To the old Tiberides,  
 Oursine their fiery fumes of burning  
 night,

Swirl with thy midday light;  
 Hence as a beacon from the Tyberine  
 foam

To the tent heart of Rome,  
 From the island of her lover and thy lord,  
 Her saviour and her sword,

In the fierce year of failure and of fame,  
 Art thou not yet the same  
 That wast as lightning swifter than all  
 ways

In the blind face of king

When priests took counsel to devise de-  
 struction,

And princes to forswear,  
 She clasped thee, O her sword and flag-  
 bearer

And staff and shield to her,  
 O Garibaldi; need was hers and grief,  
 Of thee and of the chief,

And of another girl in arms to stand  
 As good of hope and hand,

As high of soul and happy, albeit indeed

The heart should burn and bleed,  
 So but the spirit shake not nor the breast  
 Swerve, but abide its rest.

As theirs did and as thine, though rain  
 clomb

The highest wall of Rome,  
 Though treason stained and spilt her lustral  
 water,

And slaves led slaves to slaughter,  
 And priests, praying and slaying, watched  
 them pass

From a strange France, alas,  
 That was not freedom; yet when these  
 were past,

Thy sword and thou stood fast,  
 Till new men seeing thee where Sicilian  
 waves

Hear now no sound of slaves,  
 And where thy sacred blood is fragrant still  
 Upon the Bitter Hill,  
 Seeing by that blood one country saved and  
 stained.

Less loved thee crowned than chained,  
 And less now only than the chief: for he,  
 Father of Italy,

Uphore in holy hands the babe new-born  
 Through loss and sorrow and scorn,  
 Of no man led, of many men reviled:

Fill for the new-born child  
 Come from between his hands, and in its  
 fold

Look the fair mother's face,  
 Blessed is he of all men, being in one  
 As father to her and son,

Blessed of all men living, that he found  
 Her weak limbs bared and bound,  
 And in his arms and in his arms bore,

And as a garment wore  
 Her weight of woe, and as a real dress  
 Put on her weariness.

As in faith's hoariest histories men read,  
 The strong man born at need  
 Through roaring rapids when all heaven  
 was wild

The likeness of a child  
 That still waxed greater and heavier as he  
 trod,

And altered, and was God.  
 Praise him, O winds that move the molten  
 air,

O light of days that were,  
 And light of days that shall be; land and  
 sea,

And heaven and Italy:  
 Praise him, O storm and summer, shore  
 and wave,

O skies and every grave;  
 O weeping hopes, O memories beyond  
 tears,

O many and numbing years,  
 O sorrows far off in time and visions far,  
 O sorrow with thy star;

And joy with all thy beacons; ye that  
 mourn,

And ye whose light is gone;  
 O fallen faces, and O souls arisen,  
 Praise him from tomb and prison,

Praise him from heaven and sunlight; and  
 ye floods,

And ye windy waves of woe;  
 Ye valleys and wild vineyards, ye lit lakes  
 And happier hillsides braves,

Untrampled by the cursed feet that trod  
 Fields golden from their gold,  
 Fields of men yet forsaken, whereof none

Sees his face in the sun,  
 Hears his voice from the floweriest wilder-  
 ness;

And, barren of his tresses,  
 Ye lays unplucked and laurels unen-  
 twined,

That no men break or bind,  
 And myrtles long forgotten of the sword,  
 And olives unadored,

Wisdom and love, white hands that save  
 and slay,

Praise him; and ye as they,  
 Praise him, O gracious might of dews and  
 rains

That feed the purple plains,  
 O sacred sunbeams bright as bare steel  
 drawn,

O cloud and fire and dawn;  
 Red hills of flame, white Alps, green  
 Apennines,

Banners of blowing pines,  
 Standards of stormy shows, flags of light  
 leaves,

Thrice wherewith Freedom weaves



One eye, and the other was shut, and he  
 called.

Melchior, a good fellow, was  
 Made for a heretic, and he was  
 called.

The wife of the man was  
 Yet of good name, and she was  
 called.

At the time of the war, she was  
 Yet of good name, and she was  
 called.

At the time of the war, she was  
 Yet of good name, and she was  
 called.

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At the time of the war, she was  
 Yet of good name, and she was  
 called.

At the time of the war, she was  
 Yet of good name, and she was  
 called.

At the time of the war, she was  
 Yet of good name, and she was  
 called.

He was a good man, and he was  
 called.

He was a good man, and he was  
 called.

He was a good man, and he was  
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He was a good man, and he was  
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He was a good man, and he was  
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He was a good man, and he was  
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He was a good man, and he was  
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He was a good man, and he was  
 called.





Because their hands were bloody, be thine;  
 white;  
 show light where they shed night;  
 Because they are foul, be thou the rather  
 pure;  
 Because they are feeble, endure;  
 Because they had no pity, have thou pity.

And thou, O supreme city,  
 priestless Rome that shalt be, take in trust  
 Their names, their deeds, their dust,  
 Who held life less than thou wert; be thou  
 their rest.

To thee indeed a priest,  
 Priest and burnt-offering and blood  
 be thou.

Given without prayer or price,  
 A holier immolation than men wist,  
 A costlier eucharist,  
 A sacrament more sacred; lend thine hand  
 Above these many dead  
 Once, and abide with thine eternal eyes  
 To watch them all the day.

Speak in thy lips of common speech  
 If but one word for each.

Kiss but one kiss on each thy dead's cheek;  
 mouth

Fallen dumb or north or south,  
 And laying but once thine hand on brow  
 and breast,

Bless them, through whom thou  
 blest.

And saying in ears of these thy dead: "Well  
 done!"

Shall they not hear? O thou?  
 And lowering thy face to theirs made pale  
 for thee

shall they not see?  
 Yet through the hollow-hearted world  
 do they

And, as thou dost, a breath  
 shall there not flash; and with the very  
 sense,

The pulse of presence;  
 shall not these know as in times overpast  
 Time bornst to die last?

For times and wars shall change, kingdoms  
 and empires

And dreams of men, and deeds;  
 Earth shall grow grey with all her golden  
 things,

Pale peoples and hoar kings;  
 But though her thrones and towers  
 of nations fall,

Death has no part in all;

Death has no part in all;

Death has no part in all;

Death has no part in all;

Death has no part in all;

Death has no part in all;

Death has no part in all;

Death has no part in all;

Death has no part in all;

In the air, nor in the imperishable sea,  
 Nor in the earth that is the grave;  
 Yet, let all sceptre-stricken nation lie,  
 But live thine own people;  
 And their flags tale as flowers that storm  
 cannot die.

But thou be like a star;  
 Let England, if it float not for men free,  
 Fall, and forget the sea;

Let France, if it shadow a freetide,  
 Drop as a leaf drops dead;

Thine let what storm soever smite the rest  
 of the world;

Thine let the wind that can, by sea or  
 land,

Wrest from thy banner hand,  
 Die they in whom dies freedom, die, and  
 cease,

Though the world weep for these;  
 Live thou and love and lift when these lie  
 dead

The green and white and red.

O our Republic that shalt bind in ban,  
 To slay, unless far far

And link the chainless ages; thou that  
 wast

With England ere she past  
 Among the faded nations, and shalt be  
 Again, when sea to sea

Flows through the wind and light of morn-  
 ing time;

And throneless a time to climb  
 Makes antiphonal answer; thou that art  
 Vainly on the sea's coast for

But, one man's brow is brightened for  
 thy sake,

Thine, strong to make or break;  
 O fair Republic hallowing with stretched  
 hands

The limitless free lands,  
 When all men's heads for love, not fear,  
 bow down

To thy imperial crown,  
 As thou dost to him; when man's life  
 shall be sweet,

And at thy light swift feet  
 All blessing on a bondless world is laid;

Then, when thy men are made,  
 Let these indeed as we in dreams behold

One chosen of all thy folk,  
 One of all fair things rarest, one exult  
 Above all fair things,

One unforgetful of unhappier men  
 And us who loved her then;

One unforgetful of unhappier men  
 And us who loved her then;

One unforgetful of unhappier men  
 And us who loved her then;

One unforgetful of unhappier men  
 And us who loved her then;

One unforgetful of unhappier men  
 And us who loved her then;

One unforgetful of unhappier men  
 And us who loved her then;

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One unforgetful of unhappier men  
 And us who loved her then;

One unforgetful of unhappier men  
 And us who loved her then;

One unforgetful of unhappier men  
 And us who loved her then;

One unforgetful of unhappier men  
 And us who loved her then;

One unforgetful of unhappier men  
 And us who loved her then;



For twenty years, dame and I have  
 Lived in peace with the king,  
 And with him in the world,  
 Now we are old, and the king is old,  
 And we are old, and the king is old.

Now we are old, and the king is old,  
 And we are old, and the king is old.

We are old, and the king is old,  
 We are old, and the king is old.

He is old, and the king is old,  
 He is old, and the king is old.

I am old, and the king is old,  
 I am old, and the king is old.  
 He is old, and the king is old,  
 He is old, and the king is old.

Alas, what a day we have had,  
 Alas, what a day we have had.

The king is old, and the king is old,  
 The king is old, and the king is old.

The king is old, and the king is old,  
 The king is old, and the king is old.

Alas, what a day we have had,  
 Alas, what a day we have had.

The king is old, and the king is old,  
 The king is old, and the king is old.  
 He is old, and the king is old,  
 He is old, and the king is old.

## ST. 3.

Where is hope, and promise, when all  
 These things are gone?

Who is strong, and who is weak,  
 And who is strong, and who is weak?

Who of all men, who will show us  
 The way to life?

Shall these lightnings of blind hate give  
 Us light?

Who is free, and who is bound,  
 And who is free, and who is bound?

Who is free, and who is bound,  
 And who is free, and who is bound?

## ST. 4.

Who is the one that rises red with wounds and  
 Splendid?

All her breast and brow made beautiful  
 With red.

Who is the one that rises red with wounds and  
 Splendid?

Who is the one that rises red with wounds and  
 Splendid?

Who is the one that rises red with wounds and  
 Splendid?

Who is the one that rises red with wounds and  
 Splendid?

Who is the one that rises red with wounds and  
 Splendid?

Who is the one that rises red with wounds and  
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Who is the one that rises red with wounds and  
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Who is the one that rises red with wounds and  
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 Splendid?

Who is the one that rises red with wounds and  
 Splendid?

Who is the one that rises red with wounds and  
 Splendid?

Who is the one that rises red with wounds and  
 Splendid?

Who is the one that rises red with wounds and  
 Splendid?

Nor sleep, with bitterer dreams than  
 death,  
 What though thy thousands at thy knees  
 Lie thick as grave-worms fed on these,  
 Though thy green fields and joyous places  
 Are populous with blood-blackening faces  
 And wan limbs eaten by the sun?  
 Better an end of all men's races,  
 Better the world's whole work were  
 done,  
 And life wiped out of all our traces,  
 And there were left to time not one,  
 Than such as these that fill thy graves  
 Should sow in slaves the seed of slaves.

## ANTISTROPHÉ 1.

Not of thy sons, O mother many-wounded,  
 Not of thy sons are slaves ingrafted and  
 grown.  
 Was it not thine, the fire whence light re-  
 bounded  
 From kingdom on rekindling kingdom  
 thrown,  
 From hearts confirmed on tyrannies con-  
 founded,  
 From earth on heaven, fire mightier than  
 his own?  
 Not thine the breath wherewith time's  
 clarion sounded,  
 And all the terror in the trumpet blown?  
 The voice whereat the thunders stood  
 astounded  
 As at a new sound of a God unknown?  
 And all the seas and shores within them  
 bounded  
 Shook at the strange speech of thy lips  
 alone,  
 And all the hills of heaven, the storm-  
 surrounded,  
 Trembled, and all the night sent forth a  
 groan.

## ANT. 2.

What hast thou done that such an hour  
 should be  
 More than another clothed with blood to  
 thee?  
 Thou hast seen many a bloodred hour be-  
 fore this one.  
 What art thou that thy lovers should  
 misdoubt?  
 What is this hour that it should cast hope  
 out?  
 If hope turn back and fall from thee, what  
 hast thou done?

Thou hast done ill against thine own  
 soul; yea,  
 Thine own soul hast thou slain and  
 burnt away,  
 Dissolving it with poison into foul thin fume.  
 Thine own life and creation of thy fate  
 Thou hast set thy hand to unmake and  
 discreate;  
 And now thy slain soul rises between dead  
 and doom.

Yea, this is she that comes between  
 them led:  
 That veiled head is thine own soul's  
 buried head,  
 The head that was a morning's in the  
 whole world's sight.  
 These wounds are deadly on thee, but  
 deadlier  
 Those wounds the ravenous poison left  
 on her;  
 How shall her weak hands hold thy weak  
 hands up to fight?

Ah, but her fiery eyes, her eyes are these  
 That gazing, make thee shiver to the  
 knees  
 And the blood leap within thee, and the  
 strong joy rise.  
 What, doth her sight yet make thine  
 heart to dance?  
 O France, O freedom, O the soul of  
 France,  
 Are ye then quickened, gazing in each  
 other's eyes?

Ah, and her words, the words where-  
 with she sought thee  
 Sorrowing, and bare in hand the robe  
 she wrought thee  
 To wear when soul and body were again  
 made one,  
 And fairest among women, and a bride,  
 Sweet-voiced to sing the bridegroom to  
 her side,  
 The spirit of man, the bridegroom brighter  
 than the sun!

## ANT. 3.

Who shall help me? who shall take me by  
 the hand?  
 Who shall teach mine eyes to see, my feet  
 to stand,  
 Now my foes have stripped and wound-  
 ed me by night?

Who shall heal me? who shall come to  
take my part?

Who shall set me as a seal upon his heart,  
As a seal upon his arm made bare for  
fight?

## ANT. 4.

If thou know not, O thou fairest among  
women,

If thou see not where the signs of him  
abide,

Lift thine eyes up to the light that stars  
grow dim in,

To the morning whence he comes to  
take thy side.

None but he can bear the light that love  
wraps him in,

When he comes on earth to take himself  
a bride.

## ANT. 5.

Light of light, name of names,

Whose shadows are live flames,

The soul that moves the wings of worlds  
upon their way:

Life, spirit, blood and breath

In time and change and death

Substant through strength and weakness,  
ardor and decay;

Lord of the lives of lands,

Spirit of man, whose hands

Weave the web through wherein man's  
centuries fall as prey;

That art within our will

Power to make, save, and kill,

Knowledge and choice, to take extremities  
and weigh;

In the soul's hand to smite

Strength, in the soul's eye sight;

That to the soul art even as is the soul to  
clay;

Now to this people be

Love; come, to set them free,

With feet that tread the night, with eyes  
that sound the day.

## ANT. 6.

Thou that wast on their fathers dead

As effluent God effused and shed,

Heaven to be handled, hope made flesh,

Break for them now time's iron mesh;

Give them thyself for hand and head,

Thy breath for life, thy love for bread.

Thy thought for spirit to refresh,

Thy bitterness to pierce an l sting,

Thy sweetness for a healing spring,

Be to them knowledge, strength, life,  
light,

Thou to whose feet the centuries cling

And in the wide warmth of thy wing

Seek room and rest as birds by night,

O thou the kingless people's king,

To whom the lips of silence sing,

Called by thy name of thanksgiving

Freedom, and by thy name of might

Justice, and by thy secret name

Love: the same need is on the same

Men, be the same God in their sight!

From this their hour of bloody tears

Their praise goes up into thine ears,

Their bruised lips clothe thy name with  
praises,

The song of thee their crushed voice  
raises,

Their grief seeks joy for psalms to bor-  
row,

With tired feet seeks her through time's  
mazes

Where each day's blood leaves pale the  
morrow,

And from their eyes in thine there gazes

A spirit other far than sorrow

A soul triumphal, white and whole

And single, that salutes thy soul.

## EPODE.

All the lights of the sweet heaven that sing  
together;

All the years of the green earth that live  
man free;

Rays and lightings of the fierce or tender  
weather

Heights and lowlands, wastes and head  
lands of the sea,

Dawns and sunset, hours that hold the  
world in tether,

Be our witnesses and seals of things to be.

Lo the mother, the Republic universal,

Hands that hold time fast, hands feeding  
men with might,

Lips that sing the song of the earth, that  
make rehearsal

Of all seasons, and the sway of day with  
night,

Eyes that see as from a mountain the dis-  
persal,

The huge ruin of things evil, and the  
flight;



Large exulting lips, and tongue like  
 moulded  
 Where the man-child hangs, and womb  
 wherein he lay;  
 Very life that could it die would leave the  
 soul dead,  
 Face wher at all fears and voices flee  
 away,  
 Breath that moves the world as winds a  
 flower-bell not yet,  
 Feet that trampling the gross darkness  
 beat out day,  
 In the hour of pain and pity,  
 Sore spent, I would I cry,  
 Her foster-child seeks to her, sadly where  
 she stands;  
 In the utter hour of woe,  
 wind-shaken, faint with blows,  
 Paris lays her head upon her, grieved with  
 child's hands;  
 Five kindles fire with fire,  
 Hearts take each other's prey,  
 Strange joy looks red as a sunset on tor-  
 mented lands,  
 Day to day, man to man,  
 Flights love repulse,  
 And faith and memory turn with passion  
 toward each other;  
 Hope, with fresh heavens to make,  
 Looks for a breath's space,  
 Where the dying past years' record lands  
 to this their own;  
 And souls of men whose death  
 Was fight to her and death,  
 Send word of love yet living to the living  
 mother,  
 They call her, and she hears;  
 O France, thy marvellous years,  
 The years of thy strong travails, the  
 triumphant time,  
 Days terrible with love,  
 Red-shed with flames thereof,  
 Call to this hour, thy banners in pos-  
 session of crown and crime;  
 The hour with feet to spurn,  
 Hands to crush, faces to rent,  
 The state where no later time  
 shall elude,  
 Yea, come what grief now may  
 be ruinous and cruel,  
 One grief there cannot, one the last and  
 last grief, shame,  
 Come for it to be, and bow  
 Down, shame can come not now,  
 Nor, though hands wound thee, tongues  
 mock thee, mockery of thy name;  
 Come swords and scar thy brow,  
 No brand there burns it now,  
 No spot but of thy blood marks thy white-  
 ness of time,  
 Now, when the mad blind morrow  
 With his sword of sorrow  
 Shall be at his heart, and when for time  
 shall be waves again waves;  
 Then shall thou draw thy breath  
 From all years to death,  
 And have all years were the grave of all  
 thy graves,  
 And have all years were the grave of all  
 thy graves,  
 For all their tombs a tomb,  
 At least within thee is on thee room were  
 none for slaves,  
 This power thou hast, to be,  
 Come death or come not, free;  
 That in all times of time's this praise be  
 credited of thee,  
 That in thy wild worst hour  
 This power put in thy power,  
 And now as hope around and hung as  
 heaven above thee,  
 And while earth sat in sadness,  
 In only thee peacefulness,  
 But strength and love to make all hearts  
 change love true,  
 That in death's face thy chant  
 Are compounded,  
 And thy great heart with thy great heart  
 grew none more;  
 And sweet for their tears  
 Put out the tears of fears,  
 And love most lovely for the loveless heart  
 and hate;  
 And thy heart with error,  
 Call to shame on a banner to men,  
 Had thou truth risen at thy side,  
 That thou wert;  
 This shall all years remember;  
 For this thing shall September  
 Have only name of her own, only sign of  
 white,  
 And this year's tear of name,  
 For so, in time of time  
 As all names of all thy triumphs shalt  
 thy wife,  
 When, seeing thy freedom stand  
 In at despair's right hand,  
 To thy gift at heart was only of  
 thy heart

## DIRÆ.

Guai a voi, anime prave.

DANTE.

Soyez maudits, d'abord d'être ce que vous êtes,

Et puis soyez maudits d'obséder les poètes !

VICTOR HUGO.

## I.—A DEAD KING.

*[Ferdinand II. entered Malabolge May 22nd, 1590.]*

Go down to hell. This end is good to see ;  
The breath is lightened and the sense at ease

Because thou art not ; sense nor breath there is

In what thy body was, whose soul shall be  
Chief nerve of hell's pained heart eternally.

Thou art abolished from the midst of these

That art what thou wast : Pius from his knees

Blows off the dust that flecked them, bowed for thee.

Yea, now the long-tongued slack-lipped litanies

Fail, and the priest has no more prayer to sell—

Now the last Jesuit found about thee is  
The beast that made thy fouler flesh his cell—

Time lays his finger on thee, saying, 'Cease ;  
Here is no room for thee ; go down to hell.'

## II.—A YEAR AFTER.

If blood throbs yet in this that was thy face,

O thou whose soul was full of devil's faith,

If in thy flesh the worm's bite slackeneth  
In some acute red pause of iron days,

Arise now, gird thee, get thee on thy ways,  
Breathe off the worm that crawls and fears not breath ;

King, it may be thou shalt prevail on death ;

King, it may be thy soul shall find out grace.

O spirit that hast eased the place of Cain,  
Weep now and howl, yea weep now sore ;  
for this

That was thy kingdom hath spat out its king.

Wilt thou plead now with God ? behold again,

Thy prayer for thy son's sake is turned to a hiss,

Thy mouth to a snake's whose slime outlives the sting,

## III.—PETER'S PENCE FROM PERUGIA.

ISCARIOT, thou grey-grown beast of blood,  
Stand forth to lead ; stand, while red drops run here

And there down fingers shaken with foul fear,

Down the sick shivering chin that stooped and sued,

Bowed to the bosom, for a little food  
At Herod's hand, who smites thee cheek and ear.

Cry out, Iscariot ; haply he will hear ;  
Cry, till he turn again to do thee good.

Gather thy gold up, Judas, all thy gold,  
And buy thee death ; no Christ is here to sell.

But the dead earth of poor men bought and sold,

While year heaps year above thee safe in hell,

To grime thy grey dishonourable head  
With dusty shame, when thou art damned and dead.

## IV.—PAPAL ALLOCUTION.

*\* Pope's allocution to the Jews.*

What hast thou done? Hark, till thine  
ears wax hot,

Judas; for these and these things hast  
thou done:

Though stung by earthy tan and tanned  
the swart skin;

With tinge of blood that reeks from hands  
that rot;

Thou hast wrenched the hands and mouth,  
saying, 'Ave, Ave!'

Clean? and the lips were bloody, and  
there wast thou;

To speak for man against thee, not  
one;

This hast thou done to us, Israhel.

Therefore though thou be deaf and heaven  
be dumb,

A cry shall be from under to proclaim

In the ears of all who shed men's  
blood or sell

Pius the Ninth, Judas, the Second, come

Where Boniface cut of the nether flame  
Barks for his advent in the clots of  
hell.\*

## V.—THE BURDEN OF AUSTRIA.

1866.

O DAUGHTER of pride, waste with misery,  
With all the glory that thy shame  
stripped off thy shame, O daughter of  
Babylon,

Yes, whosoere it, yet happy shall he be  
That as thou hast served us hath rewarded  
thee

Blessed, who throweth again a war's  
boundary stone

Thy warrior brood, and breaketh bone by  
bone

Misrule thy son, the brighter Tyranny,  
That lancet shall not move for  
shame;

But sitting down there in a new weed  
Wail; for what fruit is now thy red time?

Have thy sons too, and thy girls be leant  
indeed

What thing it is to weep, what thing to  
bleed?

Is it too then that now art but a name?

Is it too then that now art but a name?

Is it too then that now art but a name?

Is it too then that now art but a name?

Is it too then that now art but a name?

Is it too then that now art but a name?

Is it too then that now art but a name?

Is it too then that now art but a name?

Is it too then that now art but a name?

## VI.—LOCUSTA.

COME close and see her and hearken. This  
is she,

Stop the ways fast against the stench that  
rips

Your nostril as it nears her. Lo, the lips  
that when prayer and prayer find time  
to re

Pious news, the hands holding a cup and  
key,

Key of a deep hell, cup whence blood reeks  
and lips;

The bone low limbs, the reeling hinge-  
les legs,

The skin that is not skin but leprosy,  
This languor that of rev of face and green

With the old hands coming mixes her  
new part

The cup she mixed her No, stirred and  
sped,

She lips of Mary and Jesus Nazarene  
With a tongue tuned, and head that  
beat to the east,

Mayn't? There are who say she is bride  
of Christ.

## VII.—CELENO.

THE blindling hides his weeping eyeless  
head,

Stun with the helpless hate and shame  
and awe,

Till food have choked the glutton hell-  
bull's raw

And the food creature be as dead  
And sell itself with sleep and too much  
brawl;

So the man's life serves under the beast's  
law,

And things whose spirit lives in mouth  
and raw

Shame, breaking the soul's board and soil  
and raw,

Till man's blood spirit, their sick slave re-  
sist

Kingdom to the priests whose souls  
are slain,

And the scourged serf lie reddening from  
the soil

Disrowed, disrobed, dismantled, with  
lost eyes

Seeking where lurks in what conjectual  
land

That triple-headed bound of hell their God,

\*Dante, Inferno, c. xiv.

†A geographical expression—Metterbach, Cl. V.

## VIII.—A CHOICE.

FAITH is the spirit that makes man's body  
and blood  
Sacred, to crown when life and death  
have ceased  
His heavenward head for high fame's  
holy feast ;  
But as one swordstroke swift as wizard's rod  
Made Caesar carrion and made Brutus God,  
Faith false or true, born patriot or born  
priest,  
Smites into semblance or of man or beast  
The soul that feeds on clean or unclean food.  
Lo here the faith that lives on its own light,  
Visible music ; and lo there, the soul  
Shape without shape, the happy throat  
and howl.  
Sword of the spirit of man ! arise and  
smite,  
And sheer through throat and claw and  
maw and tongue  
Kill the beast faith that lives on its own  
dung.

## IX.—THE AUGURS.

LAY the corpse out on the altar ; bid the  
elect  
Slaves clear the ways of service spiritual  
Sweep clean the stalled soul's serviceable  
stall,  
Ere the chief priest's dismantling hands  
detect  
The ulcerous flesh of faith all scaled and  
specked  
Beneath the bandages that hid it all,  
And with sharp edgetools oecumenical  
The leprous carcases of creeds dissect.  
As on the night ere Brutus grew divine  
The sick-souled augurs found their ox or  
swine  
Heartless ; so now too by their after art  
In the same Rome, at an uncleaner shrine,  
Limb from rank limb, and putrid part  
from part,  
They carve the corpse a beast without  
a heart.

## X.—A COUNSEL.

O STRONG Republic of the nobler years  
Whose white feet shine beside time's  
fairer flood  
That shall flow on the clearer for our  
blood

Now shed, and the less brackish for our  
tears ;  
When time and truth have put out hopes  
and fears  
With certitude, and love has burst the  
bud,  
If these whose powers then down the  
wind shall scud  
Still live to feel thee smite their eyes and  
ears,  
When thy foot's tread hath crushed their  
crowns and creeds.  
Care thou not then to crush the beast that  
bleeds,  
The snake whose belly cleaveth to the  
sod,  
Nor set thine heel on men as on their  
deeds ;  
But let the worm Napoleon crawl untrod,  
Nor grant Mastai the gallows of his God.  
1809.

## XI.—THE MODERATES.

*Virtutem videant intabescantque relictâ.*

SHE stood before her traitors bound and  
bare,  
Clothed with her wounds and with her  
naked shame  
As with a weed of fiery tears and flame,  
Their mother-land, their common weal and  
care,  
And they turned from her and denied, and  
swore  
They did not know this woman nor her  
name.  
And they took truce with tyrants and  
grew tame,  
And gathered up cast crowns and creeds to  
wear,  
And rags and shards regilded. Then she  
took  
In her bruised hands their broken pledge,  
and eyed  
These men so late so loud upon her side  
With one inevitable and tearless look,  
That they might see her face whom they  
forsook ;  
And they beheld what they had left, and  
died.

*February, 1870.*

## XII. INTERCESSION.

A E C C. an Imperial Roman inscription.

## I.

O I turn a little more, and then the worm;  
A little longer, O Death, a little yet,  
Before the grave yawn and the grave-worm fret;  
Before the sanguine spotted hand-marm  
Be rottenness, and that foul friend, the germ  
Of all ill things, and thou dost creep and set;  
A little while, O Death, ere he forget,  
A small space more of life, a little term;  
A little longer ere he shall be met,  
Ere in that hand thou lead thee to thy mind  
The poison-cup of life be overset;  
A little respite of disastrous breath,  
Till the soul lift up her lost eyes, and find  
Ner God nor help nor hope, but thee O Death.

## II.

Shall a man be to thee as a dying dog,  
Death, ere thou lead him though the altar  
Of yonder sign,  
Not yet, not yet we give him leave to die;  
We give him grace not yet that men should say  
He is dead, wiped out, perished and past  
away,  
Till the last bitterness of life go by,  
Thou shalt not slay him; till those last  
dregs run dry,  
O thou best lord of life! thou shalt not slay,  
Let the lips live a little while and lie,  
The hands be firm and faster, and full of  
strength,  
And the soul be fiercer and braver at the sky;  
Yea, let him live, though God nor man  
would let  
Save for the curse's sake; then at bitter  
length,  
Lord, will we yield him to thee, but not  
yet.

## III.

Hath he not deeds to do and days to see  
Yet ere the day that is to see him dead?  
Beats there no brain yet in the poisonous  
head.

Throbs there no treason? if no such thing  
there is,

If no such thought, surely thou shalt not be,  
Lead to the hands then; are the hands  
not red?

What are the shadows about this man's  
head?

Death, was not this the cup offered to thee?  
Nay, let him live then, till in that blood  
stand

Even he shall pray for that thou hast to  
give;

Till seeing his hopes, and not his memories  
fled

Even he shall cry up to thee a little cry,  
That life is worse than death; then let  
him live,

Till death seem worse than life; then  
let him die.

## IV.

O watcher at the guardless gate of kings,  
O doorkeeper that serving at their feast  
Hast in thine hand their doomsday drink  
and seest

With eyeless sight the soul of unseen  
things;

Thou in whose ear the dumb time coming  
sings,

Death, priest and king that makest of  
king and priest

A name, a dream, a less thing than the  
least,

Hover awhile above him with closed wings,  
Till the coiled soul, an evil snake-shaped  
least,

Eat its base bodily lair of flesh away;

If haply, or ever its cursed life have ceased,  
Or ever thy cold hands cover his head

From sight of France and freedom and  
broad day,

He may see these and wither and be  
dead.

PARIS, *September, 1869.*

## XIII.—THE SAVIOUR OF SOCIETY.

## I.

O son of man, but of what man who  
knows?  
That broughtest healing on thy leathern  
wine  
To priests, and under them didst gather  
kings,

And madest friends to thee of all man's  
foes ;

Before thine incarnation, the tide goes,  
Thy virgin mother, pure of sensual  
stings.

Communed by night with angels of  
chaste things.

And, full of grace, unmanly to the throes  
Of motherhood upon her, for to heaven

The obs are annunciation made when  
late

A raven-feathered raven brood of love  
Croaked salutation to her mother of  
love

Whose misconception was immanence  
And when her time was come she mis-  
ceived.

## II.

Thine incarnation was upon this : see,  
Saviour ; and out of east and west were  
led

To thy foul cradle by thy plumed red  
Shepherds of souls that feed their sheep  
with lies

Till the utter soul die as the body dies,  
And the wise men that seek but to be fed  
Through the hot sham lies be their food  
and bed

And sleep on any dunghill that their eyes  
So they lie warm and fatten in the mire ;

And the high priest enthroned yet in thy  
name,

Judas, baptised thee with men's blood for  
life ;

And now thou hangest nailed to thine  
own shame

In sight of all time, but while heaven  
has flame

Shalt find no resurrection from hell-fire.

*December, 1869.*

XIV. MENTANA: SECOND ANNI-  
VERSARY.

*Est-ce qu'il n'est pas bon que la foudre se jette  
Cieux profondément en terre, et qu'elle  
La Foudre des Sables. *Rat. 1869.**

## I.

By the dead body of Hope, the spotless Lamb  
Thou threwest into the high priest's  
slaughter-house on

And by the child Despair born red  
therefrom

As, thus, the secret is packed out to cram  
With sinners' spawn thy misconceiving  
dam,

Thou, like a worm from a town's com-  
mon tomb,

Durst creep in and forth the kennel of her  
woman,

Born to crush down with catapult and ram  
Man's broken towers of promise, and with  
hate

And tongue to track and hunt his hopes to  
death ;

O, by that sweet dead body abused and  
lain

And by that child mis-mothered dog, by all  
Thy curses thou hast cursed mankind  
withal,

With what curse shall man curse thee  
back again ?

## II.

By the brute soul that made man's soul its  
food ;

By time grown poisonous with it ; by the  
hate

And horror of all souls not miscreate ;

By the hour of power that evil hath on  
godd ;

And by the incoherent fatherhood  
Which made a wretched womb the shame-  
ful gate

That opening let out loose to fawn on  
fate

A horned half-blooded ravener for man's  
blood ;

(What prayer but this for these should any  
say,

Thou dog of hell, but this that Shakespeare  
said ?)

By night of flower, and desecrated day,

Thou fall as one curse on one cursed head,

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
That I may live to say, the dog is dead !

1860.

XV. MENTANA: THIRD ANNI-  
VERSARY.

## I.

Such prayers last year were put up to thy  
side ;

What shall this year do that hath lived to  
see

The piteous and unpitied end of thee ?

What moan, what cry, what clamour shall  
 See thy slain? Shall all thine empire  
 And on thy great strength as a rotten  
 Whose beam has made thee light from  
 And would I shatter'd when I felt I sold  
 From the unknown deep wherein thy  
 From the dark let us of time there so  
 O rage, O comfort, though death rule on  
 Hell yawns with eyes that make it  
 Tell how I am clothed with love and power,  
 Shall pass and know not it is there on  
 him.

## II.

The hour for which men hungered and had  
 thirst,  
 And dying were loth to die before it  
 came,  
 Is it indeed upon thee? and the lame  
 Late foot of vengeance on thy trace accurst  
 For years sepulchred and crimes in-  
 heard,  
 For days marked red or black with blood  
 or shame,  
 Hath it outrun thee to tread out thy  
 name?  
 This sorrow, this hour, is this indeed the  
 worst?  
 O clothed and crowned with curses, canst  
 thou tell?  
 Have thy dead whispered to thee what  
 they see  
 Whose eyes are open in the dark on thee  
 Ere spotted soul and body take farewell  
 Or that of life beyond the worm's may  
 be  
 Sate the inmitigable hours in hell?  
 1870.

## XVI.—THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

*January 23, 1873.*

## I.

O stranger and death, to whom we grudged  
 him then,

When a man's sight he stood not yet un-  
 der,  
 Your king, your priest, your saviour, and  
 your son,  
 We judge not now, who know that not  
 again  
 Shall this curse come upon the sins of  
 men,  
 Nor this face look on the living sun  
 That shall behold not so abhorred an  
 one  
 In all the days whereof his eye takes ken.  
 The bond is cancelled, and the prayer is  
 heard  
 That seemed so long but weak and wa-  
 breath;  
 Take him for he is yours, O night and  
 death  
 Hell yawns on him whose life was as a  
 word  
 Uttered by death in hate of heaven and  
 light  
 A curse now dumb upon the lips of night.

## II.

What shapes are these and shadows with-  
 out end  
 That fill the night full as a storm of  
 rain  
 With myriads of dead men and women  
 slain,  
 Old with young, child with mother, friend  
 with friend,  
 That on the deep mid wintering air impend,  
 Pale yet with mortal wrath and human  
 pain,  
 Who died that this man dead now too  
 might reign,  
 Toward whom their hands point and their  
 faces bend?  
 The ruining flood would redden earth and  
 air  
 If for each soul whose guiltless blood was  
 shed  
 There fell but one drop on this one man's  
 head  
 Whose soul to-night stands bodiless and  
 bare,  
 For whom our hearts give thanks who put  
 up prayer,  
 That we have lived to say, the dog is  
 dead.

## XVII.—APOLOGIA.

IF wrath embitter the sweet mouth of song,  
And make the sunlight fire before those  
eyes

That would drink draughts of peace from  
the unsoiled skies,

The wrongdoing is not ours, but ours the  
wrong,

Who hear too loud on earth and see too long

The grief that dies not with the groan  
that dies,

Till the strong bitterness of pity cries  
Within us, that our anger should be strong.  
For chill is known by heat and heat by  
chill,

And the desire that hope makes love to  
still

By the fear flying beside it or above,  
A falcon fledged to follow a fledgeling  
dove,

And by the fume and flame of hate of ill  
The exuberant light and burning bloom  
of love.



# SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE.

## DEDICATION.

TO

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

TAKE, since you bade it should bear,  
These, of the seed of your sowing,  
Blossom or berry or weed.  
Sweet though they be not, or fair,  
That the dew of your word kept grow-  
ing,  
Sweet at least was the seed.

Men bring you love-offerings of tears,  
And sorrow the kiss that assuages,  
And slaves the hate-offering of wrongs,  
And time the thanksgiving of years,  
And years the thanksgiving of ages ;  
I bring you my handful of songs.

If a perfume be left, if a bloom  
Let it live till Italia be risen,  
To be strewn in the dust of her car  
When her voice shall awake from the tomb  
Englan<sup>d</sup>, and France from her prison,  
Sisters, a star by a star.

I bring you the sword of a song,  
The sword of my spirit's desire,  
Feeble ; but laid at your feet,

That which was weak shall be strong,  
That which was cold shall take fire,  
That which was bitter be sweet.

It was wrought not with hands to smite  
Nor hewn after swordsmiths fashion,  
Nor tempered on anvil of steel ;  
But with visions and dreams of the night  
But with hope and the patience of passion,  
And the signet of love for a seal

Be it witness, till one more strong,  
Till a loftier lyre, till a rarer  
Lute praise her better than I,  
Be it witness before you, my song,  
That I knew her, the world's banner  
bearer,  
Who shall cry the republican cry.

Yea, even she as at first,  
Yea, she alone and none other,  
Shall cast down, shall build up, shall  
bring home ;  
Slake earth's hunger and thirst,  
Lighten, and lead as a mother ;  
First name of the world's names, Rome

## PRELUDE.

BETWEEN the green bud and the red  
 Youth sat and sang by Time, and shed  
 From eyes and tresses flowers and tears,  
 From heart and spirit hopes and fears,  
 Upon the hollow stream whose bed  
 Is channelled by the foamless years;  
 And with the white the gold-haired head  
 Mixed running locks, and in Time's ears  
 Youth's dreams hung singing, and Time's  
 truth

Was half not harsh in the ears of Youth.

Between the bud and the blown flower  
 Youth talked with joy and grief an hour,  
 With footless joy and wingless grief  
 And twin-born faith and disbelief  
 Who share the seasons to devour;  
 And long ere these made up their sheaf  
 Felt the winds round him shake and shower  
 The rose red and the blood-red leaf,  
 Delight whose germ grew never grain,  
 And passion dyed in its own pain.

Then he stood up, and trod to dust  
 Fear and desire, mistrust and trust,  
 And dreams of bitter sleep and sweet,  
 And bound for sandals on his feet  
 Knowledge and patience of what must  
 And what things may be, in the heat  
 And cold of years that rot and rust  
 And alter; and his spirit's meat  
 Was freedom, and his staff was wrought  
 Of strength, and his cloak woven of the night.

For what has he whose will sees clear  
 To do with doubt and faith and fear,  
 Swift hopes and slow despondencies?  
 His heart is equal with the sea's  
 And with the sea wind's, and his ear  
 Is level to the speech of these,  
 And his soul communes and takes cheer  
 With the actual earth's alternatives  
 Air, light, and night, hills, winds, and  
 streams,  
 And seeks not strength from strengthless  
 dreams.

His soul is even with the sun  
 Whose spirit and whose eyes are one,

Who seeks not  
 And heavy heat  
 Him can no God cast down, whom none  
 Can lift in hope beyond the height  
 Of fate and nature and things done  
 By the calm rule of might and right  
 That bids men be and bear and do,  
 And die beneath blind skies or blue

To him the lights of even and morn  
 Speak no vain things of love or scorn,  
 Fancies and passions miscreate  
 By man in things dispassionate,  
 Nor holds he fellowship forlorn  
 With souls that pray and hope and hate,  
 And doubt they had better not been born,  
 And fain would hire or scare off fate  
 And charm their doomsman from their  
 doom  
 And make fear dig its own false tomb.

He builds not half of doubts and half  
 Of dreams his own soul's cenotaph  
 Whence hopes and fears with helpless  
 eyes,  
 Wrapt loose in cast-off cerecloths, rise  
 And dance and wring their hands and laugh,  
 And weep thin tears and sigh light sighs,  
 And without living lips would quail  
 The living spring in man that lies,  
 And drain his soul of faith and strength  
 It might have lived on a life's length.

He hath given himself and hath not sold  
 To God for heaven or man for gold,  
 Or grief for comfort that it gives,  
 Or joy for grief's restoratives,  
 He hath given himself to time, whose fold  
 Shuts in the mortal flock that lives  
 On its plain pasture's heat and cold  
 And the equal year's alternatives,  
 Earth, heaven, and time, death, life, and he,  
 Endure while they shall be to be.

"Yet between death and life are hours  
 To flush with love and hide in flowers;  
 What profit save in these?" men cry:  
 "Ah, see, between soft earth and sky,



A little time that we may till  
Or such good works or so  
A loose the bonds or make them free  
Wherein all manhood suffers we  
y rose-hung river and light-foot

who think long  
The sacred voices of the sea  
The sacred voices of the sea

## THE EVE OF REVOLUTION.

## 1.

THE trumpets of the four winds of the  
world  
From the ends of the earth blow battle  
the night-heavens,  
With breasts palpitating and wings retarded,  
With passion of couched limbs, as of  
who grieves  
and in her sleep she sees uncurled  
rims serpent-shapen, such as sickness  
weave  
on the wild wind of vision caught and  
whirl  
dead leaves of sleep, thicker than autumn  
leaves,  
Shadows of storm-shape things,  
Flights of dim tribes;  
The reaping men that reap men for  
their sheaf  
And, without grain to yield,  
Their scythe-swept harvest-field  
fed thick with men pursuing and  
fleeing,  
Horse of the tree of sleep,  
black-colored and golden, blown  
under to sleep.

## 2.

the night of the mountains cry  
many tongues of thunders, and I  
hear  
Sound and resound the hollow shield of  
sky  
With trumpet-throated winds that charge  
and cheer,  
And through the roar of the hours that  
are flying,  
Through light and fight and all the  
fluctuating fear,  
A sound comes from the heavens as  
high  
A voice more instant than the stars are  
clear,

Say to my spirit, "Take  
Thy trumpet too, and make  
A rallying music to the world night's ear,  
Till the storm lose its track  
And all the night go back;  
Till, as through sleep false life knows  
true life new,  
Thou know the morning through the  
night,  
And through the thunder silence, and  
through darkness light."

## 3.

I set the trumpet to my lips and blow,  
The height of night is shaken, the skies  
break,  
The winds and stars and waters come and  
go  
By fits of breath and light and sound,  
that wake  
As out of sleep, and perish as the snow  
Built up of sleep, when all her strength  
forsake  
The sense-compelling spirit; the depths  
low,  
The heights dash, and the roots and  
summits shake  
Of earth in all her mountains,  
And the inner seamless fountains  
And wellsprings of her fast-bound forces  
quake;  
Yea, the whole air of life  
Is set on fire of strife,  
Till change unmake things made and  
love remake;  
Reason and love, whose names are one,  
Seeing reason is the sunlight shed from love  
the sun.

## 4.

The night  
Or but  
their

Like hopes on memory's devastated way,  
In moonless wastes of planet-stricken  
air?

O many-childed mother great and grey,  
O milk-milky bosom, and breasts that  
bare

O fathers' generations, whereat lay  
The wandering peoples and the tribes that  
were,

Whose new-born mouths long dead  
Those unchild ripples fed,

Dim face with deathless eyes and withered  
hair,

Foress of obscure lands,

Whose multiplying lands

Wove the world's web with divers races  
fair

And cast it waif-wise on the stream,  
The waters of the centuries, where thou  
sat'st to dream;

## 5.

O many-minded mother and visionary,

Asia, that sawest their westering waters  
sweep

With all the ships and spoils of time to  
carry

And all the fears and hopes of life to  
keep,

Thy vesture wrought of ages legendary

Hides usward thine imperishable deep,  
And thy veiled head, night's chief tribu-

tary,  
We know not if it speak or smile or weep,

But where for us began

The first live light of man

And first-born fire of deeds to burn and  
leap,

The first war fair as peace

To shine and lighten Greece,

And the first freedom moved upon the  
deep,

God's breath upon the face of time  
Moving, a present spirit, seen of men  
sublime;

## 6.

There where our east looks always to thy  
west,

Our mornings to thine evenings, Greece  
to thee,

These lights that catch the mountains crest  
by crest

Are they of stars or beacons that we see

Taygetus hides here the winds abreast,  
And for the sun resumes Thermopylae;  
The light is Athens where those remnants  
rest,

And S. Finis the sea-wall of that sea.

The grass men tread upon

Is very Marathon

The leaves are of that time-unstricken  
tree

That storm nor sun can fret

Nor wind, since she that set

Made it her sign to men whose shield  
was she;

Here as dead time his deathless  
things,

Eurotas and Cephissus keep their sleepless  
springs.

## 7.

O hills of Crete, are these things dead? O  
waves,

O many-mouthed streams, are these  
springs dry?

Earth, dost thou feed and hide now none  
but slaves?

Heaven, hast thou heard of men that  
would not die?

Is the land thick with only such men's  
graves

As were ashamed to look upon the sky?

Ye dead, whose name outlasts and out-  
lives

Death, is the seed of such as you gone by -  
Sea, have thy ports not heard

Some Marathonian word

Rise up to landward and to Godward fly?

No thunder, that the skies

Sent not upon us, rise

With fire and earthquake and a cleaving  
cry?

Nay, light is here, and shall be  
light,

Though all the face of the hour be over-  
borne with night.

## 8.

I set the trumpet to my lips and blow.

The night is broken northward; the pale  
plains

And footless fields of sun-forgotten snow

Feel through their creviced lips and iron  
veins

Such quick fresh labor and such clean  
blood flow

As summer-stricken spring feels in her  
pains  
When dying May bears June, too young to  
know

The fruit that waxes from the flower that  
waned ;

Strange tyrannies and vast,  
Tribes frost-bound to their past,  
Lands that are loud all through their  
length with chains,  
Wastes where the wind's wings  
break,

Displumed by daylong ache  
And anguish of blind snows and rack-  
blown rains,

And ice that seals the White Sea's  
lips,

Whose monstrous weights crush flat the  
sides of shrieking ships :

## 9.

Horrible sights and sounds of the unreached  
pole,

And shrill fierce climes of inconsolable  
air,

Shining below the beamless aureole  
That hangs about the north-wind's hurt-  
ling hair,

A comet-lighted lamp, sublime and sole  
Dawn of the dayless heaven where suns  
despair :

Earth, skies, and waters, smitten into soul,  
Feel the hard veil that iron centuries wear  
Rent as with hands in sunder,

Such hands as make the thunder  
And clothe with form all substance and  
strip bare :

Shapes, shadows, sounds and lights  
Of their dead days and nights

Take soul of life too keen for death to  
bear :

Life, conscience, forethought, will,  
desire,

Flood men's inanimate eyes and dry-drawn  
hearts with fire.

## 10.

Light, light, and light! to break and melt  
in sunder

All clouds and chains that in one bond-  
age bind

Eyes, hands, and spirits, forged by fear and  
wonder

And sleek fierce fraud with hidden knife  
behind ;

There goes no fire from heaven before their  
thunder,

Nor are the links not malleable that wind  
Round the snared limbs and souls that ache  
thereunder ;

The hands are mighty, were the head not  
blind.

Priest is the staff of king,

And chains and clouds one thing,

And fettered flesh with devastated mind.

Open thy soul to see,

Slave, and thy feet are free ;

Thy bonds and thy beliefs are one in kind,

And of thy fears thine irons wrought

Hang weights upon thee fashioned out of  
thine own thought.

## 11.

O soul, O God, O glory of liberty,

To night and day their lightning and  
their light !

With heat of heart thou kindest the quick  
sea,

And the dead earth takes spirit from thy  
sight ;

The natural body of things is warm with  
thee,

And the world's weakness parcel of thy  
might ;

Thou seest us feeble and forceless, fit to be  
Slaves of the years that drive us left and  
right,

Drowned under hours like waves

Wherethrough we row like slaves ;

But if thy finger touch us, these take  
flight.

If but one sovereign word

Of thy live lips be heard,

What man shall stop us, and what God  
shall smite ?

Do thou but look in our dead eyes,

They are stars that light each other till thy  
sundawn rise.

## 12

Thou art the eye of this blind body of man,

The tongue of this dumb people ; shalt  
thou not

See, shalt thou speak not for them ? Time  
is man

And hope is, weak with waiting, and swift  
thought

Hath lost the wings at heel wherewith he  
 ran,  
 And on the red pit's edge sits down dis-  
 traught  
 To talk with death of days republican  
 And dreams and fights long since dreamt  
 out and fought ;  
 Of the last hope that drew  
 To that red edge anew  
 The firewhite faith of Poland without  
 spot ;  
 Of the blind Russian might,  
 And fire that is not light ;  
 Of the green Rhineland where thy spirit  
 wrought ;  
 But though time, hope, and memory  
 tire,  
 Canst thou wax dark as they do, thou whose  
 light is fire ?

## 13.

I set the trumpet to my lips and blow.  
 The night is broken westward ; the wide  
 sea  
 That makes immortal motion to and fro  
 From world's end unto world's end, and  
 shall be  
 When nought now grafted of men's hands  
 shall grow  
 And as the weed in last year's waves are  
 we  
 Or spray the sea-wind shook a year ago  
 From its sharp tresses down the storm  
 to lee,  
 The moving god that hides  
 Time in its timeless tides  
 Wherein time dead seems live eternity,  
 That breaks and makes again  
 Much mightier things than men,  
 Doth it not hear change coming, or not  
 see ?  
 Are the deeps leaf and dead and  
 blind,  
 To catch no light or sound from landward  
 of mankind ?

## 14.

O thou, clothed round with raiment of  
 white waves,  
 Thy brave brows lightening through the  
 grey wet air,  
 Thou, lulled with sea-sounds of a thousand  
 caves,  
 And with sea-shine to thine inland lair,

Whose freedom clothed the naked souls of  
 slaves  
 And stripped the muffled souls of tyrants  
 bare,  
 O, by the centuries of thy glorious graves,  
 By the live light of the earth that was thy  
 care,  
 Live, thou must not be dead,  
 Live ; let thine armed head  
 Lift itself up to sunward and the fair  
 Daylight of time and man,  
 Thine head republican,  
 With the same splendor on thine helmless  
 hair  
 That in his eyes kept up a light  
 Who on thy glory gazed away their sacred  
 sight ;

## 15.

Who loved and looked their sense to death  
 on thee ;  
 Who taught thy lips imperishable things,  
 And in thine ears outsang thy singing sea ;  
 Who made thy foot firm on the necks of  
 kings  
 And thy soul somehow steadfast—woe are  
 we  
 It was but for a while, and all the strings  
 Were broken of thy spirit ; yet had he  
 Set to such tunes and clothed it with  
 such wings  
 It seemed for his sole sake  
 Impossible to break,  
 And woundless of the worm that waits  
 and stings,  
 The golden-headed worm  
 Made headless for a term,  
 The king-snake whose life kindles with  
 the spring's,  
 To breathe his soul upon her bloom,  
 And while she marks not turn her temple  
 to her tomb.

## 16.

By those eyes blinded and that heavenly  
 head  
 And the secluded soul adorable,  
 O Milton's land, what ails thee to be dead ?  
 Thine ears are yet sonorous with his shell  
 That all the songs of all thy sea-line fed  
 With motive sound of spring-tides at mid  
 well,  
 Ough thine heart his thought as  
 is shed,

Requickening thee with wisdom to do  
 well  
 Such were of thy womb,  
 England, for love of whom  
 Thy name is not yet writ with theirs that  
 fell,  
 But, till thou quite forget  
 What were thy children, yet  
 On the pale lips of hope is as a spell;  
 And Shelley's heart and Landor's  
 mind  
 Lit thee with latter watch-fires; why wilt  
 thou be blind?

## 17.

Though all were else indifferent, all that  
 live  
 Spiritless shapes of nations; though  
 time wait  
 In vain on hope till these have help to give,  
 And faith and love crawl fainished from  
 the gate;  
 Canst thou sit so med and self-contempla-  
 tive  
 With soulless eyes on thy secluded fate?  
 Though time forgive them, thee shall he  
 forgive  
 Whose choice was in thine hand to be so  
 great?  
 Who cast out of thy mind  
 The passion of man's kind,  
 And made thee and thine old name sep-  
 arate?  
 Now when time looks to see  
 New names and old and thee  
 Build up our one Republic state by state,  
 England with France, and France  
 with Spain,  
 And Spain with sovereign Italy strike  
 hands and reign.

## 18.

O known and unknown fountain-heads that  
 fill  
 Our dear life-springs of England! O  
 bright race  
 Of streams and waters that bear witness  
 still  
 To the earth her sons were made of! O  
 fair race  
 Of England, watched of eyes death cannot  
 kill,  
 How should the soul that lit you for a  
 space

Fall through sick weakness of a broken will  
 To the dead cold damnation of disgrace?  
 Such wind of memory stirs  
 On all green hills of hers,  
 Such breath of record from so high a  
 place,  
 From years whose tongue of flame  
 Prophesied in her name  
 Her feet should keep truth's bright and  
 burning trace,  
 We needs must have her heart with  
 us,  
 Whose hearts are one with man's; she must  
 must be dead or thus.

## 19.

Who is against us? who is on our side?  
 Whose heart of all men's hearts is one  
 with man's?  
 Where art thou that wast prophetess and  
 bard,  
 When truth and thou trod under time and  
 chance?  
 What latter light of what new hope shall  
 guide  
 Out of the snares of hell thy feet, O  
 England?  
 What heel shall bruise these heads that hiss  
 and glide,  
 What winniblow out these fer-born fires  
 that dance  
 Before thee to thy death?  
 No light, no life, no breath,  
 From thy dead eyes and lips shall take  
 the trance,  
 Till on that deadliest crime  
 Red leaping the feet of time  
 Who treads through blood and passes,  
 time shall glance  
 Pardon, and Italy forgive,  
 And Rome arise up whom thou slewest, and  
 bid thee live.

## 20.

I set the trumpet to my lips and blow.  
 The night is broken southward; the  
 springs run,  
 The daysprings and the water-springs that  
 flow  
 Forth with one will from where their  
 source was  
 Out of the night on evening high and low,  
 The hung ring hills feed full upon the  
 sun,



The thirsting valleys drink of him and glow :  
As a heart burns with some divine thing

Or a sleep burn again  
In the cradled heart of Spain,  
A rose renewed with re-new life begun,  
Dragged down with thorns and

knives,  
That puts forth bud like fire,  
Till the whole tree take flower in unison,  
And prince that clogs and priest that

clings  
Be cast as weeds upon the dunghill of dead  
things.

## 21.

Ah heaven, bow down, be nearer ! This is  
she,

Italia, the world's wonder, the world's  
care,

Free in her heart ere quite her hands be free,  
And lovelier than her loveliest rose or anemone,  
The earth hath voice, and speech is in the  
sea,

Sounds of great joy and heart, of glad heart,  
All things are glad for love of her, for we  
Most glad who love her when the worst  
days were,

O sweetest, fairest, first,

O flower, when times were worst,

Then had the stripe wherein we had no  
share,

Have not our hearts held close,

Kept fast the whole world's rose ?

Have we not worn thee at heart whom  
none would wear ?

First love and last love, light of times

Shall we not touch thee, full-blown with our  
lips and hands ?

## 22.

O too much loved, what shall we say of  
thee ?

What shall we make of our heart's burn-  
ing fire,

The passion in our lives that fain would be  
Made each a brand to pile into the pyre

That shall burn our boy-lovers, and set free  
The time whence thy sun-shadowing

was ?

Love, our life, what more than men are we,  
That thou shouldst burn for thy sake should

For what, to joyous death  
Glad god might yield their breath,

Great gods drop down from heaven to  
serve for hire ?

We are but men, are we,

And thou art Italy ;

What shall we do for thee with our de-  
sire ?

What gift shall we deserve to give ?

How shall we die to do thee service or how  
live ?

## 23.

The very thought in us how much we love  
Thee,

Makes the throat sob with love and blind-  
ness,

How should love bear thee, to behold  
Thee, thee,

How with light burning from reverberate  
knives ?

They give thee light, but the light given  
Thee of thee

Makes faint the wheeling fires that fall  
and rise,

What love, what life, what death of man's  
should love thee,

What face that lingers or what foot that  
flies ?

It is not heaven that lights

Thee with such days and nights,

But thou that heaven is lit from in such  
wise,

O thou her dearest birth,

Turn thee to lighten earth,

Earth too that bore thee and yearns to  
thee and cries ;

Stand up, shine, lighten, become  
flame,

Till as the sun's name through all nations  
be thy name.

## 24.

I take the trumpet from my lips and sing,  
O life immeasurable and imminent love,

And fear like winter leading hope like  
pride,

Whose flower-bright brows the day-star  
sits above,

Whose hand unweariable and untiring wing  
Strike music from a world that weiled and

wept,

Each right soul born and every glorious  
thing,

For every freedom to man's joy thereof,  
O time, O change and death,  
Whose now not hateful breath

But gives the music swifter feet to move  
Through sharp remeasuring tones  
Of fluent antiphones  
More tender-tuned than heart or throat  
Of dove,  
Soul into soul, song into song,  
Life changing into life, by laws that work  
not wrong ;

## 25.

O natural force in spirit and sense, that art  
One thing in all things, fruit of thine  
own fruit,  
O thought illimitable and infinite heart  
Whose blood if life in limbs indissolute  
That still keeps hurtless thine invisible part  
And inextirpable thy viewless root  
Whence all sweet shafts of green and  
each thy dart  
Of sharpening leaf and bud resundering  
shoot ;  
Hills that the day-star hails,  
Heights that the first beam scales,  
And heights that souls outshining suns  
salute,  
Valleys for each mouth born  
Free now of plenteous corn,  
Waters and woodlands musical or mute ;  
Free winds that brighten brows as free  
And thunder and laughter and lightning of  
the sovereign sea ;

## 26.

Rivers and springs, and storms that seek  
your prey  
With strong wings ravening through the  
skies by night  
Spirits and stars that hold one choral way ;  
O light of heaven, and thou the heaven-  
lier light

Aflame above the souls of men that sway  
All generations of all years with might ;  
O sunrise of the repossessing day,  
And sunrise of all-renovating right ;  
And thou, whose trackless foot  
Mocks hope's or fear's pursuit,  
Swift Revolution, changing depth with  
height ;  
And thou, whose mouth makes one  
All songs that seek the sun,  
Serene Republic of a world made white ;  
Thou, Freedom, whence the soul's  
springs ran ;  
Praise earth for man's sake living, and for  
earth's sake man.

## 27.

Make yourselves wings, O tarrying feet of  
fate,  
And hidden hour that hast our hope to  
bear,  
A child-god, through the morning-colored  
gate  
That lets love in upon the golden air,  
Dead on whose threshold lies heart-broken  
hate.  
Dead discord, dead injustice, dead despair ;  
O love long looked for, wherefore wilt  
thou wait,  
And shew not yet the dawn on thy bright  
hair,  
Not yet thine hand released  
Refreshing the faint east,  
Thine hand reconquering heaven, to seat  
man there ?  
Come forth, be born and live  
Thou that hast help to give  
And light to make man's day of man-  
hood fair ;  
With flight outflying the spherèd sun,  
Hasten thine hour and halt not, till thy  
work be done.

## A WATCH IN THE NIGHT.

## 1.

WATCHMAN, what of the night ?—  
Storm and thunder and rain,  
Lights that waver and wane,  
Leaving the watchfires unlit.  
Only the balefires are bright,  
And the flash of the camps now and then  
From a palace where spoilers sit,  
Trampling the children of men.

## 2.

Prophet, what of the night ?—  
I stand by the verge of the sea,  
Banished, uncomforted, free,  
Hearing the noise of the waves  
And sudden flashes that smite  
Some man's tyrannous head,  
Thundering, heard among graves  
That hide the hosts of his dead.

3.

Mourners, what of the night? —  
 All night through without sleep  
 We weep, and we weep, and we weep.  
 Who shall give us our sons?  
 Beaks of raven and kite,  
 Mouths of wolf and of hound,  
 Give us them that we whom they miss  
 Shot for your dead on the ground.

4.

Dead men, what of the night?  
 Cannon and scabbard and sword,  
 Horror of gibbet and cord,  
 Mowed us as sheaves for the grave,  
 Mowed us down for the right.  
 We do not grudge or repent.  
 Freely to freedom we gave  
 Pledges, till life should be spent.

5.

Statesman, what of the night? —  
 The night will last me my time.  
 The gold on a crown or a crime  
 Looks well enough yet by the lamps.  
 Have we not fingers to write,  
 Lips to swear at a need?  
 Then, when danger decamps,  
 Bury the word with the deed.

6.

Warrior, what of the night?  
 Whether it be not or be  
 Night, is as one thing to me.  
 I for one, at the least,  
 Ask not of dew or of dew-drops,  
 Ask not of thine or of thy day,  
 Ask not of prince or of priest  
 How long ere we put them away.

7.

Master, what of the night?  
 Child, night is not at all.  
 Anywhere, riven or to fall,  
 Save in mine eyes or struck in eyes,  
 Forth of our eyes it takes its toll.  
 Look we at it as we can,  
 Nor behind us, nor on the skirts  
 Night is not on any more.

8.

Exile, what of the night? —  
 The ticks and the hours run out,  
 The season of death and of doubt,  
 The night-watches bitter and sore,  
 In the quicksands leftward and right  
 My feet sink down under me;  
 But I know the scents of the shore  
 And the broad blown breath of the sea.

9.

Captives, what of the night? —  
 It rains outside overhead  
 Always, a rain that is red,  
 And our faces are soiled with the rain.  
 Here in the seasons' despite  
 Day-time and night-time are one,  
 Till the curse of the kings and the chain  
 Break, and their toils be undone.

10.

Christian, what of the night? —  
 I cannot tell; I am blind.  
 I hilt and hearken behind  
 If haply the hours will go back  
 And return to the dear dead light,  
 To the watchfires and stars that of old  
 Shone where the sky now is black,  
 Glowed where the earth now is cold.

11.

High priest, what of the night?  
 The night is horrible here  
 With long and faces and fear,  
 Black and the burning of fire.  
 Mine eyes are emptied of sight,  
 Mine hands are full of the dust,  
 I — God of my faith be a liar,  
 Who is it that I shall trust?

12.

Beloved, what of the night? —  
 Not with pestilent breath  
 Looks us, children of death  
 Comes us close with her gloom,  
 Rapine and famine and fright  
 Trod at our feet and are led,  
 In how we pass is a tomb,  
 Life where we triumph is dead.

## 13.

Martyrs, what of the night?—  
 Nay, is it night with you ye?  
 We, for our part, we forget  
 What night was, if it were.  
 The loud red mouth of the fight  
 Are silent and shut where we are.  
 In our eyes the tempestuous air  
 Shines as the face of a star.

## 14.

England, what of the night?  
 Night is the sober and sleep,  
 Warm, not so on to weep.  
 Let me alone till the day.  
 Sleep would I still if I might,  
 Who have slept for two hundred years.  
 Once I had honor, they say;  
 But slumber is sweeter than tears.

## 15.

France, what of the night?—  
 Night is the prostitute's noon,  
 Kissed and drugged till she swoon,  
 Spat upon, trod upon, whored  
 With bloodred rose-garlands dight,  
 Round me reels in the dance  
 Death, my saviour, my lord,  
 Crowned; there is no more France.

## 16.

Italy, what of the night?—  
 Ah, child, child, it is long!  
 Moonbeam and starbeam and song  
 Leave it dumb now and dark.

Yet I perceive on the height  
 Eastward, not now very far,  
 A song too loud for the lark,  
 A light too strong for a star.

## 17.

Germany, what of the night?  
 Long has it lulled me with dreams;  
 Now at midwatch, as it seems,  
 Light is brought back to mine eyes,  
 And the mastery of old and the night  
 Lives in the joints of mine hands,  
 Steadies my limbs as they rise,  
 Strengthens my foot as it stands.

## 18.

Europe, what of the night?—  
 Ask of heaven, and the sea  
 And my babes on the bosom of me,  
 Nations of mine, but ungrown.  
 There is one who shall surely requite  
 All that endure or that err:  
 She can answer alone:  
 Ask not of me, but of her.

## 19.

Liberty, what of the night?—  
 I feel not the red rains fall,  
 Hear not the tempest at all,  
 Nor thunder in heaven any more.  
 All the distance is white  
 With the soundless feet of the sun.  
 Night, with the woes that it wore,  
 Night is over and done.

## SUPER FLUMINA BABYLONIS.

<p>By the waters of Babylon we sat down and          wept,          Remembering thee,          That for ages of agony hast endured, and          slept,          And wouldst not see.</p>	<p>And with trumpets and thunderings and          with morning song          Came up the light;          And thy spirit uplifted thee to forget thy          wrong          As day to night.</p>
<p>By the waters of Babylon we stood up and          sang,          Considering thee,          Till the blast of deliverance in the darkness          rang,          To set thee free.</p>	<p>And thy sons were dejected not any more,          as then          When thou wast shamed;          When thy lovers went heavily without          heart, as men          Whose life was maimed.</p>

- In the desolate distances, with a great desire,  
For thy love's sake,  
With our hearts going back to thee, they  
were filled with fire,  
Were figh to break.
- It was said to us: "Verily ye are great of heart,  
But ye shall be ill;  
Ye are bond men and bondswomen, to be  
sorrowed and morned,  
To toil and to toil."
- And with harrows men harrowed us, and  
subdued with spears,  
And crushed with shame;  
And the summer and winter was, and the  
length of years,  
And no change came.
- By the rivers of Italy, by the sacred streams,  
By town, by tower,  
There was feasting with revelling, there  
was sleep with dreams,  
Until thine hour.
- And they slept and they rioted on their  
rose-hung beds,  
With mouths on flame,  
And with love-locks vine-chapleted, and  
with rose-crowned heads  
And robes of shame.
- And they knew not their forefathers, nor  
the hills and streams  
And words of power,  
Nor the gods that were good to them, but  
with songs and dreams  
Filled up their hour.
- By the rivers of Italy, by the dry streams'  
beds,  
When thy time came,  
There was casting of crowns from them,  
from their young men's heads,  
The crowns of shame.
- By the horn of Eridanus, by the Tiber  
mouth,  
As thy day rose,  
They arose up, and girded them to the  
hills and to the south,  
By snows.
- As a winter in January the frost confines,  
Thy lungs bound thee;  
As a winter in April is, in the new-blown  
vines,  
Thy sons made free.
- And thy lovers that looked for thee, and  
that mourned from far,  
For thy sake died,  
We rejoiced in the light of thee, in the  
signal star  
Above thine head.
- In thy grief had we followed thee, in thy  
passion loved,  
Loved in thy loss;  
In thy shame we stood fast to thee, with  
thy pangs were moved,  
Clung to thy cross.
- By the hillside of Calvary we beheld thy  
blood,  
Thy bloodred tears,  
As a mother's in bitterness, an unebbing  
flood,  
Years upon years.
- And the north was Gethsemane, without  
leaf or bloom,  
A garden sealed;  
And the south was Aeldama, for a sanguine  
fume  
Had all the field.
- By the stone of the sepulchre we returned  
to weep,  
From far, from prison;  
And the guards by it keeping it we beheld  
asleep,  
But thou wast risen.
- And an angel's similitude by the unsealed  
grave,  
And by the stone:  
And the voice was angelical, to whose  
words God gave  
Strength like his own.
- Lo, the graveclothes of Italy that are  
folded up  
In the grave's gloom!  
And the guards as men wrung upon with  
charmed cup,  
By the open tomb

- "And her body most beautiful, and her  
shining head,  
These are not here ;  
For your mother, for Italy, is not surely  
dead :  
Have ye no fear.
- "As of old time she hath been, a crown  
hardly heeded,  
Hardly took heed,  
So now also she saith to you, yet at  
word,  
Who is risen indeed.
- "By my saying she saith to you, in your  
ears she saith,  
Who hear these things,  
Put no trust in men's royalties, nor in  
great men's breath,  
Nor words of kings.
- "For the life of them vanishes and is no  
more seen,  
Nor no more known ;  
Nor shall any remember him if a crown  
hath been,  
Or where a throne.
- "Unto each man his handiwork, unto each  
his crown,  
The just Fate gives ;  
Whoso takes the world's life on him and his  
own lays down,  
He, dying so, lives.
- "Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the  
wronged world's weight  
And puts it by,  
It is well with him suffering, though he face  
man's fate ;  
How should he die ?
- "Seeing death has no part in him any more,  
no power  
To take head ;  
He has bought his eternity with a little hour,  
And is not dead.
- "For an hour, if ye look for him, he is no  
more to be seen,  
For one hour's space ;  
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold  
him crowned,  
A fearless face.
- "On the mountains of memory, by the  
world's well-pained,  
In all men's eyes,  
Where the light of the life of him is on all  
past things,  
Death only dies.
- "Not the light that was quenched for us,  
nor the deeds that were,  
Nor the ancient days,  
Nor the sorrows not sorrowful, nor the face  
most fair  
Of perfect praise."
- So the angel of Italy's resurrection said,  
So yet he saith ;  
So the son of her suffering, that from breasts  
nigh dead  
Drew life, not death.
- That the pavement of Golgotha should be  
white as snow,  
Not red, but white ;  
That the waters of Babylon should no longer  
flow,  
And men see light.

## THE HALT BEFORE ROME.

SEPTEMBER. 1867.

- Is it so, that the sword is broken,  
Our sword, that was halfway drawn ?  
Is it so, that the light was a spark,  
That the bird we hailed as the lark  
Sang in her sleep in the dark.  
And the song we took for a token  
Bore false witness of dawn ?
- Spread in the sight of the lion,  
Surely, we said, is the net  
Spread but in vain, and the snare  
Vain ; for the light is aware,  
And the common, the chainless air,  
Of his coming whom all we cry on ;  
Surely in vain is it set.

surely the day is come,  
 A day when the sun shall be  
 Surely the day is come,  
 Immediate, I have said,  
 Yet the time is not yet come,  
 Is not the day of the Lord as yet?  
 When the water flows and the

Blooms underfoot with young grasses  
 Green, and with leaves overhead,  
 Windflowers white, and the low  
 New-dropped blossoms of the May;  
 And or ever the March wind pass  
 And or ever the March wind pass  
 Flames with anemones red.

We are here in the world's tower of ivory,  
 We that have watched out the snow,  
 Surely the fruitfuller showers,  
 The splendider sunbeams are ours;  
 Shall water return on the flowers,  
 And the frost after April harden,  
 And the fountains in May not flow?

We have in our hands the sword,  
 And the sword in our hearts is keen,  
 Who are we that our tongues should be silent,  
 Hearts bow down, hands falter,  
 Who are clothed as with flame from the  
 That the kings of the earth, repining,  
 Far off, watch from afar?

Woe is ours if we doubt or dissemble,  
 Woe, if our hearts are not true,  
 Are our chiefs not among us, we said,  
 Great chiefs, living and dead,  
 To lead us glad to be led?  
 For whose sake, if a men of us tremble  
 He shall not be on our side.

What matter if these lands tarry,  
 That tarried (we said) not of old?  
 France, made drunken by fate,  
 England, that bore up the world,  
 Ours is the freedom, a free,  
 Holy, but how to cry  
 For hands worth giving with gold.

Though this be lame, and the other  
 Fleet, but blind from the sun,  
 And the race be no more to these,  
 Alas! nor the palm to seize,  
 Who are weary and hungry of ease,  
 Yet, O France, we will be your mother,  
 If there be left to thee one?

I have seen her, my child, eyes,  
 I have seen her, my child, eyes,  
 I have seen her, my child, eyes,  
 I have seen her, my child, eyes,  
 I have seen her, my child, eyes,  
 I have seen her, my child, eyes,  
 I have seen her, my child, eyes,

Her heart was broken,  
 Her heart was broken,  
 Her heart was broken,  
 Her heart was broken,  
 Her heart was broken,  
 Her heart was broken,  
 Her heart was broken,

O mother of all men's nations,  
 Thou knowest if the dead world heard!  
 Heard not now? her lowest  
 Depths, where the strong blood slowest  
 Beats at her bosom, thou knowest,  
 In her toils, in her dim consolation,  
 Rejoiced not, hearing the word.

The sorrowful, bound unto sorrow,  
 The woe-worn people, and all  
 That of old were discomforted,  
 And men that famish for bread,  
 And men that mourn for their dead,  
 She bade them be glad on the morrow,  
 Who endured in the day of her thrall.

The blind, and the people in prison,  
 Souls without hope, without home,  
 How glad were they all that heard!  
 When she raised white flame of the word  
 Passed over men's dust, and stirred  
 Death; for Italia was risen,  
 And risen her light upon the face.

The light of her sword in the gateway  
 Shone, an unquenchable flame,  
 Bloodless, a sword to release,  
 A light from the eyes of peace,  
 To bid grief utterly cease,  
 And the wrong of the old world  
 Pass from the face of her name:

Hers, whom we turn to and cry on,  
 Italy, mother of men:  
 From the light of the face of her glory,  
 At the sound of the storm of her story  
 That the sanguine shadows and hoary  
 Should flee from the foot of the lion,  
 Lion-like, forth of his den.

As the answering of thunder to thunder  
Is the storm-beaten sound of her part;  
As the calling of sea unto sea  
Is the noise of her years yet to be;  
For this ye knew not is she,  
Whose bonds are broken in sunder;  
This is she at the last.

So spake we aloud, high-minded,  
Full of our will; and behold,  
The speech that was halfway spoken  
Breaks, as a pledge that is broken,  
As a king's pledge, leaving in token  
Grief only for high hopes blinded,  
New grief grafted on old.

We halt by the walls of the city,  
Within sound of the clash of her chain.  
Hearing, we know that in there  
The lioness chafes in her lair,  
Shakes the storm of her hair,  
Struggles in hands without pity.  
Roars to the lion in vain.

Whose hand is stretched forth upon her?  
Whose curb is white with her foam?  
Clothed with the cloud of his deeds,  
Swathed in the shroud of his creeds,  
Who is this that has trapped her and leads,  
Who turns to despair and dishonor  
Her name, her name that was Rome?

Over fields without harvest or culture,  
Over hords without honor or love,  
Over nations that groan with their kings,  
As an imminent pestilence flings  
Swift death from her shadowing wings,  
So he, who hath claws as a vulture,  
Plumage and beak as a dove.

He saith, "I am pilot and haven,  
Light and redemption I am  
Unto souls overlabor'd," he saith;  
And to all men the blast of his breath  
Is a savour of death unto death;  
And the Dove of his worship a raven,  
And a wolf-cub the life-giving Lamb.

He calls his sheep as a shepherd,  
Calls from the wilderness home,  
"Come unto me and be fed,"  
To feed them with ashes for bread  
And a kiss from the graves of the dead,  
Leaps on the fold as a leopard,  
Slays, and says, "I am Rome."

Kiss, having rent her in sunder,  
With the clasp of an adder he clasps;  
Swift to shed blood are his feet,  
And his lips, that have man for their meat,  
Smoother than oil, and more sweet  
Than honey, but hidden thereunder  
Festers the poison of asps.

As swords are his tender mercies,  
His kisses as mortal stings;  
Under his hallowing hands  
Life dies down in all lands  
Kings pray to him, prone where he stands,  
And his blessings, as other men's curses,  
Disanoint where they consecrate kings.

With an oil of unclean consecration,  
With effusion of blood and of tears,  
With uplifting of cross and of keys,  
Priest, though thou hallow us these,  
Yet even as they cling to thy knees  
Nation awakens by nation,  
King by king disappears.

How shall the spirit be loyal  
To the shell of a spiritless thing?  
Erred once, in only a word,  
The sweet great song that we heard  
Poured upon Tuscany, erred,  
Calling a crowned man royal  
That was no more than a king.

Sea-eagle of English feather,  
A song-bird beautiful-souled,  
She knew not them that she sang;  
The golden trumpet that rang  
From Florence, in vain for them, sprang  
As a note in the nightingales' weather  
Far over Fiesole rolled.

She saw not—happy, nor seeing—  
Saw not as we with her eyes  
Aspromonte; she felt  
Never the heart in her melt  
As in us when the news was dealt  
Melted all hope out of being,  
Dropped all down from the skies.

In that weary funeral season,  
In that heart-stricken grief-ridden time,  
The weight of a king and the worth,  
With anger and sorrowful mirth,  
We weighed in the balance of earth,  
And light was his word as a treason,  
And heavy his crown as a crime.



Banners of kings sholly roll w  
None, and drive them on ye  
None; ye shall gather and grow  
Silently, row upon row,  
Chosen of freedom to go  
Gladly where darkness may swallow,  
Gladly where death may divide

Have we not men with us royal,  
Men the masters of things?  
In the days when our life is made new,  
All souls perfect and true  
Shall adore whom their forefathers slew;  
And these indeed shall be loyal,  
And those indeed shall be kings.

Yet for a space they abide with us,  
Yet for a little they stand,  
Bearing the heat of the day,  
When their presence is taken away,  
We shall wonder and worship, and say,  
"Was not a star on our side with us?  
Was not a God at our hand?"

These, O men, shall ye honor,  
Liberty only, and these.  
For thy sake and for all men's and mine,  
Brother, the crowns of them shine  
Lighting the way to her shrine,  
That our eyes may be fastened upon her,  
That our hands may encompass her knees.

In this day is the sign of her show, to you;  
Choose ye, to live or to die,  
Now is her harvest in hand;  
Now is her light in the land;  
Choose ye, to sink or to stand,  
For the might of her strength is made  
known  
Now, and her arm is on hi.

Serve ye many a war, and  
Pleaseth ye, and ye shall;  
Not by her side are they on  
Who saith unto each man, "Son,  
Silver and gold have I none;  
I give but the love of all ages,  
And the life of my people of old."

Fear not for any man's terrors;  
Wait not for any man's word;  
Patiently, each in his place,  
Gird up your loins to the race;  
Following the print of her pace,  
Purged of desires and of errors,  
March to the tune ye have heard.

March to the tune of the voice of her,  
Breathing the calm of her breath,  
Lest the light of her skies,  
Hushed be on whose eyes  
He was but her light as he dies;  
Blessed are ye that make choice of her,  
Laps to life and to death

Ye that with faith is nigh frozen,  
Ye that when hope is nigh gone,  
Sail, over wastes, over waves,  
Sail, among wrecks, among graves,  
Follow the splendor that saves,  
Happy, her children, her chosen,  
Loyally held of her on.

The sheep of the priests, and the cattle  
That feed in the penfolds of kings,  
Sleek is the flock and well-fed;  
Hardly she gives you bread,  
Hardly a rest for the head,  
Till the day of the blast of the battle  
And the storm of the wind of her wings.

Ye that have pay in your living,  
Ye that are careful to live,  
You her thunders go by;  
Lest ye should lie, let them lie,  
Sow ye at sea, on, and be;  
Guts have your masters for giving,  
Guts hath not Freedom to give;

They, without shelter or station,  
She, beyond limit or bar,  
Urges to slumber, to sleep,  
Amid that famish, that bleed,  
Sowing their lives for her,  
That their dust may return  
To their souls by rich.

Happy are they that  
Them, fall to their knees,  
Though they slay them, yet so  
In his

For unsure there is nought nor unjust in her,  
Blennish is none, neither rust in her;  
Though it threaten, the night shall not  
swallow her,

Tempest and storm shall not drown.

Hither, O stranger, at cry for her,  
Holding your lives in your hand,  
Hither, for here is your light,  
Where Italy is, and her might;  
Strength shall be given you to fight,  
Or ye shall be given you to die for her,  
For the flower, for the lady of lands;

whose anguish of pre- sent you	Only her bosom to die on ;
sleep and wake,	Only her heart for a home,
For wrong which is wrought as of you ;	And a name with her children to be
That she may give of her store ;	From Cal'daim to Adrian sea
Have these things to give and no more ;	Famous in cities made free
Only hands on you, blessing you ;	Thrusting to the roar of the lion
Only a pang for her sake ;	Proclaiming republican Rome.

## MENTANA FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

At the time when the stars are grey,  
And the gold of the morn'g on  
Lies, and the twilight is thine,  
And the sun leaps up, and the wind,  
Might rose, not of the day,  
A stronger light than of noon.

As the light of a face much loved  
Was the face : the light that clung  
As a mother whitened with woes  
Her adorable : she arose ;  
As the sound of a hat is moved,  
Her voice went forth upon Rome.

At her lips it fluttered and failed  
Voice, and sobbed : to sink,  
As a flame sinks under ;  
A spake, and the speech was thunder,  
And the cheek as he heard it paled  
Of the wrongdoer grown grey with the  
wrong.

"Is it time, is it time appointed,  
Angel of time, is it near ?  
For the spent night aches into day  
When the lines shall slay not or pray,  
And the living priest, accursed and anathema,  
Sinks to deathward with fear.

As the bones of my slain are stirred,  
And the heart of my earth in her womb  
Moves as the heart of a bud  
Beating with odorous blood  
To the tune of the loud first bird  
Blossoms and yearns into bloom.

"I lay my hand on her bosom,  
My hand on the heart of my earth,  
And I feel as with shiver and sob  
The triumphant heart in her throbs,  
The dead petals dilate into blossom,  
The divine blood beat into birth.

"O my earth, are the springs in thee dry?  
O sweet, is thy body a tomb ?  
Nay, springs out of springs derive,  
And summers from summer  
And the living from them that die ;  
No tomb is here, but a womb.

"O manifold womb and divine,  
Give me fruit of my children, give !  
I have given thee my dew for thy roof,  
Give thou me for my mouth of thy fruit ;  
Thine are the dead that are mine,  
And mine are thy sons that live.

"O goodly children, O strong  
Italian spirits, that wear  
Could time or the world misdo to you,  
My glories as garments about you,  
Behold, in disproof of the wrong,  
The field of the grave-pits there.

"And ye that fell upon sleep,  
We have you too with us yet  
Farther than life or than youth  
To this, to die for the truth :  
No death can sink you so deep  
As their graves whom their brethren for-  
gave.

"Were not your pains as my pains ?  
As my name are your names not divine ?  
Was not the light in your eye  
Mine, the light of my skies,  
And the sweet shed blood of your veins,  
O my beautiful martyrs, mine ?

"Of mine earth were your dear limbs  
made,  
Of mine air was your sweet life's breath ;  
At the breasts of my love ye were fed,  
O my children, my chosen, my dead,  
At my bosom where again ye are laid,  
At the old mother's bosom, in death.

"But ye that live, O their brothers,  
 Be ye to me as they were ;  
 Give me, my children that live,  
 What these dead grudged not to give,  
 Who alive were son's of your mother's,  
 Whose lips drew breath of your air.

"Till darkness by dawn be cloven,  
 Let youth's self mourn and atone ;  
 And love's self find not an hour,

And spring's self wear not a flower,  
 And Lycoris, with hair unenwoven,  
 Hail back to the banquet in vain.

"So sooner and surer the glory  
 That is not with us shall be,  
 And stronger the hands that smite  
 The heads of the sons of night,  
 And the sound throughout earth of our story  
 Give all men heart to be free."

### BLESSED AMONG WOMEN.

TO THE SIGNORA CAROLI.

#### 1.

BLESSED was she that bore,  
 Hidden in flesh most fair,  
 For all men's sake the likeness of all love ;  
 Holy that virgin's womb,  
 The old record saith, on whom  
 The glory of God alighted as a dove ;  
 Blessed, who brought to gracious  
 Earth  
 The sweet-souled Saviour of a man-tor-  
 mented earth.

#### 2.

But four times art thou blest,  
 At whose most holy breast  
 Four times a godlike soldier-saviour hung ;  
 And thence a fourfold Christ  
 Given to be sacrificed  
 To the same cross as the same bosom clung ;  
 Poured the same blood, to leave the  
 same  
 Light on the many-folded mountain-skirts  
 of fame.

#### 3.

Shall they and thou not live,  
 The children thou didst give  
 Forth of thine hands, a godlike gift, to  
 death.  
 Through fire of death to pass  
 For her high sake that was  
 Thine and their mother, that gave all you  
 breath ?  
 Shall ye not live till time drop dead,  
 O mother, and each her children's conse-  
 crated head ?

#### 4.

Many brought gifts to take  
 For her love's supreme sake,  
 Life and life's love, pleasure and praise  
 and rest,  
 And went forth bare ; but thou,  
 So much once richer, and now  
 Poorer than all these, more than these be  
 blest ;  
 Poorer so much, by so much given,  
 Than who gives earth for heaven's sake,  
 not for earth's sake heaven.

#### 5.

Somewhat could each soul save,  
 What thing soever it gave,  
 But thine, mother, what has thy soul kept  
 back ?  
 None of thine all, not one,  
 To serve thee and be thy son,  
 Feed with love all thy days, lest one day  
 lack ;  
 All thy whole life's love, thine  
 heart's whole,  
 Thou hast given as who gives gladly, O  
 thou the supreme soul.

#### 6.

The heart's pure flesh and blood,  
 The heaven thy motherhood,  
 The live lips, the live eyes, that lived on  
 thee ;  
 The hands that clove with sweet  
 Blind clutch to thine, the feet  
 That felt on earth their first way to thy  
 knee ;

The little laughter of mouths milk-fed,  
Now open again to feed on dust among the dead ;

## 7.

The fair, strong, yongg men's strength,  
Light of life-days and length,  
And glory of earth seen under and stars above,  
And years that bring to tame  
Now the wild falcon fame,  
Now, to stroke smooth, the dove-white breast of love ;  
The life unliv'd, the unsown seeds,  
Suns unbeholden, sons unsung, and undone deeds.

## 8.

Therefore shall man's love be  
As an own son to thee,  
And the world's worship of thee for a child ;  
All thine own land as one  
New-born, a nursing son,  
All thine own people a new birth undefiled ;  
And all the unborn Italian time,  
And all its glory, and all its works, thy seed sublime.

## 9.

That henceforth no man's breath,  
Saying "Italy," but saith  
In that Most sovereign word thin equal name ;  
Nor can one speak of thee  
But he saith "Italy,"  
Seeing in two sons one co-eternal flame ;  
One heat, one heaven, one heart,  
One fire,  
One light, one love, one benediction, one desire.

## 10.

Blest above praise and prayer  
And incense of men's air,  
Thy place is higher than where such voices rise  
As in men's temples make  
Music for some vain sake,  
This God's or that God's, in one weary wise ;  
Thee the soul silent, the shut heart,

The locked lips of the spirit praise thee  
that thou art.

## 11.

Yea, for man's whole life's length,  
And with man's whole soul's strength,  
We praise thee, O holy, and bless thee, O mother of lights ;  
And send forth as on wings  
The world's heart's thanksgiving  
Song-birds to sing thy days through and thy nights ;  
And wrap thee around and arch thee above  
With the air of benediction and the heaven of love.

## 12.

And toward thee our unbreathed words  
Fly speechless, winged as birds,  
As the Indian flock, children of Paradise,  
The winged things without feet,  
Fed with God's dew for meat,  
That live in the air and light of the utter skies ;  
So fleet, so flying a footless flight,  
With wings for fleet love seeks thee, to partake thy sight.

## 13.

Love like a clear sky spread  
Bends over thy loved head,  
As a new heaven bends over a new-born earth,  
When the old night's womb is great  
With young stars passionate  
And fair new planets fiery-fresh from birth ;  
And moon-white here, there hot like Mars,  
Souls that are worlds shine on thee, spirits that are stars.

## 14.

Till the whole sky burns through  
With heaven's own heart-deep hue,  
With passion-colored glories of lit souls ;  
And thine above all names  
Writ highest with lettering flames  
Lightens, and all the old starriest auroles  
And all the old holiest memories wane.

And the old names of loves chosen, found  
in thy sight vain.

## 15.

And crowned heads are disrowned,  
And thrones sink with us and,  
And loves sink for thy love's sake wave-  
pale ;  
Seeing from his storied skies  
In what new reverent wise  
Thou Rome's most loved, her sovereign  
daughter, I :  
Thou Portia, the Venetian grey,  
Thou Anna, the Cornelia, Roman more  
than they.

## 16.

Even all these as all we  
Sul' live themselves to thee,  
Bow their heads hallowed, quench their fiery  
flame ;  
Seen through him years di-  
Tien and Egle's feminine  
Sink, then spring up reclaimed from thy  
flame ;  
Faded, then reflower and rellume  
From thy rich spring of new young age  
with new-blown bloom.

## 17.

To thy much holier head  
Even theirs, the holy and dead,  
Bow themselves each one from her heaven-  
ward height ;  
Each in her shining turn,  
All tremble toward thee and yearn  
To melt in thine their consummated light ;  
Till from day's Capitolian dome  
One glory of many glories lighten upon  
Rome.

## 18.

Hush thy lyre, song, and cease,  
Chord, and tune to thy peared ;  
What help hast thou, what part have ye  
herem ?

But you, with sweet shut eyes,  
Heart-hidden memories,  
Dreams and dumb thoughts that keep  
what things have been  
Silent, and pure of all words said,  
Praise without song the living, without dirge  
the dead.

## 19.

Thou, strengthless in these things,  
Song, fold thy feebler wings,  
And as a pilgrim go forth girt and shod  
And where the new graves are,  
And where the sunset star,  
To the pure spirit of man that men call God,  
To the high soul of things, that is  
Made of men's heavenlier hopes and might-  
ier memories ;

## 20.

To the elements that make  
For the soul's living sake  
This raiment of dead things, of shadow and  
transience,  
That give us chance and time  
Wherein to aspire and climb  
And set our life's work higher than time or  
chance,  
The old sacred elements, that give  
The breath of life to days that die, to deeds  
that live ;

## 21.

To them, veiled gods and great,  
There bow thee and dedicate  
The speechless spirit in these thy weak words  
laden ;  
And mix thy reverent breath  
With holier air of faith,  
At the high feast of sorrow a most unlikeli-  
hood,  
Till with divine triumph thou  
Thou fill men's eyes who listen with a  
heart that hears.

## THE LITANY OF NATIONS.

μᾶ Γᾶ μᾶ Γᾶ, βοᾶν  
φοβεροῦ ἀπώτρεπε.

ÆSCH. *Supp.* 890.

## CHORUS.

<p>IF with voice of words or prayers thy sons may reach thee, We thy latter sons the men thine after- birth, We the children of thy grey-grown age, O Earth, O our mother everlasting, we beseech thee, By the sealed and secret ages of thy life ; By the darkness wherein grew thy sacred forces ; By the songs of stars thy sisters in their courses ; By thine own song hoarse and hollow and shrill with strife ; By thy voice distuned and marred of modu- lation ; By thy discord of thy measures march with theirs ; By the beauties of thy bosom, and the cares ; By thy glory of growth, and the splendor of thy station ; By the shame of men thy children, and the pale ; By the pale-checked hope that sleep weeps and passes, As the grey dew from the morn- ing mountains ; By the white-lipped sightless memory that abide ; By the silence and the sound of many sorrows ; By the joys that leapt up living and fell dead ; By the veil that hides thy hands and breasts and head, Wrought of divers colored days and nights and morrows ; Isis, thou that knowest of God what words are worth, Thou the ghost of God, the mother of created,</p>	<p>Soul for whom the floating forceless ages waited As our forceless fancies wait on thee, O Earth ; Thou the body and soul, the father-God and mother, If at all it move thee, knowing of all things done Here where evil things and good things are not one ; But their faces are as fire against each other ; By thy morning and thine evening, night and day ; By the first white light that stirs and staves and hovers As a bird above the brood her bosom covers, By the sweet last star that takes the west- ward way ; By the night when feet are shod with snow or the snow ; Fledged with plumes of storm, or sound- less as the dew ; By the vesture bound of many-folded lacs Round her breathless breasts, and all the woven wonder ; By the golden-growing eastern stream of light By the sound of sunrise moving in the east By the forces of the floods and unsealed mountains ; Thou that biddest man be born, bid man be live.</p>
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## GREEK.

I am she that made thee lovely with my  
From north to south ;  
Mine, the fairest lips, took first the fire of  
From thine own mouth.

Mine, the fairest eyes, sought first thy laws  
and knew them  
Truths undefiled ;  
Mine, the fairest hands, took freedom first  
into them,  
A weanling child.  
By my light, now he lies sleeping, seen  
above him  
Where none sees other ;  
By my dead that loved and living men that  
love him ;  
(*Cho.*) Hear us, O mother.

## ITALY.

I am she that was the light of thee en-  
kindled  
When Greece grew dim ;  
She whose life grew up with man's free life,  
and dwindled  
With wane of him  
She that once by sword and once by word  
imperial  
Struck bright thy gloom ;  
And a third time, casting off these years  
funeral,  
Shall burst thy tomb.  
By that bowl 'twixt thee and me where it  
alighted  
Thy tyrants fear us ;  
By that hope and this remembrance re-  
united :  
(*Cho.*) O mother, hear us.

## SPAIN.

I am she that set my seal upon the name-  
less  
West worlds of seas ;  
And my sons as brides took unto them the  
tameless  
Hesperides,  
Till my sins and sons through sinless lands  
dispersed,  
With red flame shod,  
Made accurst the name of man, and thrice  
accursed  
The name of God.  
Lest for those past fires the fires of my re-  
pentance  
Hell's fume yet smother,  
Now my blood would buy remission of my  
sentence ;  
(*Cho.*) Hear us, O mother.

## FRANCE.

I am she that was thy sign and standard-  
bearer,  
Thy voice and cry ;  
She that washed thee with her blood and  
left thee fairer,  
The same was I.  
Were not these the hands that raised thee  
fallen and fed thee,  
These hands defiled ?  
Was not I thy tongue that spake, thine eye  
that led thee,  
Not I thy child ?  
By the darkness, on our dreams, and the  
dead errors  
Order thou'st seen us ;  
By the hopes that long around thee, and  
the tears :  
(*Cho.*) O mother, hear us.

## RUSSIA.

I am she whose hands are strong and her  
eyes blinded  
And lips dumb  
Till upon the night of nations many-minded  
One bright day Iurst ;  
Till the myriad stars be molten into one  
light,  
And that light thine ;  
Till the seal of man be parcel of the sun-  
light,  
And thine of mine.  
By the snows that blanch not him nor  
cleanse from slaughter  
Who slays his brother ;  
By the stains and by the chains on me thy  
daughter ;  
(*Cho.*) Hear us, O mother

## SWITZERLAND.

I am she that shews on mighty limbs and  
marble  
Nor chain nor stone ;  
For what blood can touch these hands with  
gold unladen,  
Thee or set what chain ?  
By the surf of spirits one shieldless bosom  
breasted  
And was my shield,  
Till the plume plucked Austrian vulture-  
heads twin crested  
Twice drenched the held ;

By the snows and souls untrampled and  
untroubled

That shine to cheer us,

Light of those to these responsive and re-  
doubled ;

(*Cho.*) O mother, hear us.

GERMANY.

I am she beside whose forest-hidden foun-  
tains

Slept freedom armed,

By the magic born to music in my  
mountains

Heart-chained and charmed.

By those days the very dream whereof  
delivers

My soul from wrong ;

By the sounds that make of all my ringing  
rivers

None knows what song ;

By the many tribes and names of my division

One from another ;

By the single eye of sun-compelling vision ;

(*Cho.*) Hear us, O mother.

ENGLAND.

I am she that was and was not of thy  
chosen,

Free, and not free ;

She that fed thy springs, till now her springs  
are frozen ;

Yet I am she.

By the sea that clothed and sun that saw  
me splendid

And fame that crowned.

By the song-fires and the sword-fires mixed  
and blended

That robed me round ;

By the star that Milton's soul for Shelley's  
lighted,

Whose rays inspire us ;

By the beacon-bright Republic far-off  
sighted ;

(*Cho.*) O mother, hear us.

CHORUS.

Turn away from us the cross-blown blasts  
of error,

That drown each other ;

Turn away the fearful cry, the loud tongued  
terror,

O Earth, O mother.

Turn away their eyes who track, their hearts  
who follow,

The pathless past ;

Shew the soul of man, as summer shows the  
swallow.

The way at last.

By the sloth of men that all too long endure  
men

On man to tread ;

By the cry of men, the bitter cry of poor  
men

That faint for bread ;

By the blood-sweat of the people in the  
garden

Inwalled of kings ;

By his passion interceding for their pardon  
Who do these things ;

By the sightless souls and fleshless limbs  
that labor

For not their fruit ;

By the foodless mouth with foodless heart  
for neighbor,

That, mad, is mute ;

By the child that famine eats as worms the  
blossom

Ah God, the child !

By the milkless lips that strain the blood-  
less bosom

Till woe runs wild ;

By the pastures that give grass to feed the  
lamb in,

Where men lack meat ;

By the cities clad with gold and shame and  
famine ;

By field and street ;

By the people, by the poor man, by the  
master

That men call slave ;

By the cross-winds of defeat and of disaster,  
By wreck by wave ;

By the helm that keeps us still to sunward's  
driving.

Still eastward bound,

Till, as night-watch ends, day burn on eyes  
reviving,

And land be found ;

We thy children, that arraign not nor im-  
peach thee

Though no star steer us.

By the waves that wash the morning we  
beseech thee,

O mother, hear us,



## HERTHA.

**I AM** that which began ;  
Out of me the years roll ;  
Out of me God and man ;  
I am equal and Whole ;  
God the just, and man, and the form of  
them to thy ; I am the soul.

Before ever land was ,  
Before ever the sea ,  
Or soft land of the air ,  
Or firm land of the earth ,  
Or the flesh of our man, or my body ,  
I was, and thy soul was in me.

First life on my wings ,  
First dust, first water ,  
Out of me, in the forces  
That save it or destroy it ,  
Out of me man and woman, and all that  
and I am ; I am God, and I am.

Beside or above me  
Nought is there to go ;  
Love or unloves me ,  
Unknow me or know ,  
**I am** that which unloves me and loves ; **I**  
am stricken and I am the blow.

I the mark that is missed ,  
And the arrows that miss ,  
I the mouth that is kissed ,  
And the breath in the kiss ,  
The search, or I the sought, and the seeker ,  
The soul and the body that is.

I am the blessing which blesses  
My own fate ;  
That which can be  
With fate is uncreate  
**My limbs** unbegotten that measure the  
length of the measure of fate.

But what thing dost thou now,  
Looking Godward, to thy  
" I am I, thou art thou ,  
I am he, thou art he ,  
**I am** thou, who art thou, and thou art I ,  
and thou art thou, and thou art I .

**I** the grain and the furrow,  
The plough-cloven clod  
And the ploughshare drawn  
thorough,  
The germ and the sod,  
The deed and the doer, the seed and the  
sower, the dust which is God.

Hast thou known how **I** fashioned  
thee ,  
Child, underground ?  
I am that imprisoned thee,  
Iron that bound,  
Dim changes of water, what thing of all  
these hast thou known of or found ?

Crust thou in thine heart  
Thou hast seen with thine eyes  
With what manner of art  
Thou wast wrought in what wise,  
By what force of what art thou wast shap-  
ened, and shown on my breast to the skies ?

Who hath given, who hath sold it  
thee ,  
Knowledge of me ?  
Hast the wilderness told it thee ?  
Hast thou learnt of the sea ?  
Hast thou communed in spirit with night ?  
Have the woe-taken counsel with thee ?

Have I set each a star  
To show light on thy brow  
That thou sawest from afar  
What I show to thee now ?  
Have ye spoken as brethren together, the  
sun and the mountains and thou ?

What is here, dost thou know it ?  
What was, hast thou known ?  
I of poet nor poet  
Nor tripod nor throne  
Nor spirit nor flesh can make answer, but  
only thy mother alone.

Maker, not maker,  
Form, and not made ;  
Thou and her children forsake her,  
Alone or alone,  
Prayer, nor prayer, the God of their fashion,  
no star, no soul, all that have prayed.

A creed is a rod,  
And a crown is of night ;  
But this thing is God,  
To be man with thy might,  
To grow straight in the strength of thy  
spirit, and live out thy life as the light.

I am in thee to save thee,  
As my soul in thee saith,  
Give thou as I gave thee,  
Thy life-blood and breath,  
Green leaves of thy labor, white flowers of  
thy thought, and red fruit of thy death.

Be the ways of thy giving  
As mine were to thee ;  
The free life of thy living,  
Be the gift of it free ;  
Not as servant to lord, nor as master to  
slave, shalt thou give thee to me.

O children of banishment,  
Souls overcast,  
Were the lights ye see vanish meant  
Always to last,  
Ye would know not the sun overshadowing the  
shadows and stars overpast.

I that saw where ye trod  
The dim paths of the night  
Set the shadow called God  
In your skies to give light ;  
But the morning of manhood is risen, and  
the shadowless soul is in sight.

The tree many-rooted  
That swells to the sky  
With frondage red-fruited,  
The life-tree am I ;  
In the buds of your lives is the sap of my  
leaves : ye shall live and not die.

But the Gods of your fashion  
That take and that give,  
In their pity and passion  
That scourge and forgive,  
They are worms that are bred in the bark  
that falls off : they shall die and not  
live.

My own blood is what stanches  
The wounds in my bark ;  
Stars caught in my branches  
Make day of the dark,  
And are worshipped as suns till the sunrise  
shall tread out their fires as a spark.

Where dead ages hide under  
The live roots of the tree,  
In my darkness the thunder  
Make utterance of me ;  
In the clash of my boughs with each other  
ye hear the waves sound of the sea.

That noise is of Time,  
As his feathers are spread  
And his feet set to climb  
Through the boughs overhead,  
And my foliage rings round him and rustles,  
and branches are bent with his tread.

The storm-winds of ages  
Blow through me and cease,  
The war-wind that rages,  
The spring-wind of peace,  
Ere the breath of them roughen my tresses,  
ere one of my blossoms increase.

All sounds of all changes,  
All shadows and lights  
On the world's mountain-ranges  
And stream-riven heights,  
Whose tongue is the wind's tongue and lan-  
guage of storm-clouds on earth-shaking  
nights ;

All forms of all faces,  
All works of all hands  
In unsearchable places  
Of time-stricken lands,  
All death and all life, and all reigns and all  
ruins, drop through me as sands.

Though sore be my burden  
And more than ye know,  
And my growth have no guerdon  
But only to grow,  
Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings  
above me or deathworms below.

These too have their part in me,  
As I too in these ;  
Such fire is at heart in me,  
Each sap is this tree's,  
Which hath in it all sounds and all secrets  
of infinite lands and of seas.

In the spring-colored hours  
When my mind was as May's,  
There brake forth of me flowers  
By centuries of days,  
Strong blossoms with perfume of manhood,  
shot out from my spirit as rays.

And the sound of them springing  
And soft of their cheeks  
Were as warmth and sweet ringing  
And strength to my race ;  
And the lives of my children made perfect  
with freedom of soul were my fruits.

I bid you but be ;  
I have need not of prayer ;  
I have need of you free  
As your mouths of mine air ;  
That my heart may be greater within me,  
beholding the fruits of me fair.

More fair than strange fruit is  
Of faiths ye espouse ;  
In me only the root is  
That blooms in your boughs ;  
Behold now your God that ye made you,  
to feed him with faith of your vows.

In the darkening and whitening  
Abysses adored,  
With dayspring and lightning,  
For lamp and for sword,  
God thunders in heaven, and his angels  
are red with the wrath of the Lord.

O my sons, O too dutiful  
Toward Gods not of me,  
Was not I enough beget of L?  
Was I hard to be free?  
For behold, I am with you, man, yet  
of you ; look forth no need see.

Lo, winged with world's wonders,  
With noacles shod,  
With the fires of his thunders  
For raiment and rod,  
God trembles in heaven, and his angels are  
white with the terror of God.

For his twilight is come on him,  
His anguish is here ;  
And his spirits gaze dumb on him,  
Grown every inch his fear ;  
And his heart is broken, and he is stricken,  
the first of his infinite year.

Thought hath him and breaks him,  
Truth hath him and forges ;  
But to you, time takes him,  
This new thing it gives,  
Even love, the beloved Republic, that feeds  
upon freedom and lives.

For truth only is living,  
Faith only is whole,  
And the love of his giving  
Man's polestar and pole ;  
Man, pole of my centre, and fruit of my  
body, and seed of my soul.

One birth of my bosom ;  
One beam of mine eye ;  
One topmost blossom  
That scales the sky ;  
Man, equal and one with me, man that is  
made of me, man that is I.

## BEFORE A CRUCIFIX.

HERE, down between the dusty trees,  
At this link edge of hazyard wood,  
Women with labor-loosened knees,  
With gaunt backs bowed by servitude,  
Stop, shift their loads, and pray, and fire  
Forth with soul's easier for the prayer.

The suns have blanched the rains,  
Striped grey this precious God of theirs ;  
The face is full of prayers and pains,  
To which they bring their pains and  
prayers ;  
Lean limbs that shew the laboring bones,  
And ghastly mouth that gapes and greans.

God of this grievous people, wrought  
After the likeness of their race,  
By thee like thine own besought,  
Thine own blind helpless eyeless face,  
I too, that have nor tongue nor knee  
For prayer, I have a word to thee.

It was for thee, then, that thy speech  
Was blown about the world in flame  
And men's souls shot up out of reach—  
Of fear or lust or thwarting shame—  
That thy faith over souls should pass  
As sea-winds burning the grey glass ?

It was for this, that prayers like these  
Should spend themselves about thy feet,  
And with hard overlabored knees  
Kneeling, these slaves of men should  
beat

Bosoms too lean too suckle sons  
And fruitless as their orisons?

It was for this, that men should make  
Thy name a fetter on men's necks,  
Poor men's made poorer for thy sake,  
And women's withered out of sex?  
It was for this, that slaves should be,  
Thy word was passed to set men free?

The nineteenth wave of the ages rolls  
Now deathward since thy death and  
birth,  
Hast thou fed full men's starved-out souls?  
Hast thou brought freedom upon earth?  
Or are there less oppressions done  
In this wild world under the sun?

Nay, if indeed thou be not dead,  
Before thy terrene shrine be shaken,  
Look down, turn upward, bow thine head;  
O thou that wast of God forsaken,  
Look on thine household here, and see  
These that have not forsaken thee.

Thy faith is fire upon their lips,  
Thy kingdom golden in their hands;  
They scourge us with thy words for whips,  
They brand us with thy words for  
brands;

The thirst that made thy dry throat shrink  
To their moist mouths commends the drink.

The toothed thorns that bit thy brows  
Lighten the weight of gold on theirs;  
Thy nakedness enrobes thy spouse  
With the soft sanguine stuff she wears  
Whose old limbs use for ointment yet  
Thine agony and bloody sweat.

The blinding buffets on thine head  
On their crowned heads confirm the  
crown;

Thy scourging dyes their raiment red,  
And with thy bands they fasten down  
For burial in the blood-bought field  
The nations by thy stripes unhealed.

With iron for thy linen bands  
And unclean cloths for winding-sheet

They bind the people's nail-pierced hands,  
They hide the people's nail-pierced feet.  
And what man or what angel known  
Shall roll back the sepulchral stone?

But these have not the rich man's grave  
To sleep in when their pain is done,  
These were not fit for God to save.  
As naked hell-fire is the sun  
In their eyes living, and when dead  
These have not where to lay their head.

They have no tomb to dig, and hide;  
Earth is not theirs, that they should  
sleep.

On all these tombless crucified  
No lovers' eyes have time to weep,  
So still, for all man's tears and creeds,  
The sacred body hangs and bleeds.

Through the left hand a nail is driven,  
Fath, and another through the right,  
Forced in the fires of hell and heaven,  
I fear that puts out the eye of light;  
And the feet soiled and scarred and pale  
Are pierced with falsehood for a nail.

A poppy - against the mouth divine  
Tush the sponge full of poison yet  
And bitter blood for myrrh and wine,  
And on the same reed is it set  
Wherewith before they buffeted  
The people's disoriented head.

O sacred head, O desecrate,  
O labor-wounded feet and hands,  
O blood poured forth in pledge to fate  
Of nameless lives in divers lands,  
O slain and spent and sacrificed  
People, the grey-grown speechless Christ!

Is there a gospel in the red  
Old witness of thy wide-mouthed wounds?  
From thy blind stricken tongueless head  
What desolate evangel sounds  
A hopeless note of hope deferred?  
What word, if there be any word?

O sor. of man, beneath man's feet  
Cast down, O common face of man  
Whereon all blows and buffets meet,  
O royal, O republican  
Face of the people bruised and dumb  
And longing till thy kingdom come!

The soldiers and the high priests part  
Thy vesture : all thy days are pierced,  
And all the nights that eat thine heart,  
And that one seamless coat of Christ,  
The freedom of the natural state,  
They cast their lot upon thee, which

Shall come out of thee, to the name  
Thou shalt have, the crown of thorns  
Which was thy key to the shrine  
And for the crown of thorns  
And for the crown of thorns  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns

And we shall yet in thee find  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns  
Bid thee rise, the crown of thorns  
And we shall yet in thee find  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns

And moan being now in the wilderness  
Between the sea and the sea  
The phantom of the cross  
Shall we not find thee, the crown of thorns  
And moan being now in the wilderness  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns

It creaks and groans to let me in, hit,  
God's crown of thorns, the crown of thorns  
Worm-eaten, the worms of night,  
Dead as their spirits who put trust,  
Round its base man, hit, they sit,  
In the time-cankered name of it.

Thou, in the day that breaks thy prison,  
People, though these men take thy name,  
Art thou not lying, the crown of thorns  
Who make songs, the crown of thorns  
Give thou not ear; for the crown of thorns  
Whose good day was the crown of thorns

Set not thine hand to the cross  
Give not thy soul up, the crown of thorns  
Change not the crown of thorns  
Of Christ, the crown of thorns  
Let not thy tree of freedom be  
Regrafted from that rotting tree.

This dead God here against my face  
Hath help for no man; who hath seen  
The good works of it, or such grace  
As thy grace in it, Nazareth,  
As that from thy live lips which ran  
For man's sake, O thou son of man?

For the crown of thorns, the crown of thorns  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns

Of the crown of man, wherever  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns

So when our souls look back to thee  
Thy crown of thorns, the crown of thorns  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns  
The crown of thorns, the crown of thorns

When we would see thee man, and know  
What heart thou hadst toward men indeed,  
Lo, thy blood-blackened altars; lo,  
The lips of priests that pray and feed  
While their own hell's worm curls and licks  
The poison of the crucifix.

Thou bad'st let children come to thee;  
What children now but curses come?  
What man in that God can be  
Who sees their worship, and is dumb?  
No soul that lived, loved, wrought, and  
Died,  
Is this their carrion crucified.

Now, if thou God and thou be one,  
If thou and this thing be the same,  
Thou shouldst not look upon the sun;  
The sun grows haggard at thy name.  
Come down, be done with, give over;  
Hide thyself, strive not, be no more

## TENEBRÆ.

At the chill high tide of the night,  
At the turn of the fluctuant hour,  
When the waters of time are at height,  
In a vision arose on my sight,  
The kingdoms of earth and the powers.

In a dream without lightening of eyes,  
I saw them, children of earth,  
Nations and races arise,  
Each one after his wise,  
Signed with the sign of his birth.

Sound was none of their feet,  
Light was none of their faces;  
In their lips breath was not, or heat,  
But a subtle murmur and sweet  
As of water in wan waste places.

Fade as from passionate years,  
Years unassuaged of desire,  
Singing they soft in mine ears,  
Crowned with jewels of tears,  
Girt with girdles of fire.

A slow song beaten and broken,  
As is were from the dust and the dead,  
As of spirits athirst unsloken,  
As of things unspeakable spoken,  
As of tears unendurable shed.

In the manifold sound remote,  
In the molten murmur of song,  
There was but a sharp sole note  
Alive on the night and afloat,  
The cry of the world's heart's wrong.

As the sea in the strait sea-caves,  
The sound came straitened and strange;  
A noise of the rending of graves,  
A tidal thunder of waves,  
The music of death and of change.

"We have waited so long," they say  
"For a sound of the God, for a breath,  
For a ripple of the refluxence of day,  
For the fresh bright wind of the fray,  
For the light of the sunrise of death.

"We have prayed not, we, to be strong,  
To fulfil the desire of our eyes;  
Howbeit they have watched for it long,  
Watched, and the night did them wrong  
Yet they say not of day shall it rise?"

"They are fearful and feeble with years,  
Yet they doubt not of day if it be;  
Yea, blessed and beaten with tears,  
Yea, sick with foresight of fears,  
Yet chafely and hardly, they see.

"We pray not, we, for the palm,  
For the fruit migrated of the fight,  
For the blossom of peace and the balm,  
And the tender triumph and calm  
Of crownless and weaponless right.

"We pray not, we, to behold  
The latter august new birth,  
The young days purple and gold,  
An Iwame, and risen as of old,  
The sun-god of freedom on earth.

"Peace, and work, honour, and fame,  
We have sought after none of these  
things:  
The light of a life like flame  
Passing the storm of a name  
Shifting the strongholds of kings:

"Nor, fashioned of fire and of air,  
The splendor that burns on his head  
Who was chiefest in ages that were,  
Whose breath blew palaces bare,  
Whose eye shone tyrannies dead;

"All these things in your day  
Ye shall see, O our sons, and shall hold  
Surely; but we, in the grey  
Twilight, for one thing we pray,  
In that day though our memories be cold.

"To feel on our brows as we wait  
An air of the morning, a breath  
From the springs of the east, from the gate  
Whence freedom issues, and fate,  
Sorrow and triumph, and death:

"From a land whereon time hath not trod  
Where the spirit is bodiless and bare,  
And the world's rein breaks, and the rod,  
And the sort of a man which is God,  
He adores without altar or prayer:

"For alone of herself and her right  
She takes, and alone gives grace:  
And the colors of things lose light,  
And the forms, in the limitless white  
Splendor of space without space:



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"And the blossom of man from his tomb  
Yeirra, O man, the flower that survives ;  
And the blossom of man's life consumes  
In the colorless passionate bloom  
Of the live light made of our lives :

"Among each life given is a leaf  
Of the manifold multi-form flower,  
And the least among these, and the chief,  
As an ear in the red ripe sheaf  
Stored for the harvesting hour.

"O spirit of man, most holy,  
Thine is the life of things and the root ;  
In our summers and winters, lowly  
Seest thou putting forth of them now  
Thy seed, the blossom and fruit ;

"In thy sacred and perfect year  
The souls that were parted of thee  
In the labor and life of us here  
Shall be rays of thy sovereign sphere,  
Spring of thy motion shall be.

"There is the fire that was man,  
The light that was love, and the breath  
That was hope ere deliverance began,

And the wind that was life for a span,  
And the birth of new things which is  
death.

"There, whosoever had light,  
And, having, for men's sake gave ;  
All that warred against night,  
All that were found in the light  
Swift to be slain and to save ;

"Undis-branched of the storms that disroot  
us  
Of the fires that enthrall unenticed :  
The names that exalt and transmute us :  
The blood-bright splendour of Brutus,  
The snow-bright splendor of Christ.

"There all chains are undone ;  
Day there seems but as night ;  
Spirit and sense are as one  
In the light not of star or of sun :  
Liberty there is the light.

"She, sole mother and maker,  
Stronger than sorrow, than strife ;  
Deathless, though death overtake her ;  
Faithful, though faith should forsake her ;  
Spirit, and saviour, and life."

## HYMN OF MAN

(DURING THE SESSION IN ROME OF THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.)

IN the grey beginning of years, in the twilight of things that began,  
The word of the earth in the ears of the world, was it God? was it man?  
The word of the earth to the spheres her sister, the note of her song,  
The sound of her speech in the ears of the starry and softly thro'ing,  
Was it praise or passion or prayer, was it love or day or death or hell,  
When the veils of the darkness first wrapt her poignant heart,  
When her eyes new-born of the night saw yet no star out of reach,  
When her marked mouth was alight with the flame of man's speech,  
When her virgin feet were set on the terrible heavenly way,  
And her virginal lids were wet with the dew of the birth of the day,  
Eyes that had looked not on time, and ears that had heard not of death ;

Lips that had learnt not the rhyme of change and passionate breath,  
The rhythmic anguish of growth, and the motion of mortal things,  
Of love that longs and is loth, and plume-plucked hope without wings,  
Passions and pains without number, and life that runs and is lame,  
From slumber again to slumber, the same race set for the same,  
Where the runners outwear each other, but remain with limless heads,  
No man takes light from his brother till blind at the goal he stands ;  
Ah, did they know, did they dream of it, counting the cost and the worth?  
The ways of her days, did they seem then good to the new-souled earth?  
Did her heart rejoice, and the might of her spirit in her then,  
Child yet no child of the night, and motherless mother of men?

Was it Love brake forth flower-fashion, a  
 bird with gold on his wings,  
 Lovely, her firstborn passion, and impulse  
 of firstborn things?  
 Was Love that nestling indeed that under  
 the plume of the night  
 Was hatched and hidden as seed in the  
 furrow, and brought forth bright?  
 Was it Love lay shut in the shell world-  
 shaped, having over him there  
 Black world-wide wings that impel the  
 night of the night through air?  
 And bursting his shell as a bird, night  
 shook through her sail-stretched van,  
 And her heart as a water was stirred, and  
 its heat was the firstborn man's  
 For the waste of the dead void air took  
 form of a world at birth,  
 And the waters and firmaments were, and  
 light, and the life-giving earth.  
 The beautiful bird unbegotten that night  
 brought forth without pain  
 In the fathomless years forgotten where-  
 over the dead gods reign,  
 Was it love, life, godhead, or fate? we say  
 the spirit is one  
 That moved on the dark to create out of  
 darkness the stars and the sun.  
 Before the growth was the grower, and  
 the seed ere the plant was sown;  
 But what was seed of the sower? and the  
 grain of him, whence was it grown?  
 Foot after foot ye go back and travail and  
 make yourselves mad;  
 Blind feet that feel for the track where  
 highway is none to be had.  
 Therefore the God that ye make you is  
 grievous, and gives not aid,  
 Because it is but for your sake that the  
 God of your making is made.  
 Thou and I and he are not gods made  
 men for a span,  
 But God, if a God there be, is the sub-  
 stance of men which is man.  
 Our lives are as pulses or pores of his man-  
 ifold body and breath;  
 As waves of his sea on the shores where  
 birth is the beacon of death.  
 We men, the multiform features of man,  
 whatsoever we be,  
 Recreate him of whom we are creatures,  
 and all we only are he.  
 For each man of all men is God, but God  
 is the fruit of the whole;  
 Indivisible spirit and blood, indiscernible  
 body from soul.  
 Not men's but man's is the glory of god-  
 head, the kingdom of time.  
 The mountainous ages made hoary with  
 snows for the spirit to climb.  
 A God with the world inwound whose  
 clay to his footsole clings;  
 A manifold God fast-bound as with iron  
 of adverse things.  
 A soul that labours and lives, an emotion,  
 a strenuous breath,  
 From the flame that its own mouth gives  
 reillumed and refreshed with death.  
 In the sea whereof centuries are waves the  
 live God plunges and swims;  
 His bed is in all men's graves, but the  
 worm hath not hold on his limbs.  
 Night puts out not his eyes, nor time  
 sheds change on his head;  
 With such fire as the stars of the skies are  
 the roots of his heart are fed.  
 Men are the thoughts passing through it,  
 the veins that fulfil it with blood,  
 With spirit of sense to renew it as springs  
 fulfilling a flood.  
 Men are the heartbeats of man, the plumes  
 that feather his wings,  
 Storm-worm, since being began, with the  
 wind and thunder of things.  
 Things are cruel and blind; their strength  
 detains and deforms:  
 And the wearying wings of the mind still  
 beat up the stream of their storms.  
 Still, as one swimming up stream, they  
 strike out blind in the blast,  
 In thunders of vision and dream, and  
 lightning of future and past.  
 We are baffled and caught in the current  
 and bruised upon edges of shoals;  
 As weeds or as reeds in the torrent of  
 things are the wind-shaken souls.  
 Spirit by spirit goes under, a foam-bell's  
 bubble of breath,  
 That blows and opens in sunder and blurs  
 not the mirror of death.  
 For a worm or a thorn in his path is a  
 man's soul quenched as a flame;  
 For his lust of an hour or his wrath shall  
 the worm and the man be the same.  
 O God sore stricken of things! they have  
 wrought him a raiment of pain;  
 Can a God shut eyelids and wings at a  
 touch on the nerves of the brain?  
 O shamed and sorrowful God, whose force  
 goes out at a blow!

What world shall shake at his nod? at his  
 coming what wilderness glow?  
 What help in the work of his hands? what  
 light in the track of his feet?  
 His days are snowflakes or sands, with cold  
 to consume him and heat.  
 He is servant with Change for lord, and for  
 wages he hath to his hire  
 Folly and force, and a sword that devours,  
 and a ravening fire,  
 From the bed of his birth to his grave he is  
 driven as a wind at their will;  
 Lest Change low down as his slave, and  
 the storm and the sword be still;  
 Lest earth spread open her wings to the  
 sunward, and sing with the spheres;  
 Lest man be master of things, to prevail on  
 their forces and fears.  
 By the spirit are things overcome; they are  
 stark, and the spirit hath breath;  
 It hath speech, and their forces are dumb:  
 it is living and things are of death.  
 But they know not the spirit for matter  
 they feel not force from above.  
 While man makes love to disaster, and  
 woos desolation with love.  
 Yea, himself too hath made himself chains,  
 and his own hands plucked out his  
 eyes;  
 For his own soul only constrains him, his  
 own mouth only denies.  
 The herds of kings and their hosts and the  
 flocks of the high priests bow  
 To a master whose face is a ghost: O  
 thou that wast God, is it thou?  
 Thou madest man in the garden; thou  
 temptedst man, and he fell;  
 Thou gavest him poison and pardon for  
 blood and burnt-offering to sell.  
 Thou hast sealed thine elect to salvation,  
 fast locked with faith for the key;  
 Make now for thyself expiation, and be  
 thine atonement for thee.  
 Ah, thou that darkenest heaven—ah, thou  
 that bringest a sword—  
 By the crimes of thine hands unforgiven  
 they beseech thee to hear them, O  
 Lord.  
 By the balefires of ages that burn for thine  
 incense, by creed and by rood,  
 By the famine and passion that yearn and  
 that hunger to find of thee food,  
 By the children that asked at thy throne of  
 the priests that were fat with thine hire  
 For bread, and thou gavest them fire; for  
 light, and thou madest them hire;  
 By the kiss of thy peace like a snake's kiss,  
 that leaves the soul rotten at root;  
 By the savors of gibbets and stakes thou  
 hast planted to bear to thee fruit;  
 By torture and terror and treason, that  
 make to thee weapons and wings;  
 By thy power upon men for a season, made  
 out of the malice of things;  
 O thou that hast built thee a shrine of the  
 neediness of man, and 'tis shame,  
 And hast hung in the air for a sign of his  
 worship the lamp of thy name;  
 That hast shown him for heaven in a vision  
 a void world's shadow and shell,  
 And hast fed thy delight and derision with  
 fire of belief as of hell;  
 That has fleshed on the souls that believe  
 thee the fang of the death-worm fear,  
 With anguish of dreams to deceive them  
 whose faith cries out in thine ear;  
 By the face of the spirit confounded before  
 thee and buried in dust,  
 By the creed when with life was astounded  
 and shamed out of self of its trust,  
 By the sorrows of doubt and repentance  
 that fell on the soul at thy nod,  
 Thou art judged, O Judge, and the sentence  
 gone forth against thee, O God.  
 Thy slave that slept is awake; thy slave  
 has slept for a season;  
 Yea, manly slave shall unmake thee, who  
 made thee lord over man.  
 For his face is set to the east, his feet on  
 the past and its dead;  
 The risen is his priest, and the heat  
 thereof hallows his head.  
 His eyes take part in the morning; his  
 spirit outsoundeth the sea  
 Asks no more witness or warning from  
 temple or tripod or tree,  
 He hath set the centuries at union; the  
 night is afraid at his name;  
 Equal with life, in communion with death,  
 he hath found them the same.  
 Past the wall unsummoned that bars out  
 our vision with iron and fire  
 He hath sent forth his soul for the stars to  
 conspire with and suns to conspire.  
 His thought takes flight for the centre  
 where through it hath part in the whole;  
 The abysses forbid it not enter: the stars  
 make room for the soul.  
 The pace is the soul's to inherit; the night is  
 hers as the day;  
 Lo, saith man, this is my spirit; how shall  
 not the worlds make way

Space is thought's, and the wonders thereof, and the secret of space ;

Is thought not more than the thunders and lightnings ? shall thou drive place ?

Is the body not more than the creature, the life not more than the meat ?

The will than the word or the gesture, the heart than the hands or the feet ?

Is the tongue not more than the speech is ? the head not more than the crown ?

And if higher than is heaven be the reach of the soul, shall not heaven bow down ?

Time, father of life, and more great than than the life it begat and begeth,

Earth's keeper and heaven's and their fate, lives, thinks, and hath substance in man.

Time's motion that throbs in his blood is the thought that gives heart to cheskie,

And the springs of the fire that is food to the sunbeams are light to his eyes.

The minutes that beat with his heart are the words to which worlds keep chime,

And the thought in his pulses is part of the blood and the spirit of time.

He saith to the ages, Give ; and his soul foregoes not her share ;

Who are ye that forbid him to live, and would feed him with heavenlier air ?

Will ye feed him with poisonous dust, and restore him with hemlock for drink,

Till he yield you his soul up in trust, and have heart not to know or to think ?

He hath stirred him, and found out the flaw in his fetters, and cast them behind ;

His soul to his soul is a law, and his mind is a light to his mind.

The seal of his knowledge is sure, the truth and his spirit are wed ;

Men perish, but man shall endure ; lives die, but the life is not dead.

He hath sight of the secrets of season, the roots of the years and the fruits ;

His soul is at one with the reason of things that is sap to the roots.

He can hear in their changes a sound as the conscience of consonant spheres ;

He can see through the years flowing round him the law lying under the years.

Who are ye that would blind him with curses and blind him with vapor of prayer ?

Your might is as night that disperses when light is alive in the air.

The bow of your godhead is broken, the arm of your conquest is stayed ;

Though ye call down God to bear token, for fear of you none is afraid.

Will ye much like him, and the courses of stars, and the season of souls ?

Shall God's breath dry up the sources that feed time till it is still ?

Nay, cry on him, then, till he show you a sign, till he lift up a rod ;

Hath he not sent the nations to know him of old if indeed he be God ?

Is no heat of him left in the ashes of thousands burnt up for his sake ?

Can prayer not rekindle the flashes that shone in his face from the stake ?

Cry aloud ; for your God is a God and a Saviour ; cry, make yourselves lean ;

Is he drunk or asleep, that the rod of his wrath is unfelt and unseen ?

Is the fire of his old loving-kindness gone out, that his pyres are acold ?

Hath he gazed on himself unto blindness, who made men blind to behold ?

Cry out, for his kingdom is shaken ; cry out, for the people blasphemous ;

Cry aloud till his godhead awaken ; what doth he to sleep and to dream ?

Cry, cut yourselves, gash you with knives and with scourges, heap on you dust ;

Is his life but as other gods' lives ? is not this the Lord God of your trust ?

Is not this the great God of your sires, that with souls and with bodies was fed,

And the world was on flame with his fires ? O fools, he was God, and is dead.

He will hear not again the strong crying of earth in his ears as before,

And the fume of his multitudes dying shall flatter his nostrils no more.

By the spirit he ruled as his slave is he slain who was mighty to slay,

And the stone that is sealed on his grave he shall rise not and roll not away.

Yea, weep to him, lift up your hands ; be your eyes as a fountain of tears ;

Where he stood there is nothing that stands ; if he call, there is no man that hears.

He hath doffed his king's raiment of lies now the wane of his kingdom is come ;

Ears hath he, and hears not ; and eyes, and he sees not ; and mouth, and is dumb.

His red king's raiment is ripped from him naked, his staff broken down ;

And the signs of his empire are stripped from him shuddering ; and where is his crown ?

And in vain by the wellsprings refrozen ye cry for the warmth of his sun—

O God, the Lord God of thy chosen, thy  
 will at thy command be done;  
 Kingdom and watch he none in him left  
 him, nor watch in his breath;  
 Till his corpse be cast out of the sun will ye  
 know not the truth of his death?  
 Surely, ye say, he is strong, though the  
 time of judgment against him and men;  
 Yet a little, ye say, and how long, till he  
 come to law judgment again?  
 Shall God then die as the beasts die? who  
 is it that shall kill his God?  
 O God, Lord God, of thy priests, rise up  
 now and show thyself God.

They cry out, thine elect, thine aspirants  
 to heavenward, whose faith is as flame;  
 O thou the Lord God of our tyrants, they  
 call thee, their God, by thy name.  
 By thy name that in hell-fire was written,  
 and burned at the point of thy sword  
 Thou art smitten, thou God, thou art smit-  
 ten; thy death is upon thee, O Lord  
 And the love-song of earth as thou chest  
 resounds through the wind of her  
 wing,  
 Glory to Man in the highest! for Man is  
 master of things.

### THE PILGRIMS.

Who is your lady of love, O ye that pass  
 Singing? and is it for sorrow of that which  
 was

That ye sing sadly, or dream of what  
 shall be?

For gladly at once and sadly it seems  
 ye sing.

Our lady of love by you is unchild  
 For hands she hath none, nor eyes, nor lips,  
 nor golden

Treasure of hair, nor face nor form; but  
 we

That love, we know her more far  
 than anything.

- Is she a queen, having great gifts to  
 give?

Yea, these; that whoso hath seen her  
 shall not live

Except he serve her sorrowing, with  
 strange pain.

Travail and bloodshedding and bitter  
 tear

And when she bids die he shall surely die,  
 And he shall leave all things under the sky

And go forth naked under sun and rain  
 And work and wait and watch out all  
 his years.

- Hath she on earth no place of habitation?

- Yea, to age calling, nation answering  
 nation.

Cries out, Where is she? and there is  
 none to say;

For if she be not in the spirit of men,

For if in the inward soul she hath no  
 place,

In vain they cry unto her, seeking her face,  
 In vain their mouths make much of her;  
 for they

Cry with vain tongues, till the heart  
 lives again.

O ye that follow, and have ye no repen-  
 tance?

For on your brows is written a mortal  
 sentence,

An hieroglyph of sorrow, a fiery sign.  
 That in your lives ye shall not pause  
 or rest,

Nor have the sure sweet common love, nor  
 keep

Friends and safe days, nor joy of life nor  
 sleep.

These have we not, who have one  
 thing, the divine

Face and clear eyes of faith and fruit-  
 ful breast.

And ye shall die before your thrones be  
 won.

Yea, and the changed world and the  
 liberal sun

Shall move and shine without us, and  
 we lie

Dead; but if she too move on earth  
 and live.

But if the old world with all the old irons  
 rent

Laugh and give thanks, shall we be not content?

Nay, we shall rather live, we shall not die,

Life being so little and death so good to give.

And these men shall forget you.—Yea, but we shall be a part of the earth and the ancient sea,

And heaven high air august, and awful fire,

And all things good; and no man's heart shall beat but somewhat in it of our blood once shed shall quiver and quicken, as now in us the dead

Blood of men slain and the old same life's desire

Plants in their fiery footprints our fresh feet.

But ye that might be clothed with all things pleasant,

Ye are foolish that put off the fair soft present,

That clothe yourselves with the cold future air;

When mother and father and tender sister and brother

And the old live love that was shall be as ye,

Dust, and no fruit of loving life shall be.

—She shall be yet who is more than all these were,

Than sister or wife or father unto us or mother.

—Is this worth life, is this, to win for wages?

Lo, the dead mouths of the awful grey grown ages,

The venerable, in the past that is their prison,

In the outer darkness, in the unopening grave,

Laugh, knowing how many as ye now say have said,

How many, and all are fallen, are fallen and dead:

Shall ye dead rise, and these dead have not risen:

Not we but she, who is tender and swift to save.

Are ye not weary and faint not by the way

Seeing night by night devoured of day by day,

Seeing hour by hour consumed in sleepless fire?

Sleepless; and ye too, when shall ye too sleep?

We are weary in heart and head, in hands and feet,

And surely more than all things sleep were sweet,

Than all things save the inexorable desire

Which whoso knoweth shall neither faint nor weep.

Is this so sweet that one were fain to follow?

Is this so sure where all men's hopes are hollow,

Even this your dream, that by much tribulation

Ye shall make whole flawed hearts, and bowed necks straight?

Nay though our life were blind, our death were fruitless,

Not therefore were the whole world's high hope rootless;

But man to man, nation would turn to nation,

And the old life live, and the old great world be great.

Pass on then and pass by us and let us be, For what light think ye after life to see?

And if the world fare better will ye know? And if man triumph who shall seek you and say?

Enough of light is this for one life's span, That all men born are mortal, but not man:

And we men bring death lives by night to sow,

That man may reap and eat and live by day.



And the surf wherein the broad-based rocks  
     were shaking  
 She saw far off divide,  
 At the blast of the breath of the battle  
     blown and breaking,  
 And weight of wind and tide ;  
 And the ravin and the ruin of throned  
     nations  
 And every royal race,  
 And the kingdoms and kings from the state  
     of their high stations  
 That fell before her face.  
 Yea, great was the fall of them, all that rose  
     against her,  
 From the earth's old-historied  
     heights ;  
 For my hands were fire, and my wings as  
     walls that fenced her,  
 Mine eyes as pilot-lights,  
 Not as guerdens given of kings the gifts I  
     had of old,  
 Not strengths that pass away ;  
 But my heart, my oath of life, O Heart,  
     O Heart,  
 I gave thee in that day,  
 Yea, the Heart's blood of a very God I gave  
     thee,  
 Breathed in thy mouth his breath ;  
 Was my word as a man's having no more  
     strength to save thee  
 I on this worse thing than death ?  
 Didst thou dream of it only, the day that I  
     stood nigh thee,  
 Was all its light a dream ?  
 When that iron sun rose and low words and  
     we went by the  
     bed of storm or stream :  
 We      rose up and thy young men  
     together,  
     equal face of fight,  
 And my lag swam high as the swimming  
     sea-foam's feather  
 Laughing, a lamp of light ?  
 Ah the lordly laughter and light of it, that  
     lightened  
     Heaven-high, the heaven's whole  
     length !  
 Ah the hearts of heroes pierced, the bright  
     lips whitened  
 Of strong men in their strength !  
 Ah the banner-poles, the stretch of straight-  
     ening streamers  
 Straining their full reach out !  
 Ah the men's hands making true the dreams  
     of dreamers,  
 The hopes brought forth in doubt !

Ah the noise of horse, the charge and thun-  
     der of drumming,  
 And swaying and sweep of swords  
 Ah the light that led them through of the  
     world's life coming,  
 Clear of its lies and lords !  
 By the lightning of the lips of guns whose  
     flashes  
 Made plain the strayed world's way,  
 By the flame that left her dead old sins in  
     ashes,  
 Swept out of sight of day ;  
 By thy children whose bare feet were shod  
     with thunder,  
 Then the lands mailed with fire ;  
 By the faith that went with them, waking  
     our old wonder  
 Heart's love and high desire ;  
 By the tumult of the waves of nations wak-  
     ing  
 Blind in the loud wide night ;  
 By the wind that went on the world's waste  
     waters, making  
 Their marble darkness white,  
 As the flash of the flakes of the foam flared  
     lamplike, leaping  
 From wave to gladdening wave,  
 Making wide the fast-shut eyes of thralldom  
     sleeping  
 The sleep of the unclean grave ;  
 By the fire of equality, terrible, devouring,  
     Divine, that brought forth good ;  
 By the lands it purged and wasted and let  
     flowering  
 With bloom of brotherhood ;  
 By the lips of fraternity that for love's sake  
     uttered  
 Fierce words and fires of death,  
 But the eyes were deep as love's and the  
     fierce lips fluttered  
 With love's own living breath ;  
 By the weaponed hands, brows helmed, and  
     bare feet spurning  
 The bared head of a king ;  
 By the storm of sunrise round thee risen and  
     burning  
 Why hast thou done this thing ?  
 Thou hast mixed thy limbs with the son of  
     a harlot a stranger  
 Mouth to mouth limb to limb,  
 Thou, bride of a God, because of the brides  
     man Danger  
 To bring forth seed to him.  
 For thou thought'st only the terrible bride  
     groom wakes me  
 When I would sleep, to go ;



The fire of his mouth consumes, and the red  
 More bitter than a lie;  
**Rise up, my beloved, to face a once the  
 stranger,**  
 Put forth thine arm, he saith;  
**Fear thou not, all though the bride man  
 should be Death;**  
 The bride man should be Death;  
**I the bridegroom, am I not with thee, to  
 bridal nation**  
 O wedded France, to strive;  
 To destroy the sin of the earth with divine  
 devastation;  
 Till none be left thy;  
**Lo her growths of roses, fading of men and  
 ironage,**  
 Broad boughs of the old-world tree  
 With iron of shame and with pruning-hooks  
 of bondage  
 They are shorn from sea to sea;  
**Lo, I set wings to thy feet that have been  
 wingless,**  
 Till the utter race be run;  
**Till the priestless temples cry to the thrones  
 made kingless,**  
 Are we not also undone?  
**Till the immeasurable Republic arise and  
 enlighten**  
 Above these quick and dead,  
**And her awful robes be changed, and her  
 red robes whiten**  
 Her warring-robes of red  
 But thou wouldst not, saying, I am weary  
 and faint to follow.  
 Let me lie down and rest;  
**And hast sought out shame to sleep with  
 mire to wallow,**

Yea, a much fouler breast:  
 And thou, who hast made prostitute, sold  
 and shamed and bared it,  
 Thy bosom which was mine,  
 And thou, to whom the world I gave thee  
 to suckle, and shared it  
 Among these milk and wine  
 And thou, who wast the noble and pollute  
 Thy faithless light as team,  
 That thou shouldst mock thy sons, thy sons  
 as they,  
 To stay thine elder Rome  
 There art O harlot, I gave thee to the  
 world to love;  
 By night to be denied,  
 To thy scorn I stand, and a fouler than  
 the first one,  
 That got thee first with child,  
 Yet I know thee staring back now to be  
 hold me,  
 To love thee and make thee bare,  
 Not for sin's sake but penitence, by my feet  
 to add me,  
 And wipe them with thine hair.  
 And sweetiment of thy grief thou hast  
 brought thy master,  
 And set before thy lord,  
 From a box of flawed and broken alabaster,  
 Thy broken spirit, poured.  
 And love-offerings, tears and perfumes,  
 hast thou given me,  
 To reach my feet and touch;  
**Therefore thy sins, which are many, are  
 forgiven thee,**  
 Because thou hast loved much.

*18 brumaire, an 78.*

## GENESIS.

In the outer world that was before this  
 earth,  
 That was before all shape or space was  
 born,  
 Before the blind first hour of time had  
 birth,  
 Before night knew the moonlight or the  
 moon;  
**Yea, before any world had any light,  
 Or anything called God or man drew  
 breath,**

Slowly the strong sides of the heaving  
 night  
 Moved, and brought forth the strength  
 of life and death.  
 And the sad shapeless horror increate  
 That was all things and one thing, with  
 out fruit,  
 Limit, or law; where love was none, nor  
 hate,  
 Where no leaf came to blossom from no  
 root;

The very darkness that time knew not,  
Nor God laid hand on, nor was man  
found there;

Ceased, and was cloven in seven regions;  
above

Light, and night under, and men, and he,  
water, and air.

Sunbeams and starbeams, and all colored  
things;

All forms and all adventures began;

And death, the dark, was set by life's wide  
wings;

And God, the shade cast by the soul of  
man.

Then between shadow and substance, night  
and light

Then between birth and death, and deeds  
and days

The illimitable embrace and the amorous  
fight

That of itself begets, bears, rears, and  
slays,

The immortal war of mortal things, that is  
Labor and life and growth and good and  
ill,

The mild antiphonies that melt and kiss,  
The violent symphonies that meet and  
kill,

All nature of all things began to be.

But chiefest in the spirit (beast or man,  
Planet of heaven or blossom of earth or sea)  
The divine contraries of life began.

For the great labor of growth, being many,  
is one;

One thing the white death and the ruddy  
birth;

The invisible air and the all-beholden sun,  
And barren water and many-childed earth.

And these things are made manifest in men  
From the beginning forth unto this day;

In the white and the black is them, and in  
Death is theirs, and the record passes  
away.

For if each were not, that should growth  
not be;

Chill nor the life, nor the hot nor the cold;  
Nor was there light nor light to

No water of life, nor water of death,  
nor springs.

For in each man, and each year that is born  
Are sown the twin seeds of the strong  
twin powers;

The white seed of the fruitful helpful morn,  
The black seed of the barren hurtful  
hours.

And he that of the black seed eateth fruit,  
To him the savor as honey shall be sweet;  
And he in whom the white seed hath struck

He shall have sorrow and trouble and  
tears for meat.

And him whose lips the sweet fruit hath  
made red

In the end men loathe and make his  
name a rod;

And him whose mouth on the unsweet fruit  
hath fed

In the end men follow and know for very  
God.

And of these twain, the black seed and the  
white,

All things come forth endured of men and  
done;

And still the day is great with child of night,  
And still the black night labors with the  
sun.

And each man and each year that lives on  
earth

Turns hither or thither, and hence or  
thence is fed;

And as a man before was from his birth,  
So shall a man be after among the dead.

## TO WALT WHITMAN IN AMERICA.

SEND but a song over the water,  
 Heart-echo to heart's word;  
 Heart-echo to heart's word;  
 Mouth-echo to mouth's word;  
 Organ-echo to organ's word;  
 Water-echo to water's word;  
 Send us a song over the water.

Sweet-smelling as pipe, leaf, and flower,  
 And low as earth, and high as heaven,  
 With the waters of the world,  
 And clear as sun, and hot as fire,  
 Sharp tongue to the water's throat,  
 The words of your heart's word,  
 When yet has the sea-echo.

O strong-winged and with pipe, heart,  
 Lips hot with the water's word,  
 With tremor of heart's word,  
 With thoughts of heart's word,  
 With consonant of heart's word,  
 That pipe-echoes of heart's word,  
 And hale them heart's word.

Make us too music, to be with us,  
 As a word from a world's heart warm,  
 To sail the dark as a sea with us,  
 Full-sailed, outsing the storm,  
 A song to put fire in our ears,  
 Whose burning shall burn up ours,  
 Whose sign bid us to reform;

A note in the ranks of a nation,  
 A word in the world's heart,  
 To consume as with a living the nation  
 That makes us to be as here;  
 In the air that our hearts are in,  
 A blast of the breath of the world,  
 Till every way is west way is clear.

Out of the sun beyond sunset,  
 From the evening whence morning shall  
 be,  
 With the rollers in the arches of sunset,  
 With the van of the storming sea,  
 With the world-wide world, with the breath  
 That breaks ships, and the power of the  
 With the passion of all things free,

With the heart of the world's heart,  
 With the heart of the world's heart,  
 With the heart of the world's heart,  
 With the heart of the world's heart,  
 With the heart of the world's heart,  
 With the heart of the world's heart,  
 With the heart of the world's heart.

With the heart of the world's heart,  
 With the heart of the world's heart,  
 With the heart of the world's heart,  
 With the heart of the world's heart,  
 With the heart of the world's heart,  
 With the heart of the world's heart,  
 With the heart of the world's heart.

For the heart of the world's heart,  
 For the heart of the world's heart,  
 For the heart of the world's heart,  
 For the heart of the world's heart,  
 For the heart of the world's heart,  
 For the heart of the world's heart,  
 For the heart of the world's heart.

For the heart of the world's heart,  
 For the heart of the world's heart,  
 For the heart of the world's heart,  
 For the heart of the world's heart,  
 For the heart of the world's heart,  
 For the heart of the world's heart,  
 For the heart of the world's heart.

Here as a weakling in hope,  
 Here as a weakling in hope,  
 Here as a weakling in hope,  
 Here as a weakling in hope,  
 Here as a weakling in hope,  
 Here as a weakling in hope,  
 Here as a weakling in hope.

It does not what season shall bring to it  
 Sweet fruit of heart's word;  
 It does not what season shall bring to it  
 Sweet fruit of heart's word;  
 It does not what season shall bring to it  
 Sweet fruit of heart's word;  
 It does not what season shall bring to it  
 Sweet fruit of heart's word;

When crowned and weapon hand curled  
It shall walk without helm or shield  
The bare burnt furrows and merciless  
Of wars, last flame-stricken heath,  
Till, as dawn, equal with time,  
It stand in the sun's shining,  
In truth, in the clear, in the scaled.

Round your people and over them  
Lag the sun when it is dawn,  
Close as our heart to cover them  
With the sun of our mind not of lawn :  
Here, with a hope hardly to wear,  
Naked and cold and bare  
Swim, sink, wake out for the dawn.

Chains are here, and a prison,  
Kings, and subjects, and shame :  
If the God upon you be arisen  
How should our songs be the same ?  
How in the vision of change,  
How shall we sing, in a strange  
Land songs praising his name ?

God is buried and dead to us  
Even the spirit of earth.  
Freedom : so have they said to us,  
Some with mocking and mirth,  
Some with heartbreak and tears :  
And a God without eyes, without ears  
Who shall sing of him dead in the birth ?

The earth god Freedom, the lonely  
Face lightening, the footprint unshod,  
Not as one man crucified only  
Nor scourged with but one life's rod :  
The soul that is substance or nations,  
Reincarnate with fresh generations ;  
The great god Man, which is God.

But now a host of years and of years  
Dreadful and of heart of sad things,  
And one spirit, a poet  
Lies for a moment in the springs :  
With a love, with a hatred it is,  
And it is in the stripe of the kiss,  
And in slaves is the germ, and in kings.

Freedom we call it, for holier  
Name of the world there is none ;  
Surer it flows, it flows,  
Than the metres of sun or of sun  
Slower than life and breath  
Surer than life and death,  
It moves till it is later and gone.

Till the motion be done and the measure  
Circling through season and clime,  
Slumber and sorrow and pleasure,  
Vision of virtue and crime ;  
Till consummate with conquering eyes,  
A soul disembodied, it rise  
From the body transfigured of time.

Till it rise and remain and take station  
With the stars of the world that rejoice ;  
Till the voice of its heart's exultation  
Be as theirs an invariable voice  
By no discord of evil estranged,  
By no pause by no breach in it changed  
By no clash in the chord of its choice.

It is one with the world's generations,  
With the spirit the star and the sod :  
With the kingless and king-stricken nation,  
With the cross, and the crown, and the rod  
The most high, the most secret, most lonely,  
The earth-soul Freedom, the only  
Lives, and that only is God.

## CHRISTMAS ANTIPHONES.

## I.

## IN CHURCH.

THOU whose birth on earth  
Angels sang to men  
While thy stars made mirth,  
Saviour, at thy birth  
This day born again :

As this night was bright  
With thy cradle ray,

ery light of light.  
Turn the wild world's night  
To thy perfect day.

God whose feet made sweet  
Those wild ways they trod,  
From thy fragrant feet  
Staining field and street  
With the blood of God :

God whose breast is rest  
In the time of strife,

In thy secret breast  
Sheltering souls opprest  
From the heat of life ;

God whose eyes are skies  
Love-lit as with spheres  
By the lights that rise  
To thy watching eyes,  
Orbed lights of tears ;

God whose heart hath part  
In all grief that is,  
Was no man's the day  
That went through thine heart,  
And the wound not his ?

Where the pale souls wail,  
Held in the bonds of death,  
Where all spirits quail,  
Came thy Godhead pale,  
Still from human death

Pale from life and strife,  
Wan with manhood, came  
Forth of mortal life,  
Pierced as with a knife,  
Scarred as with a flame.

Thou the Word and Lord  
In all time and space  
Heard, beheld, adored,  
With all ages poured  
Forth before thy face,

Lord, what worth in earth  
Drew thee down to die ?  
What therein was worth,  
Lord, thy death and birth ?  
What beneath thy sky ?

Light above all love  
By thy love was lit,  
And brought down the Dove  
Feathered from above  
With the wings of it.

From the height of night,  
Was not thine the star  
That led forth with might  
By no wordly light  
Wise men from afar ?

Yet the wise men's eyes  
Saw thee not more clear

Than they saw thee rise  
Who in shepherd's guise  
Drew as poor men near.

Yet thy poor endure,  
And are with us yet,  
Be thy name a sure  
Keystone for thy poor  
Whom men's eyes forget.

Thou whose ways we praise,  
Clear alike and dark,  
Keep our works and ways  
This and all thy days  
Safe inside thine ark.

Who shall keep thy sheep,  
Lord, and lose not one ?  
Who save one shall keep,  
Lest the shepherds sleep ?  
Who beside the Son ?

From the grave-deep wave,  
From the sword and flame,  
Thou, even thou, shalt save  
Souls of king and slave  
Only by thy Name.

Light not born with morn  
Or her fires above,  
Jesus virgin-born,  
Held of men in scorn,  
Turn their scorn to love.

Thou whose face gives grace  
As the sun's doth heat,  
Let thy sunbright face  
Lighten time and space  
Here beneath thy feet.

Bid our peace increase,  
Thou that madest morn ;  
Bid oppressions cease ;  
Bid the night be peace ;  
Bid the day be born.

## II

## OUTSIDE CHURCH.

We whose days and ways  
All the night makes dark,  
What day shall we praise  
Of these waning days  
That our life-drops mark ?

We whose mind is blind,  
Fed with hope of nought ;  
Wastes of worn mankind,  
Without heart or mind,  
Without meat or thought ;

We with strife of life  
Worn till all life cease,  
Want, a whetted knife,  
Sharpening strife on strife,  
How should we love peace ?

Ye whose meat is sweet  
And your wine-cup red,  
Us beneath your feet  
Hunger grinds as wheat,  
Grinds to make you bread.

Ye whose night is bright  
With soft rest and heat,  
Clothed like day with light,  
Us the naked night  
Slays from street to street.

Hath your God no rod,  
That ye tread so light ?  
Man on us as God,  
God as man hath trod,  
Trod us down with might.

We that one by one  
Bleed from either's rod,  
What for us hath done  
Man beneath the sun,  
What for us hath God ?

We whose blood is food  
Given your wealth to feed,  
From the Christless rood  
Red with no God's blood,  
But with man's indeed ;

How shall we that see  
Night-long overhead  
Life, the flowerless tree,  
Nailed whereon as we  
Were our fathers dead—

We whose ear can hear  
Not whose tongue can name.  
Famine, ignorance, fear.  
Bleeding tear by tear  
Year by year of shame,

Till the dry life die  
Out of bloodless breast

Out of beamless eye,  
Out of mouths that cry  
Till death feed with rest—

How shall we as ye,  
Though ye bid us pray ?  
Though ye call, can we  
Hear you call, or see,  
Though ye show us day ?

We whose name is shame,  
We whose souls walk bare,  
Shall we call the same  
God as ye by name,  
Teach our lips your prayer ?

God, forgive and give,  
For His sake who died ?  
Nay, for ours who live,  
How shall we forgive  
Thee then, on our side ?

We whose right to light  
Whom the blind beams smite  
Heaven's high noon denies,  
That for you shine bright,  
And but burn our eyes,

With what dreams of beams  
Shall we build up day,  
At what sourceless streams  
Seek to drink in dreams  
Ere they pass away ?

In what street shall meet,  
At what market-place,  
Your feet and our feet,  
With one goal to greet,  
Having run one race ?

What one hope shall ope  
For us all as one  
One some horoscope,  
Where the soul sees hope  
That outburns the sun ?

At what shrine what wine,  
At what board what bread,  
It as blood or brine,  
Shall we share in sign  
How we poor were fed ?

In what hour what power  
Shall we pray for morn,  
If your perfect hour,  
When all day bears flower,  
Not for us is born ?

## III.

## BEYOND CHURCH.

YE that weep in sleep,  
Souls and bodies bound,  
Ye that all night keep  
Watch for change, and weep  
That no change is found ;

Ye that cry and die,  
And the world goes on  
Without ear or eye,  
And the days go by  
Till all days are gone ;

Man shall do for you,  
Men the sons of man,  
What no God would do  
That they sought unto  
While the blind years ran.

Brotherhood of good,  
Equal laws and rights  
Freedom, whose sweet food  
Feeds the multitude  
All their days and nights,

With the bread full-fed  
Of her body blest  
And the soul's wine shed  
From her table spread  
Where the world is guest,

Mingling me and thee,  
When like light of eyes  
Flashed through thee and me  
Truth shall make us free,  
Liberty make wise ;

These are they whom day  
Follows and gives light  
Whence they see to slay  
Night, and burn away  
All the seed of night.

What of thine and mine,  
What of want and wealth,  
When one faith is wine  
For my heart and thine  
And one draught is health?

For no sect elect  
Is the soul's wine poured  
And her table decked ;  
Whom should man reject  
For no sect's common heard ?

Gods refuse and choose ;  
Grudge and sell and spare ;  
None shall man refuse,  
None of all men lose,  
None leave out of care.

No man's might of sight  
Knows that hour before ;  
No man's hand hath might  
To put back that light  
For one hour the more.

Not though all men call,  
Kneeling with void hands,  
Shall they see light fall  
Till it come for all  
Triles of men and lands.

No desire brings fire  
Down from heaven by prayer,  
Though man's vain desire  
Hang faith's wind struck lyre  
Out in tuneless air

One hath breath and saith  
What the tune shall be—  
Time, who puts his breath  
Into life and death  
Into earth and sea

To and fro years flow  
Fill their tides and ebb,  
As his fingers go  
Weaving to and fro  
One unfinished web.

All the range of change  
Hath its bounds therein,  
All the lives that range  
All the byways strange  
Named of death or sin.

Star from far to star  
Speaks, and white moons wake,  
Watchful from afar  
What the night's ways are  
For the morning's sake.

Many names and flames  
Pass and flash and fall,  
Night begotten names,  
And the night reclaims,  
As she have them, all.

But the sun is one,  
And the sun's name Right;  
And when light is none  
Saying of the sun,  
All men shall have light.

All shall see and be  
Parcel of the morn;  
Ay, though blind were we,  
None shall choose but see  
When that day is born.

## A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

TO JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"Send the stars light that shall live to me" — *Shelley*.

## 1.

Out of the dawning heavens that hear  
Young wings and feet of the new year  
Move through their twilight, and shed round  
Soft showers of sound,  
Soothing the season with sweet rain,  
If greeting come to make me fain,  
What is it I can send again!

## 2.

I know not if the year shall send  
Tidings to sword as a friend,  
And salutation, and such things  
Bear on his wings  
As the soul turns and thirsts unto  
With hungering eyes and lips that sue  
For that sweet food which makes all new.

## 3.

I know not if his light shall be  
Darkness, or else light verily:  
I know but that it will not part  
Heart's faith from heart,  
Truth from the trust in truth, nor hope  
From sight of days unsealed that open  
Beyond one poor year's horoscope.

## 4.

That faith in love which love's self gives,  
O master of my surest lives,  
Having in presence unreMOVED  
Thine head beloved,

The shadow of thee, the semitone  
Of thy voice heard at heart and known,  
The light of thee not set nor flown.

## 5.

Seas, lands, and hours, can these divide  
Love from love's service, side from side,  
Though no sound pass nor breath be heard  
Of one good word?  
To send back words of trust to thee  
Were to send wings to love, when he  
With his own strong wings covers me.

## 6.

Who shall teach singing to the spheres,  
Or motion to the flight of years?  
Let soul with soul keep hand in hand  
And understand.  
As in one same abiding place  
We keep one watch for one same face  
To rise in some short sacred space

## 7.

And all space midway is but nought  
To keep true heart from faithful thought,  
As under twilight stars we wait  
By Time's shut gate  
Till the slow soundless hinges turn  
And through the depth of years that yearn  
The face of the Republic burn.

1870.



## MATER DOLOROSA.

Citoyen, lui dit Enjolras, ma mère, c'est la République. — *Les Misérables.*

Who is this that sits by the way, by the  
wild wayside,  
In a rent, stained raiment, the robe of a  
cast-off bride,  
In the dale, in the rainfall sitting, with  
soiled feet, lone,  
With the night for a garment to cover her,  
with torn web, hair?  
She is tamer of fiercer men than the daughters of  
men, and her eyes,  
Worn through with her tears, are deep as  
the depth of skies.

Thou is she for whose sake being fallen, for  
whose abject sake,  
Earth groans in the blackness of darkness,  
and men's hearts break  
Thou is she for whose love, having seen her  
the men that were  
Poured life out as water, and shed their  
souls upon air  
Thou is she for whose glory their years were  
counted as foam;  
Whose face was a light upon Greece was  
a fire upon Rome

Is it now not surely a vain thing, a foolish  
and vain,  
To sit down by her, moan to her, serve  
her, partake in the pain?  
She is grey with the dust of time on his  
manifold ways  
Where her faint feet stumble and falter  
through yearlong days  
Shall she help us at all, O fools, give fruit  
or give fame  
Who hears? Is a name despised, a rejected  
name?

We have not served her for guerdon. If  
any of us  
That has more than a few swart with such  
honey we can not give  
We have drunk from a wine unwatered,  
a poisonous cup  
And yet very better. The kings of the  
earth stood up,

And the rulers took counsel together to  
smite her and slay;  
And the blood of her wounds is given us  
to drink to-day.

Can these bones live? or the leaves that  
are dead leaves bud?  
Or the dead blood drawn from her veins be  
in your veins blood?  
Will ye gather up water again that was  
drawn and shed?  
In the blood is the life of the veins, and her  
veins are dead  
For the lives that are over are over, and  
past things past;  
She had her day, and it is not; was first,  
and is last.

Is it nothing unto you then, all ye that pass  
by  
If her breath be left in her lips if she live  
now or die?  
Behold now, O people, and say if she be  
not fair  
Whom your fathers followed to find her  
with praise and prayer,  
And rejoiced having found her, though roof  
they had none nor bread;  
But ye care not; what is it to you if her own  
day be dead?

It was well with our fathers; their sound  
was in all men's heads;  
There was fire in their hearts, and the  
hunger of fight in their hands.  
Naked and strong they went forth on her  
strength like flame,  
For her loves and her name's sake of old,  
her republican name.  
But their children by kings made quiet, by  
priests made wise,  
Love better the heat of their hearths than  
the light of her eyes.

Are they children of these thy children in-  
deed, which do so  
O golden goddess the light of thy face for  
gold?

<p>Are they sons indeed the sons of thy day- spring of hope, Whose lives are in tie of an emperor, whose souls of a Pope? Hide then thine head, O beloved; thy time is done; Thy kingdom is broken in heaven, and blind thy sun. What sleep is upon you, to dream she indeed shall rise, When the hopes are dead in her heart as the tears in her eyes? If ye sing of her dead will she stir? if ye weep for her, weep? Come away now, leave her; what hath she to do but sleep?</p>	<p>But ye that mourn are alive, and have years to live; And life is good, and the world is wiser than we. Yea, wise is the world and mighty, with years to give, And years to promise; but how long now shall it live? And foolish and poor is faith and her ways are bare, Till she find the way of the sun, and the morning air, In that hour shall this dead face shine as the face of the sun, And the soul of man and her soul and the world's be one.</p>
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## MATER TRIUMPHALIS.

<p>MOTHER of man's time-travelling genera- tions, Breath of his nostrils, heartblood of his heart, God above all Gods worshipped of all na- tions, Light above light, law beyond law thou art. Thy face is as a sword smiting in sunder Shadows and chains and dreams and iron things; The sea is dumb before thy face, the thunder Silent, the skies are narrower than thy wings. Angels and Gods, spirit and sense, thou takest In thy right hand as drops of dust or dew; The temples and the towers of time thou breakest. His thoughts and words and works, to make them new. All we have wandered from thy ways, have been Eyes from thy glory and ears from calls they heard; Called of thy trumpets vainly, called and children, Scourged of thy speech and wounded of thy word</p>	<p>We have known thee and have not known thee; stood beside thee, Felt thy lips breathe, set foot where thy feet trod, Loved and renounced and worshipped and denied thee, As thou thou wert but as another God. "One hour for sleep," we said, "and yet one other; All day we served her, and who shall serve by night? Not knowing of thee, thy face not knowing, O mother, O light wherethrough the darkness is as light. Men that forsook thee hast thou not for- saken, Races of men that knew not hast thou known; Nations that thou hast doubted not to waken Worshippers of strange Gods to make thine own. All old grey histories hiding thy clear fea- tures, O secret spirit and sovereign, all men's tales, Creeds woven of men thy children and thy creatures, They have woven for vestures of thee and for veils.</p>
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Thine hands, without election or exemption,  
 Feed all men fainting from false peace or  
 strife,  
 O thou, the resurrection and redemption,  
 The godhead and the manhood and the  
 life.

The wings shadow the waters; thine eyes  
 lighten  
 The horror of the hollows of the night;  
 The depths of the earth and the dark places  
 brighten  
 Under thy feet, whiter than fire is white.

Death is subdued to thee, and hell's bands  
 broken;  
 Where thou art only is heaven; who  
 hears not thee,  
 Time shall not hear him; when men's  
 names are spoken,  
 A nameless sign of death shall his name  
 be.

Deathless shall be the death, the name be  
 nameless;  
 Sterile of stars his twilight time of death;  
 With fire of hell shall shame consume him  
 shameless,  
 And dying, all the night darken his death.

The years are as thy garments, the world's  
 ages  
 As sandals bound and loosed from thy  
 swift feet;  
 Time serves before thee, as one that hath  
 for wages  
 Praise or shame only, bitter words or  
 sweet.

Thou sayest "Well done," and all a cen-  
 tury kindles;  
 Again thou sayest "Depart from sight  
 of me,"  
 And all the light of face of all men dwindle,  
 And the age is as the broken glass of  
 thee.

The night is as a seal set on men's faces,  
 On faces fallen of men that take no  
 light  
 Nor give light in the deeps of the dark  
 places,  
 And things incorporate with the body of  
 night.

Their souls are serpents winterbound and  
 frozen,  
 Their shame is as a tame beast, at their  
 feet  
 Couched; their cold lips deride thee and  
 thy love,  
 Their lying lips made grey with dust for  
 meat.

Then when their time is full and days run  
 over,  
 The splendor of thy sudden brow made  
 bare  
 Darkens the morning; thy bared hands  
 uncover  
 The veils of light and night and the awful  
 air.

And the world naked as a new-born maiden  
 stands virginal and splendid as at birth,  
 With all thine heaven of all its light un-  
 laden,  
 Of all its love unburdened all thine earth.

For the utter earth and the utter air of  
 heaven  
 And the extreme depth is thine and the  
 extreme height;  
 Shadows of things and veils of ages riven  
 Are as men's kings unkingdomed in thy  
 sight.

Through the iron years, the centuries  
 barren gated,  
 By the ages barred impenetrable doors,  
 From the evening to the morning have we  
 waited  
 Should thy foot haply sound on the awful  
 floors.

The floor is untrodden of the sun's feet  
 gleaming,  
 The star-unstricken pavements of the  
 night;  
 Do the lights burn inside? the lights was  
 dimmer  
 On mortal faces withering out of sight.

The crowned heads lose the light on them;  
 Dawn is at hand to smite the loud feast  
 of the  
 To blot the torch-lit centuries till the day  
 comes  
 The feasting kingdoms till thy kingdom  
 come.

Shall it not come? deny they or dissemble,  
Is it not even as lightning from on high  
Now? and though many a soul close eyes  
and tremble,  
How should they tremble at all who love  
thee as I?

I am thine harp between thine hands, O  
mother!

All my strong chords are strained with  
love of thee.

We grapple in love and wrestle, as each  
with other

Wrestle the wind and the reluctant  
sea.

I am no courtier of thee sober-suited,

Who loves a little for a little pay.

Menot thy winds and storms nor thrones  
disrooted

Nor molten crowns nor thine own sins  
dismay.

Sinned hast thou sometime, therefore art  
thou sinless;

Stained hast thou been, who art there-  
fore without stain;

Even as man's soul is kin to thee, but  
kinless

Thou, in whose womb Time sows the  
all-various grain.

I do not bid thee spare me, O dreadful  
mother!

I pray thee that thou spare not, of thy  
grace.

How were it with me then, if ever another  
Should come to stand before thee in this  
my place?

I am the trumpet at thy lips, thy canon

Full of thy cry, sonorous with thy breath;  
The grave of souls born worms and creeds  
grown carrion

Thy blast of judgment fills with fires of  
death.

Thou art the player whose organ-keys are  
thunders,

And I beneath thy foot the pedal prest;

Thou art the ray whereat the rent night  
sunders,

And I the cloudlet borne upon thy breast.

I shall burn up before thee, pass and perish,  
As haze in sunrise on the red sea-line;

But thou from dawn to sunset shall  
cherish

The thoughts that led and souls that  
lighted mine.

Reared between night and noon and truth  
and error.

Each twilight-travelling bird that trills  
and screams

Sickens at midday, nor can face for terror  
The imperious heaven's inevitable ex-  
tremes.

I have no spirit of skill with equal fingers  
At sign to sharpen or to slacken strings;

I keep no time of song with gold-perched  
singers

And chirp of linnets on the wrists of  
kings.

I am thy storm-thrush of the days that  
darken,

Thy petrel in the foam that bears thy  
bark

To port through night and tempest; if  
thou hearken,

My voice is in thy heaven before the  
lark.

My song is in the mist that hides thy  
morning,

My cry is up before the day for thee;

I have heard thee and beheld thee and give  
warning,

Before thy wheels divide the sky and sea.

Birds shall wake with thee voiced and  
feathered fairer,

To see in summer what I see in spring;

I have eyes and heart to endure thee, O  
thunder-bearer,

And they shall be who shall have tongues  
to sing.

I have love at least, and have not fear, and  
part not

From thine unnavigable and wingless  
way;

Thou tarriest, and I have not said thou art  
not,

Nor all thy night long have denied thy  
day.

Darkness to daylight shall lift up thy pain,  
Hill to hill thunder, vale cry back to vale

With wind-notes as of eagles Æschylean,  
And Sappho singing in the nightin-  
gale.

Sung to by mighty sons of dawn and  
daughters,  
Of this night's songs thine ear shall keep  
but one ;

That supped on song which shook the chan-  
nelled waters,

And called thee skyward as God calls  
the sun.

Come, though all heaven again be fire  
above thee ;

Though death before thee come to clear  
thy sky ;

Let us but see in his thy face who love thee ;  
Yea, though thou slay us, arise and let  
us die.

### A MARCHING SONG

We mix from many lands,

We march for very far ;

In hearts and lips and hands

Our staves and weapons are ;

The light we walk in darkens sun and  
moon and star.

It doth not flame and wane

With years and spheres that roll,

Storm cannot shake nor stain

The strength that makes it whole,

The fire that moulds and moves it of the  
sovereign soul.

We are they that have to cope

With time till time retire ;

We live on hopeless hope.

We feed on tears and fire ;

Time, foot by foot, gives back before our  
sheer desire.

From the edge of harsh derision,

From discord and defeat,

From doubt and lame division,

We pluck the fruit as we eat ;

And the mouth finds it bitter, and the  
spirit sweet.

We strive with time at wrestling

Till time be on our side

And hope, our plumeless nestling,

A full-fledged eaglet ride

Down the loud length of storm its wind-  
ward wings divide.

We are girt with our belief,

Clothed with our will and crowned ;

Hope, fear, delight, and grief,

Before our will give ground ;

Their calls are in our ears as shadows of  
dead sound.

Aid but the heart forsakes us,

All fails us but the will ;

Keen treason tracks and takes us

In pits for blood to fill ;

Friend falls from friend, and faith for faith  
lays wait to kill.

Out under moon and stars

And shafts of the urgent sun

Whose face on prison bars

And mountain-heads is one,

Our march is everlasting till time's march  
be done.

Whither we know, and whence,

And dare not care where through.

Desires that urge the sense,

Fears changing old with new,

Pearls and pains beset the ways we press  
into ;

Earth gives us thorns to tread,

And all her thorns are trod ;

Through lands burnt black and red

We pass with feet unshod ;

Whence we would be man shall not keep us,  
nor man's God.

Through the great desert beasts

Howl at our backs by night,

And thunder-forging priests

Blow their dead bale-fires bright,

And on their broken anvils beat out bolts  
for fight.

Inside their sacred smithies,

Though hot the hammer rings,

Their steel links snap like withies,

Their chains like twisted strings,

Their surest fetters are as plighted words  
of kings.

O nations undivided,  
O single people and free,  
We dreamers, we derided,  
We mad blind men that see,  
We bear you witness ere ye come that ye  
shall be.

Ye sitting among tombs,  
Ye standing round the gate,  
Whom fire-mouthed war consumes,  
Or cold-lipped peace bids wait,  
All tombs and bars shall open, every grave  
and grate.

The locks shall burst in sunder,  
The hinges shrieking spin,  
When time, whose hand is thunder,  
Lays hand upon the pin,  
And shoots the bolts reluctant, bidding all  
men in.

These eyeless times and earless,  
Shall these not see and hear,  
And all their hearts burn fearless  
That were afrost for fear?  
Is day not hard upon us, yea, not our day  
near?

France? from its grey dejection  
Make manifest the red  
Tempestuous resurrection  
Of thy most sacred head!  
Break thou the covering cerecloths; rise up  
from the dead.

And thou, whom sea-walls sever  
From lands unwalled with seas,  
Wilt thou endure for ever,  
O Milton's England, these?  
Thou that wast his Republic, wilt thou  
clasp their knees?

These royalties rust-eaten,  
These worm-corroded lies,  
That keep thine head storm-beaten  
And sunlike strength of eyes  
From the open heaven and air of intercepted  
skies;

These princelings with gauze winglets  
That buzz in the air unfurled,  
These summer-swarming kinglets  
These thin worms crowned and  
curled,  
That bask and blink and warm themselves  
about the world;

These fanged meridian vermin,  
Shrill gnats that crowd the dusk,  
Night-moths whose nestling ermine  
Smells foul of mould and musk,  
Blind flesh-flies hatched by dark and ham-  
pered in their husk;

These honors without honor,  
These ghost-like gods of gold,  
This earth that wears upon her  
To keep her heart from cold  
No memory more of men that brought it  
fire of old;

These limbs, supine, unbuckled,  
In rottenness of rest,  
These sleepy lips blood-suckled  
And satiate of thy breast,  
These dull wide mouths that drain thee dry  
and call thee blest;

These masters of thee mindless  
That wear thee out of mind,  
These children of thee kindless  
That use thee out of kind,  
Whose hands strew gold before thee and  
contempt behind;

Who have turned thy name to laughter,  
Thy sea-like sounded name  
That now none hearkens after  
For faith in its free fame,  
Who have robbed thee of thy trust and given  
thee of their shame;

These hours that mock each other,  
These years that kill and die,  
Are these thy gains, our mother,  
For all thy gains thrown by?  
Is this that end whose promise made thine  
heart so high?

With empire and with treason  
The first right hand made fast,  
But in man's nobler season  
To put forth help the last,  
Love turns from thee, and memory disavows  
thy past.

Lest thine own sea disclaim thee,  
Lest thine own sons de-pise,  
Lest lips shoot out that name thee  
And seeing thee mer slaut eyes,  
Take thought with all thy people, turn thine  
head and rise.

Turn thee, lift up thy face;  
What ails thee to be dead?

Ask of thyself for grace,  
 Seek of thyself for bread,  
 And who shall starve or shame thee, blind  
 or bruise thine head?

The same sun in thy sight,  
 The same sea in thine ears,  
 That saw thine hour at height,  
 That sang thy song of years,  
 Behold and hearken for thee, knowing thy  
 hopes and fears.

O people, O perfect nation,  
 O England! that shall be,  
 How long till thou take station?  
 How long till thralls live free?  
 How long till all thy soul be one with all  
 thy sea?

Ye that from south to north,  
 Ye that from east to west,  
 Stretch hands of longing forth  
 And keep your eyes from rest,  
 Lo, when ye will, we bring you gifts of  
 what is best.

From the awful northland pines  
 That skirt their wan dim seas  
 To the ardent Apennines  
 And sun-struck Pyrenees,  
 One frost on all their froge-bates the  
 blossoming trees.

The leaves look up for light,  
 For heat of help-ful air;  
 The trees of oldest height  
 And thin storm-shaken hair  
 Seek with gaunt hands up heavenward if the  
 sun be there.

The woods where souls will lonely  
 The forests girt with night,  
 Desire the day-star only  
 And firstlings of the light  
 Not seen of slaves nor shining in their  
 masters' sight.

We have the morning star,  
 O foolish people, O kings!  
 With us the day-springs are,  
 Even all the fresh day-springs;  
 For us, and with us, all the multitude of  
 things.

O sorrowing hearts of slaves,  
 We heard you beat from far!  
 We hear the light that saves,  
 We bring the morning star;

Freedom's good things we bring you,  
 whence all good things are.

With us the winds and fountains  
 And lightnings live in tune;  
 The morning-colored mountains  
 That burn into the noon,  
 The mist's mild veil on valleys muffled from  
 the moon:

The thunder-darkened highlands  
 And lowlands hot with fruit,  
 Sea-bays and shoals and islands,  
 And cliffs that foil man's foot,  
 And all the flower of large-limbed life and  
 all the root:

The clangor of sea-eagles  
 That teach the morning mirth  
 With baying of heaven's beagles  
 That seek their prey on earth,  
 By sounding strait and channel, gulf and  
 reach and firth.

With us the fields and rivers,  
 The grass that summer thrills,  
 The haze where morning quivers,  
 The peace at heart of hills,  
 The sense that kindles nature, and the  
 soul that fills.

With us all natural sights,  
 All notes of natural scale;  
 With us the starry lights;  
 With us the nightingale;  
 With us the heart and secret of the worldly  
 tale.

The strife of things and beauty,  
 The fire and light adored,  
 Truth, and life-lightening duty,  
 Love without crown or sword,  
 That by his might and godhead makes man  
 god and lord.

These have we, these are ours,  
 That no priests give nor kings;  
 The honey of all these flowers,  
 The heart of all these springs;  
 Ours, for where freedom lives not, there  
 live no good things.

Rise, ere the dawn be risen;  
 Come, and be all soiled;  
 From field and street and prison  
 Come, for the feast is spread;  
 Live, for the truth is living; wake, for  
 night is dead.

## SIENA.

INSIDE this northern summer's fold  
The fields are full of naked gold.  
Broadcast from heaven on lands it loves :  
The green velvet air is full of doves ;  
Soft leaves that sift the sunbeams let  
Light on the small warm grasses wet  
Fall in short broken kisses sweet,  
And break again like waves that beat  
Round the sun's feet.

But I, for all this English mirth  
Of golden-shod and dancing days,  
And the old green-girt sweet-hearted earth  
Desire what here no spells can raise.  
Far hence, with holier heavens above,  
The lovely city of my love  
Bathes deep in the sun-satiated air  
That flows round no fair thing more fair  
Her beauty bare.

There the utter sky is holier, there  
More pure the intense white height of air,  
More clear men's eyes that mine would  
meet,  
And the sweet springs of things more sweet.  
There for this one warm note of doves  
A clamor of a thousand loves  
Storms the night's ear, the day's assaults,  
From the tempestuous nightingales,  
And hills, and fairs.

O gracious city well-beloved,  
Italian, and a maiden crowned,  
Siena, my feet are no more moved  
Toward thy strange-shapen mountain-  
bound :

But my heart in me turns and moves  
O lady loveliest of my loves,  
Toward thee, to lie before thy feet  
And gaze from thy fair fountain-seat  
Up the sheer street ;

And the house midway hanging see  
That saw Saint Catherine bodily,  
felt on its floors her sweet feet move,  
And the live light of fiery love  
Burn from her beautiful strange face,  
As in the sanguine sacred place  
Where in pure hands she took the head  
Severed, and with pure lips still red  
Kissed the lips dead.

For years through, sweetest of the saints,  
In quiet without cease she wrought,  
Till cries of men and fierce complaints  
From outward moved her maiden  
thought ;  
And prayers she heard and sighs toward  
France,  
"God, send us back deliverance,  
Send back thy servant, lest we die !"  
With an exceeding bitter cry  
They smote the sky.

Then in her sacred saving hands  
She took the sorrows of the lands,  
With maiden palms she lifted up  
The sick time's blood-enbittered cup,  
And in her virgin garment furled  
The faint limbs of a wounded world.  
Clothed with calm love and clear desire,  
She went forth in her soul's attire,  
A missive fire.

Across the might of men that strove  
It shone, and over heads of kings ;  
And molten in red flames of love  
Were swords and many monstrous things ;  
And shields were lowered, and snapt were  
spears,  
And sweeter-tuned the clamorous years ;  
And faith came back, and peace, that were  
Fled ; for she bade, saying, "Thou, God's  
heir,  
Hast thou no care

"Lo, men lay waste thine heritage  
Still, and much heathen people rage  
Against thee, and devise vain things.  
What comfort in the face of kings,  
What counsel is there ? Turn thine eyes  
And thine heart from them in like wise ;  
Turn thee unto thine holy place  
To help us that of God for grace  
Require thy face.

For who shall hear us if not thou  
In a strange land ? what doest thou there ?  
Thy sheep are spoiled, and the ploughers  
plough  
Upon us ; why hast thou no care  
For all this, and beyond strange hills  
Liest unregardful what snow chills



Thy fiddle-flock, or what thou  
Lo, in thine ears, before thy feet,  
Thy lost sheep bleat.

"And strange men feed on faultless lives,  
And their blood, and men put to death;  
She is led, unto the young lamb's throat;  
And one hath eaten, and one is led,  
And one had hunger and is led  
Full of the flesh of these, and red  
With blood of these as who drinks wine,  
And God knoweth, who hath sent the  
sign."

It these were thine."

But the Pope's heart within him burned,  
So that he rose up, and went to her,  
And came among them; but she turned  
Back to her daily way, and  
And fed her faith with silent things,  
And lived her life with curbed white wings,  
And mixed herself with heaven and died;  
And now on the sheer city-side  
Smiles like a bride.

You see her in the fresh clear gloom,  
Where walls shut out the flame and bloom,  
Of full-breathed summer, and the roof  
Keeps the keen ardent air aloof  
And sweet weight of the violent sky:  
There bodily beheld on high,  
She seems as one hearing in tune  
Heaven within heaven, at heaven's full

In secret noon:

A soft, low, sweet, that aches  
With a faint, faint, faint, of heaven,  
While all the world is quiet, and waits,  
Vigilant, for the Supreme Seven,  
Whose choral flames in God's sight move,  
Made unendurable with love,  
That without wind or blast or breath  
Compels all things through life and death  
Whether to do or th.

There on the dim side-chapel wall  
Thy mighty touch memorial,  
Razzi, raised up, for ages dead,  
And fixed for us her heavenly head;  
And, rent with pain, the face  
Bared the live brightness of her face;  
To men's eyes turning, from the world,  
Where the pain from the world is not,  
Christ wounded stands:

And white brows over hungering eyes  
I have seen, and I have seen  
Many a man of words or sighs  
In great torment that bends down  
His head with the bloodless crown,  
White as the stained thorn-flower,  
A crown of thorns that were  
A crown of thorns.

In your all these sins and years  
I have seen, I have seen the slow tears;  
I have seen, I have seen the water,  
I have seen, on your altars, and ye, kings,  
A crown of thorns that were  
A crown of thorns, and ye, kings,  
Still your God, still your God,  
I have seen, I have seen the slow tears;  
I have seen, I have seen the slow tears;  
I have seen, I have seen the slow tears;

Surely your race it was that he,  
One who signed backward with his name,  
Beholding in Gethsemane  
Fled the red bitter sweat of shame,  
Knowing how the word of Christ should  
Mean to men evil and not good,  
Seen to men shameful for your sake,  
While ye, for all the prayers they make,  
Mean to men evil and not good.

But I nor tears ye love not, you  
But my love leads my longing to,  
And the world's old faith of flowers,  
Of the goddesses of ours!  
I have seen, I have seen the slow tears;  
I have seen, I have seen the slow tears;  
I have seen, I have seen the slow tears;  
I have seen, I have seen the slow tears;

God, the three sisters, three as one,  
With flowerlike arms for flowery bards  
In their limbs glitter like the sun,  
And time lies beaten at your hands.  
I have seen, I have seen the slow tears;  
I have seen, I have seen the slow tears;  
I have seen, I have seen the slow tears;  
I have seen, I have seen the slow tears;

And in this strange and shrineless place,  
What is a goddess, what is Grace,  
What is a Greek worships her shined limbs  
With wreaths and Cytherean hymns?  
And what is a Greek worships her shined limbs  
With wreaths and Cytherean hymns?  
And what is a Greek worships her shined limbs  
With wreaths and Cytherean hymns?

Till the night, knew  
Saw we the light, saw we the light?  
What have we seen?

For the sun had risen, and the dawn  
A moment of the dawn  
And the night had fallen, and the dawn  
A moment of the dawn  
And the night had fallen, and the dawn  
A moment of the dawn

Look west, and see the light of dawn  
In the night, and the light of dawn  
With us, thy eye.

I from the west with dawn  
In twilight, in the dawn of dawn,  
O, son of dawn, of dawn, of dawn,  
Myself with dawn, of dawn, of dawn,  
The great dawn, of dawn, of dawn,  
In the dawn, of dawn, of dawn,  
"Kiss me, kiss me,"  
La Pre' that small sweet word alone  
Is not yet gone.

"Kiss me, kiss me," the sound  
Sole out of deep dumb days remote  
Across the fiery and red ground  
Comes tender as a hurt bird's note  
To where a ghost with empty hands,  
A worn worn ghost, her palace stands  
In the mid city, where the strong  
Bells turn the sunset air to song,  
And the towers throng.

With other face, with speech the same,  
A mightier maiden's likeness came  
Lest among mourning men that slept,  
A worn ghost that went and wept,  
Where the passion-wounded Lamb,  
Saw me, "Al, remember me, that am  
Aid," from deep sea to sea  
Earth heard, earth knew her, that this was  
"Kiss me, kiss me."

Love made me of all things: fairest thing,  
And here unmade me of this know-  
Who with God's son, of God's son,  
For the first time, I saw the light  
You, my dear, my dear, my dear,  
Yes, Mother, hast thou not said so?  
Have not our hearts within us stirred,  
O thou not heard, that thou would?  
Have we not heard?

A moment of the dawn  
A moment of the dawn  
A moment of the dawn  
A moment of the dawn  
A moment of the dawn  
A moment of the dawn  
A moment of the dawn  
A moment of the dawn

I saw the light, of dawn,  
I saw the light, of dawn,  
I saw the light, of dawn,  
I saw the light, of dawn,  
I saw the light, of dawn,  
I saw the light, of dawn,  
I saw the light, of dawn,  
I saw the light, of dawn,

Look thou from Siena southward home,  
Where the priest's pall hangs rent on Rome,  
And the light of dawn, of dawn, of dawn,  
Toward the light, of dawn, of dawn,  
Look thou from Siena southward home,  
Where the priest's pall hangs rent on Rome,  
And the light of dawn, of dawn, of dawn,  
Toward the light, of dawn, of dawn,

How down the beauty of things he led,  
Sweet, and with lips of dawn, of dawn,  
Kiss thy sons sleeping, and thy dead,  
That there be no more dawn, of dawn,  
Give us thy light, thy night, thy love,  
From thy face, seen afar, of dawn,  
Drew to thy feet, and when the light,  
Toward the light, of dawn, of dawn,  
Look thou from Siena southward home,

Me that when others played or slept  
Sat still under thy cross and wept,  
Me who so early and unware  
Felt fall on bent bare brows and hair  
(Thine, my dear, of the ever-flowing blood!)  
The bitter blessing of the light,  
Flashed red, and when the light,  
Toward the light, of dawn, of dawn,  
And the light, of dawn, of dawn,

Me, consolate, if I might,  
To praise thee, or to love at least,  
O thou, of dawn, of dawn, of dawn,  
Thou madest a child-souled boy prices

Before my lips had leave to sing,  
Or my hands hardly strength to cling  
About the intolerable  
Wherein they had nailed my heart and then  
And said, "Let be."

For to thee too the high Pates gave  
Grace to be sacrificed and save,  
That being arisen, in the equal sun,  
God and the People should be one;  
By those red roads thy footprints trod,  
Man more divine, more human God,  
Saviour; that when dawn came  
But darkness, and a daytime down,  
Light should be shown.

Let there be light, O Italy!  
For our feet falter in the night,  
O lamp of living years to be,  
O light of God, let there be light!  
Fill with a love keener than flame  
Men scolded in spirit with thy name,  
The cities and the Roman skies,

When even with other than man's eyes  
Saw dawn rise.

For thou, thou wast and thou wert they  
We have seen, but have thy very day;  
For they are thine and theirs thou art  
Whose blood beats living in man's heart,  
From many eyes fled and d  
We run for thy sake these men bled;  
They that saw Trebia, they that see  
Mentana, they in years to be  
That shall see thee.

For thine are all of us, and ours  
Thou; till the seasons bring to birth  
A perfect people, and all the powers  
Be with them that bear fruit on earth;  
Fill the inner freedom of our soul  
With freedom, and the sovereign sun;  
And Time, in likeness of a guide,  
Lead the Republic as a bride  
Up to God's side.

## COR CORDIUM.

O HEART of hearts, the chalice of love's  
fire,

Hid round with flowers and all the  
beauty of bloom.

O wonderful and perfect heart for when  
The lyrist freely made life a lyric;

O heavenly heart at whose most dear  
death.

Dead I see, living and singing, eld of his  
room.

And with him risen and regent in death's  
room.

All day thy choral pulses rung full choir;  
O heart whose beating blood was running

song.

O sole thing sweeter than thine own  
songs were.

Help us for thy free love's sake to be  
free.

True for thy truth's sake, for thy strength's  
sake.

Till very bloody make clean and fir

Thine earth is the spiritual  
city.

## IN SAN LORENZO.

Is thine hour come to wake, O slumbering  
Night?

Hath not the Dawn a message in thine  
eye?

Though thou be stone, and sleep, yet  
shalt thou hear

When the word falls from heaven—Let  
there be light.

Thou knowest we would not do thee despite  
To wake thee while the old sorrow and  
lonely were near;

We spake not loud for thy sake, and  
for fear

Lest thou shouldst lose the rest that was  
thy right.

The blessing given thee that was thine  
all day.

The happiness to sleep and to be stoned;  
Nay, we kept silence of thee for thy sake.

Albeit we knew thee alive, and left with  
thee.

The great good gift to feel not nor to see  
But will not yet thine Angel bid thee  
wake?

## TIRESIAS.

## PART I.

It is an hour before the hour of dawn.

Set in mine hand my staff and leave me here

Outside the hollow house that blind men fear,

More blind than I who live on life withdrawn

And feel on eyes that see not but foresee  
The shadow of death which clothes  
Antigone.

Here lay her living body that here lies

Dead, if man living know what thing is death,

If life be all made up of blood and breath,

And no sense be save as of ears and eyes,  
But heart there is not, tongue there is not found,

To think or sing what verge hath life or bound.

In the beginning when the powers that made

The young child man a little loved him, seeing

His joy of life and fair face of his being,  
And bland and laughing with the man-child played,

As friends they saw on our divine one day

King Cadmus take to queen Harmonia.

The strength of soul that builds up as with hands

Walls spiritual and towers and towns of thought

Which only fate, not force, can bring to nought,

Took then to wife the light of all men's lands,

War's child and love's, most sweet and wise and strong,

Order of things and rule and guiding song.

It was long since : yea, even the sun that saw

Remembers hardly what was, nor how long.

And now the wise heart of the worldly song

Is perished, and the holy hand of law

Can set no tune on time, nor help again

The power of thought to build up life for men.

Yea, surely are they now transformed or dead,

And sleep below this world, where no sun warms,

Or move about it now in formless forms

Incognizable, and all their lordship fleet ;

And where they stood up singing crawl and hiss

With fangs that kill behind their lips that kiss.

Yet though her marriage-garment, seeming fair

Was dyed in sin and woven of jealousy

To turn their seed to poison, time shall see

The gods reissue from them, and repair

Their broken stamp of godhead, and again

Thought and wise love sing words of law to men.

I, Tiresias the prophet, seeing in Thebes

Much evil, and the misery of men's hands

Who sow with fruitless wheat the stones and sands,

With fruitful thorns the fallows and warm glebes.

Bade their hands hold lest worse hap came to pass,

But which of you had heed of Tiresias ?

I am as Time's self in mine own wearied mind,

Whom the strong heavy-footed years have led

From night to night and dead men unto dead,

And from the blind hope to the memory blind ;

For each man's life is woven, as Time's life is,

Of blind young hopes and old blind memories.

**I** am a soul outside of death and birth.  
 I see before me and afterward I see,  
 O child, O corpse, the live-dead face of  
 thee,  
 Whose life and death are one thing upon  
 earth  
 Where day kills night and night and  
 till day  
 And dies: but where is that Harmonious  
 O all-beholden light not seen of eye,  
 And warm winds that tell of life and  
 eye  
 Stretch your strong wings at morning;  
 and thou, sky,  
 Whose hollow circle engirdling earth  
 sea  
 All night the set stars limit, and all day  
 I have seen thee  
**Ye** heights of hills, and thou Direan  
 spring  
 Inviolable, and ye towers that saw  
 down  
 Seven kings keen-sighted toward your  
 seven-faced town  
 And quenched the red seed of one  
 king;  
 And thou, for death less dreadful than  
 for birth,  
 Whose wild leaves hide the hearer of the  
 earth,  
 O mountain whereon goats make  
 kings,  
 Citherion, thou that sawest on Parnassus  
 lead  
 Kings of a mother, fysten and wax  
 And glitiate with a son thy sweet  
 And then is her cry night all time  
 nests  
 Who gave death suck at sanguine-suck-  
 ling breasts;  
 Yea, and a grief more grievous, without  
 name,  
 A curse too grievous for the name of  
 grief,  
 Thou sawest, and hearst the rumor  
 belief  
 Every unto death and madness, when  
 I die  
 Was lit whose ashes dropped about the  
 pyre  
 That of two brethren made one sundering  
 fire;  
 O better nurse, that on thine hard bare knees  
 I should find his fate the bloody-footed  
 death;  
 O mother, should I be more bloodily  
 than thou;  
 O Father, I feel feet walk wearier way-  
 than thou;  
 Where I was brought forth in darkness  
 and gloom,  
 Should I break as fire out of his mother's  
 womb;  
 I tell you withe as ye hear to me,  
 Time, day, night, my stars, life, death  
 are on earth,  
 As ye that round the human house of  
 earth  
 Watch, with veiled heads and weaponed  
 hands, and see  
 Good things and evil, strengthless yet and  
 dumb,  
 Sit in the clouds with cloudbike hours to  
 come;  
 Ye forces with out form and viewless powers  
 That have the keys of all are years in hold,  
 That prophesy too late with tongues of  
 gold,  
 In a strange speech whose words are per-  
 ished hours,  
 I witness to you what good things ye give  
 As ye to me what evil while I live,  
 What should I do to thank you, what to  
 praise,  
 For good hours and hours finer?  
 What should I do to curse or bless at all  
 Of winter-woven or summer-colored days?  
 O ye that will and bless whoso can,  
 I am the common part in you with man,  
 I am a grain of water, whose quick soul  
 Moves in the self-sunless patient air,  
 And the vine's hand is laid on my thin  
 hair  
 I am a flower and the grasses round  
 Have their feet on green bloom and  
 rain  
 Sweet is the kiss wherewith sleep kisses  
 pain.

- I hear the low sound of the spring of time,  
Still beating as the low live throb of blood  
And where its waters gathered head and  
flood  
I hear change moving on them, and the  
chime  
Across them of reverberate wings of  
hours  
Sounding, and feel the future air of  
flowers.
- The wind of change is soft as snow, and  
sweet  
The sense thereof as roses in the sun,  
The faint wind springing with the spring  
that run,  
The dim sweet smell of flowering hopes, and  
heat  
Of unbeholden sunrise; yet how long  
I know not till the morning put forth  
song.
- I prophesy of life, who live with death;  
Of joy, being sad; of sunlight, who am  
blind;  
Of man, whose ways are alien from man-  
kind  
And his lips are not parted with man's  
breath;  
I am a word out of the speechless years,  
The tongue of time, that no man sleep-  
who hears.
- I stand a shadow across the door of doom  
Athwart the lintel of death's house, and  
wait;  
Nor quick nor dead, nor flexible by fate,  
Nor quite of earth nor wholly of the tomb;  
A voice, a vision, light as fire or air,  
Driven between days that shall be and  
that were.
- I prophesy, with feet upon a grave,  
Of death cast out and life devouring death  
As flame doth wood and stubble with a  
breath;  
If freedom, though all manhood were one  
slave;  
Of truth, though all the world were liar;  
Of love,  
That time nor hate can raze the witness of.  
Life that was given for love's sake and his  
law's  
Their powers have no more power on;  
They divide
- Spoils wrung from lust or wrath of man  
or pride,  
And keen oblivion without pity or pause  
Sets them on fire and scatters them on  
air  
Like ashes shaken from a suppliant's hair.
- But life they lay no hand on; life once  
given  
No force of theirs hath competence to  
take;  
Life that was given for some divine  
thing's sake,  
To mix the bitterness of earth with heaven,  
Light with man's night, and music with  
his breath,  
Dies not, but makes its living food of  
death.
- I have seen this, who live where men are  
not,  
In the high starless air of fruitful night  
On that serenest and obscurest height  
Where dead and unborn things are one in  
thought  
And whence the live unconquerable  
springs  
Feed fall of force the torrents of new  
things.
- I have seen this, who saw long since, being  
man,  
As now I know not, if indeed I be,  
The fair bare body of Wisdom good to  
see  
And evil whence my light and night began;  
Light on the goal and darkness on the  
way;  
Light all through night and darkness  
all through day.
- Mother, that by that Pegasean spring  
Didst fold round in thine arms thy  
blinded son,  
Weeping "O heldest, what thing hast  
thou done,  
What, to my child? woe's me that see the  
thing!  
Is this thy love to me-ward, and hereof  
Must I take sample how the gods can  
love

- "O child, thou hast seen indeed, poor  
child of mine,  
The breasts and flanks of Pallas bare in  
sight,  
But never shalt see more the dear sun's  
light,  
O Helicon, how great a pay is thine  
For some poor antelopes and wild-deer  
dead,  
My child's eyes hast thou taken in their  
stead."
- Mother, thou knowest not what he had to  
give,  
Thy goddess though then angered, for  
mine eyes:  
Fame and foreknowledge, and to be most  
most wise,  
And centuries of high-thoughted life to  
live,  
And in mine hand this guiding star to  
As eyesight to the feet of men that see.
- Perchance I shall not die at all, nor pass  
The general door and lintel of men's  
Yet even the very tongue of wisdom said  
What grace should come with death to  
Hellas,  
What special honor that God's hand  
Whom their all men's notions as their  
lord.
- And sometimes when the secret eve of  
thought  
Is changed with obscurations, and the  
Aches with long pain of hollow pres-  
And fiery foresight with foresuttering bought  
Seems even to fret my spine and con-  
sume,  
Hunger and thirst come on me for the  
tomb.
- I could be fain to drink my death and  
sleep,  
And no more wrapt about with bitter  
creams  
Talk with the stars and with the winds  
And with the mortal years, and weep  
For how should he who communes with  
the years  
Be content to live for aught of time?
- O child, that guided of thine only will  
Didst set thy maiden foot against the  
gate  
To strike it open ere thine hour of fate,  
Antigone, men say not thou dist ill,  
For love's sake and the reverence of his  
law  
Divinely dying, slain by mortal law;  
For love is awful as immortal death,  
And through thee surely hast thy brother  
won.  
Rest, out of sight of our world-weary sun,  
And in the dead land where ye ghosts draw  
A royal place and honor; so wast thou  
Happy, though earth have hold of thee  
too now.  
So hast thou life and mine inviolable  
And joy that may begeth no more every  
Joy secret sealed beyond the hope of fear,  
A monumental pay which thou shalt  
So close and silent, a secret's  
Some possession of thy proper lot.
- Thou art not dead as those are dead who  
live  
Full of blind years, a sorrow-shaken  
knee,  
Not as those are men the prophet blind;  
They have not life that I have nor heart to  
give  
Life, nor have eyesight who lack heart  
to see  
When to be not is better than to be
- O ye whom time but bears with for a span,  
How long will ye be blind and dead, how  
long  
Make your own souls part of your own  
Son of the word of the most high god  
man,  
Why wilt thou make thine hour of life  
and death  
Emptier of all but shame than very  
of life?
- Fool, wilt thou live for ever? though thou  
With all thine heart for life to keep it  
Shall not thine hand forego it at the last?  
For thy sure hour shall take thee by the  
hand

Slip away, or when thou knowest thou  
wouldst fly;  
And as men died much mightier shalt  
thou die.

Yea, they are dead, men much more worthy  
than thou:

The savour of heroic life that was  
Is it not mixed into thy common breath?  
The sense of them is shed about thee now:  
Feel not thy brows a wind from their  
far?

Aches not thy forehead with the  
star?

The light that thou mayest see  
name

Is in the wind of their names that  
dies;

Flow within reach but out of  
lives;

And he that puts out his hand to  
Shall have it for a moment's  
To sign him for a moment's

But these men that the less  
hold,

Who sit the most part with  
crown.

And I will not say that I was  
days down

With joys in the night, and I will not say  
And eue not if the better days

Are these or all the dead, Antigone?

## PART II.

As when one wakes out of a waking dream  
And sees with instant eyes the  
the light

Whereof the vision as a widow weeps,  
I saw beneath a heaven of  
Fire yet the heart of the young man we  
brave.

One like a prophet standing by a grave

In the hour heaven was hardly  
breath,

And all the colored hills and  
grey.

And the wind wandered seeking for the  
day,

And wailed as though he had  
done to death

And this grey hour had built  
The hollow twilight for a sepulchre.

His many soul I saw as in a glass

As a living body full of grace  
To the living and over it the prophet's

His face the face was not of Theseas,

But a starry fire was in his eyes

As though their light it was that made

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But all about her grave wherein she slept  
 Were noises of the wild wind-footed  
 years  
 Whose foot-prints flying were full of blood  
 and tears,  
 Stricks as of Menads on their hills that  
 leapt  
 And yelled as beasts of ravin, and their  
 meat  
 Was the rent flesh of their own sons to  
 eat :  
 And fiery shadows passing with strange  
 cries :  
 And Sphinx-like shapes about the ruined  
 land,  
 And the red reek of patricidal blood  
 And intermixture of incestuous eyes,  
 And light as of that self-divided flame  
 Which made an end of the Cadmean  
 name,  
 And I beheld again, and to the grave,  
 And the bright boy lay there as dead,  
 And the same shadow cross another  
 head  
 That bowed down silent on that sleeping  
 love  
 Who was the lady of empire from her  
 birth  
 And light of all the kingdoms of the  
 earth,  
 Within the compass of the watcher's hand,  
 All struggles of other men and divers  
 powers  
 Were held at ease and gathered up  
 in one  
 His heart was as the heart of his whole  
 land,  
 As the heart of the world, as the heart of  
 Twilght and dawn and night and labor-  
 day,  
 He was my towel of the sons of God,  
 The towel that was to be used at need  
 The plummet of the judgment that should  
 be  
 A terror to the world for a time,  
 A terror to the world for a time,  
 The horned fire of Moses on his brow,  
 The strong wind of the coming of the  
 Lord  
 Had blown as flame upon him, and  
 brought down  
 On his bare head from heaven fire for a  
 crown,  
 And fire was girt upon him as a sword  
 To smite and lighten, and on what ways  
 he trod  
 There fell from him the shadow of a God  
 Pale, with the whole world's judgment in  
 his eyes,  
 He stood and saw the grief and shame  
 endure  
 That he, though highest of angels, might  
 not cure,  
 And the same sins done under the same  
 skies,  
 And the same slaves to the same tyrants  
 thrown,  
 And fain he would have slept, and fain  
 been stone,  
 But with unslumbering eyes he watched the  
 sleep  
 That sealed her sense whose eyes were  
 suns of old ;  
 And the night shut and opened, and  
 beheld,  
 The same grave where those prophets came  
 to weep,  
 But she that lay therein had moved and  
 stirred,  
 And where those twain had watched her  
 stood, then,  
 The tripled rhyme that closed in Paradise  
 With Love's name scaling up its starry  
 speckles -  
 The tripled might of hand that found in  
 the  
 A glory which held far off of all men's eyes,  
 A glory, color, carven wonders of live  
 stone,  
 These were not, but the very soul alone,  
 The living spirit, the good gift of grace,  
 The truth which takes of its own blood  
 to live,  
 That the old dreams of buried hope may  
 come on her sleeping, face to naked face,

<p>And from a soul more sweet than all the south Breathed love upon her sealed and breathless mouth.</p> <p>Between her lips the breath was blown as fire, And through her flushed veins leapt the liquid life And with sore passion and ambiguous strife The new birth rent her and the new desire The will to live, the competence to be, The sense to hearken and the soul to see.</p> <p>And the third prophet standing by her grave Stretched forth his hand and touched her, and her eyes, Opened as sudden suns in heaven might rise, And her soul caught from his the faith to save ; Faith above creeds faith beyond records, born</p>	<p>Of the pure, naked, fruitful, awful morn. For in the daybreak now that night was dead The light, the shadow, the delight, the pain, The purpose and the passion of those twain, Seemed gathered on that third prophetic head, And all their crowns were as one crown, and one His face with her face in the living sun.</p> <p>For even with that communion of their eyes His whole soul passed into her and made her strong ; And all the sounds and shows of shame and wrong, The hands that slays, the lip that mocks and lies, Temples and thrones that yet men seem to see, -- Are these dead or art thou dead, Italy ?</p>
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## THE SONG OF THE STANDARD.

<p>MAIDEN most beautiful, mother most boun- tiful, lady of lands, Queen and republican, crowned of the centuries whose years are thy sands, See for thy sake what we bring to thee, Italy, here in our hands.</p> <p>This is the banner thy gonfalon, fair in the front of thy fight, Red from the hearts that were pierced for thee, white as thy mountains are white, Green as the spring of thy soul everlasting, whose life-blood is light.</p> <p>Take to thy bosom thy banner, a fair bird fit for the nest, Feathered for flight into sunrise or sunset, for eastward or west, Fledged for the flight everlasting, but held yet warm to thy breast.</p> <p>Gather it close to thee, song-bird or storm- bearer, eagle or dove, Lift it to sunward, a beacon beneath to the beacon above, Green as our hope in it, white as our faith in it, red as our love</p>	<p>Thunder and splendor of lightning are hid in the folds of it furled : Who shall unroll it but thou, as thy bolt to be handled and hurled, Out of whose lips is the honey, whose bosom the milk of the world ?</p> <p>Out of thine hands hast thou fed us with pasture of color and song ; Glory and beauty by birthright to thee as thy garments belong ; Out of thine hands thou shalt give us as surely deliverance from wrong.</p> <p>Out of thine eyes thou hast shed on us love as a lamp in our night, Wisdom a lodestar to ships, and remem- brance a flame-colored light ; Out of thine eyes thou shalt shew us as surely the sundawn of right.</p> <p>Turn to us, speak to us, Italy, mother, but once and a word, None shall not follow thee, none shall not serve thee, not one that has heard ; Twice hast thou spoken a message, and time is athirst for the third.</p>
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Kingdom and Empire of peoples thou hadst, and thy bid empire to one	England in doubt of her, France in despair of her, all without heart:
North sea and south sea and east men and west men that look on the sun;	Stand on her side in the vanward of ages, and strike on her part!
Spirit was in thee and counsel, when soul in the nations was none.	Strike but one stroke for the love of her love of thee, sweet that thou art!
Banner and beacon thou wast to the cen- ters of stormwind and foam.	Take in thy right hand thy banner, a strong staff fit for thine hour;
Ages that clashed in the dark with each other, and years without home;	Forth at the light of it lifted shall fount things, floods from the fountains;
Empress and prophetess wast thou, and what wilt thou now be, O Rome?	Easter than stars from the sun shall they thine, being lighter than sand.
Ah, by the faith and the hope and the that have need of thee now.	Green thing to green in the summer makes answer, and rose-tree to rose;
Shines not thy face with the forethought of freedom, and burns not thy brow?	Lily by lily the year becomes perfect; and none of us knows.
Who is against her but all men? and who is beside her but thou?	What thing is fairest of all things on earth as it brightens an hour?
Art thou not better than all men? and where shall she turn but to thee?	This thing is fairest in all time of all things, in all time is this:
Lo, not a breath, not a beam, not a beacon from midland to sea;	Freedom, that made thee, our mother, and suckled hers sons at thy breast;
Freedom cries out for a sign among nations, and none will be free.	Take to thy bosom the nations, and there shall the world come to rest.

## ON THE DOWNS.

A FAINT sea without wind or sun; A sky like flameless vapor dan; A valley like an unshed grave That no man dares to weep upon, Bare, without bloom to crave, Or flower to save.	I see I mine eyes out as for roses Or sunset that all things retire to, Things of light or by night; From windward where the low clouds muse And the sea like a land here Seems full of cure.
And on the lip's edge of the down, Here where the bent-grass burns to brown In the dry sea-wind, and the heath Crawls to the cliff-side and looks down. I watch, and hear beneath The low tide breathe.	So is it now as it was then, And as men have been such are men, There as I stood I seem to stand, Here sitting chambered, and again Feel spread on either hand Sky, sea, and land.
Along the long lines of the cliff, Down the flat sea-lane without shift Or sad or blissful down time for mark, Through wind worn heads of heath and Stems blossomless and stark With dry sprays dark.	As a queen taken and stripped and bound So earth, discolored and disrowned; A king's palace empty and dead The sky without light or sound; And on the summer's head Were whistles shed.

Scarcely when enough was on the sea,  
 Scarcely hope enough there moved in me,  
 To sow with live flowers of white  
 The green plain's salt severity,  
 Or with stray thoughts of light  
 Touch my soul's sight.

By footless ways and sterile went  
 My thought unsatisfied, and bent  
 With blank unspeculative eyes  
 On the untracked sands of discontent  
 Where, watched of helpless skies,  
 Life hopeless lies.

East and west went my soul to find  
 Light, and the world was dark and blind  
 And the old folk's where we trod  
 And saw men feeling for mankind,  
 Unsheltered by the rod  
 Of any God.

Out of time's blind old eyes were shed  
 Tears that were mortal, and left dead  
 The heart and spirit of the years,  
 And on man's fallen and helpless head  
 Time's disheartening tears  
 Fell cold as fears.

Hope flowering had but strength to bear  
 The fruitless fruitage of despair;  
 Grief trod the grapes of joy for wine,  
 Whereof love drinking unaware  
 Died as one undivine

And I made no sign,  
 And soul and body dwelt apart;  
 And weary wisdom without heart  
 Stared on the dead round heaven and  
 Sighed  
 Is death so hollow as thou art,  
 Or a man's living pride?  
 And saying so much.

And my soul heard the songs and groans,  
 That are about and under thrones,  
 As I felt through all time's murmur thrill  
 Late cold imperious semitones  
 That made of good and ill  
 One same tune still.

Then "Where is God? and where is aid?  
 Or what good end of these?" she said;  
 "Is there no God or end at all,

Nor reason with unreason weighed  
 Nor force to disenfrail  
 Weak feet that fall?

"No! let to lighten and no rod  
 Fool's question? Is there no God?"  
 ... in anguish, iron-zoned,  
 Went my soul weeping as she trod  
 Between the men cutthroat  
 And men that are ...

O fool, that for brute cries of wrong  
 Heard not the grey glad mother's song  
 King response from the hills and waves,  
 But heard harsh noises all day long  
 Of spirits that were slaves  
 And dwelt in graves.

The wise word of the secret earth  
 Who knows what life and death are worth,  
 And how no help and no control  
 Can speed or stay things come to birth  
 Nor all world's wheels that roll  
 Crush one born soul.

With all her tongues of life and death,  
 With all her bloom and blood and breath,  
 From all years dead and all things done,  
 In the ear of man the mother saith,  
 "There is no God, O son,  
 If thou be none."

So my soul sick with watching heard  
 That day the wonder of that word,  
 And as one springs out of a dream  
 Sprang, and the stagnant wells were stirred  
 Where flows through gloom and gleam  
 That life's somnolence or am.

Out of pale cliff and sunburnt heath,  
 Out of the low sea curled together  
 In the land's bending arm embayed,  
 Out of all lives that thought hears breathe  
 Life wild in life and joy  
 We answer all.

A multitudinous monotone  
 Of dust and flower and seed and stone,  
 In the deep sea-rock's mid-sea sloth,  
 In the live waters treading zone,  
 In all men love and loathe,  
 One God at growth.

One forceful nature uncreate  
 That feeds itself with death and fate,

And the sun is red and the stars are of time,  
The wind is cold and the dew is of night,  
And the moon is red and the stars are of time,  
And the sun is red and the stars are of time.

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The wind is cold and the dew is of night,  
And the moon is red and the stars are of time,  
And the sun is red and the stars are of time,  
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And the sun is red and the stars are of time,  
The wind is cold and the dew is of night,  
And the moon is red and the stars are of time,  
And the sun is red and the stars are of time,  
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And the sun is red and the stars are of time.

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And the moon is red and the stars are of time,  
And the sun is red and the stars are of time.

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The wind is cold and the dew is of night,  
And the moon is red and the stars are of time,  
And the sun is red and the stars are of time,  
And the sun is red and the stars are of time,  
And the sun is red and the stars are of time.

And the sun is red and the stars are of time,  
The wind is cold and the dew is of night,  
And the moon is red and the stars are of time,  
And the sun is red and the stars are of time,  
And the sun is red and the stars are of time,  
And the sun is red and the stars are of time.

## MESSIDOR.

Put in the sickles and reap;  
For the morning of harvest is red,  
And the long large tanks of the corn  
Colored and clothed as the morn  
Stout thick in the fields and deep  
For them that faint to be fed,  
Let all that hunger and weep  
Come hither, and who would have bread  
Put in the sickles and reap.

Colored and clothed as the morn,  
The grain grows redder than gold,  
And the good strong sun is alight  
In the mists of the day-dawn white,  
And the crescent, a faint sharp horn,  
In the fear of his face turns cold  
As the snakes of the night-time that creep  
From the flag of our faith unrolled,  
Put in the sickles and reap.

In the mists of the day-dawn white  
That roll round the morning star,  
The sun is red and the stars are of time,  
Fill the red-gold harvest-rows,  
Full grown, are full of the red-gold,  
And the sun is red and the stars are of time,  
Cry out, Who shall slumber or sleep?  
And no put back morning or mar?  
Put in the sickles and reap.

Till the red-gold harvest-rows  
For miles through shudder and shine  
In the wind's breath, fed with the sun,  
A thousand spear-heads as one

Blow us for battle to close  
Lane in rank against line  
With place and station to keep  
Till all men's hands at a sign  
Put in the sickles and reap.

A thousand spear-heads as one  
Wave as with swing of the sea  
When the mid tide sways at its height  
For the hour is for harvest or fight  
In face of the just calm sea,  
As the signal in season may be  
And the lot in the helm may leap  
When chance shall shake it: but ye,  
Put in the sickles and reap.

For the hour is for harvest or fight  
To clothe with raiment of red;  
O men sore stricken of hours,  
Lo, this one, is not it?  
I am here to gather, to snare,  
I am here to make risk of his head  
Waiting reach of the clean sword's sweep,  
When the people that lay as the dead  
Put in the sickles and reap.

Lo, the one, is not it ours,  
Now the ruins of dead things rattle  
As dead men's bones in the pit,  
Now the kings wax lean as they sit  
Girt round with memories of powers,  
With musters counted as cattle  
And armies folded as sheep  
Till the red blind husbandman battle  
Put in the sickles and reap.

Now the kings wax lean as they sit,  
The people grow strong to stand;  
The men they trod on and spat,  
The dumb dread people that sat  
As corpses cast in a pit,  
Rise up with God at their hand,  
And thrones are hurled on a heap,  
And strong men, sons of the land,  
Put in the sickles and reap.

The dumb dread people that sat  
All night without screen for the night,  
All day without food for the day,  
They shall not give their harvest away,  
They shall eat of its fruit and wax fat;  
They shall see the desire of their sight,  
Though the ways of the seasons be steep,  
They shall climb with face to the light,  
Put in the sickles and reap.

## ODE ON THE INSURRECTION IN CANTAL.

## STR. 1.

I Laid my laurel-leaf  
At the white feet of grief,  
Seeing, how with covered face and plume-  
less wings,  
With unreverted head  
Veiled, as who mourns his dead,  
Lay Freedom couched between the  
thrones of kings,  
A wearied lion without lair,  
And bleeding from base wounds, and vexed  
with alien air.

## STR. 2.

Who was it, who, put poison to thy mortal,  
Who lulled with craft or charm thy  
lambent eyes,  
O light of all men, lamp to north and  
south,  
Eastward and westward, under all men's  
skies?  
For if thou sleep, we perish, and thy name  
Dies with the dying of our ephemeral  
breath;  
And if the dust of earth o'ergrows thy  
flame,  
Heaven also is darkened with the dust of  
death,  
If thou be mortal, if thou change or cease,  
If thine hand fail, or thine eyes turn from  
Greece,  
Thy first-born, and the first-fruits of thy  
fame,  
God is no God, and man is moulded out  
of shame.

## STR. 3.

Is there change in the secret skies,  
In the sacred places that see  
The divine beginning of things,  
The web of the web of the world?

Is Freedom a worm that dies,  
And God no God of the free?  
Is heaven like this earth with her kings,  
And time as a serpent curls  
Round life as a tree?

From the steel-bound snows of the north  
From the mystic mother, the east,  
From the sands of the fiery south,  
From the low-lit chambers of the west,  
A sound of a cry is gone forth;  
Arise, stand up from the feast,  
Let wine be far from the mouth,  
Let no man sleep or take rest,  
Till the plague hath ceased.

Let none rejoice or make mirth  
Till the evil thing be stayed,  
Nor grief be lulled in the lull,  
Nor hope be loud on the lyre;  
Let none be glad upon the earth,  
O music of young man and maid,  
O songs of the bride, be mute,  
For the light of her eyes, her desire,  
Is the soul dismayed.

It is not a land new-born  
That is scourged of a stranger's hand,  
That is rent and consumed with flame,  
We have known it of old, this face,  
With the cheeks and the tresses torn,  
With shame on the brow as a brand,  
We have named it of old by name,  
The land of the royallest race,  
The most holy land.

## STR. 4.

Had I words of fire,  
Whose words are weak as snow,  
Were my heart a lyre  
Whence all its love might flow







By all the bloodred tears That fill the chalice'd years, The vessels of the sacrament of time, Wherewith, O thou most holy, O Freedom, scarce and slowly Thy ministrant white hands cleanse earth Of crime; Though we tread on afar Where slave and slavens are, Among the chains and crowns of pious peace; Though not the beams that come From yon Archion Can melt her mists, and bid her snows de- crease;	Do thou with sudden won Darken the eyes of kings, But turn away the beauty of thy frowns on Greece; Thy white and woundless brows, Whereto her great heart bows; Gave her the glories of thine eyes to see; Turn thee, O holiest head, Toward all thy quick and dead, For thy sake, of the souls that cry for thee; O Day, O light, O flame, By thine own Green banner We call thee, and we charge thee that all these be free.
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Jan. 1867.

## "NON DOLET."

It does not hurt, she told along the knife Smiling, and watched the thick drops mix and run Down the fair blade; not that which had been, but Could hurt the sweet sense of the Roman wife, But that which was to do, yet ere the sun Cool'd and for ever even, and the sun; Nor was the pain yet nor was power yet won, While pain had power upon her husband's life.	It does not hurt, I hear. Then art more Than mine to bid room; how shalt thou not die The girl's love's blood has reddened for thy sake? Was not thy lifeblood given for us be- fore? And if love's heart had can avail thy reck, And thou not die, how should it hurt indeed?
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## EURYDICE.

E. V. R. R. R. R.

ORPHEUS, the night is full of tears and cries, And hardly for the storm and ruin shed Can even thine eyes be certain of her head Who never passed out of thy spirit's eyes, But stood and shone before them in such wise As when with love her lips and hands were fed, And with mute mouth out of the dusty dead Strove to make answer when thou bad'st her rise.	Yet viper-stricken must her lifeblood feel The fang that stung her sleeping, the fulsome Even when she wakes of hell's most poisonous worm, Though now it writhe beneath a woun- ed heel. Turn yet, she will not fade nor fly from thee; Wait, and see hell yield up Eurydice.
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## AN APPEAL.

## I.

ART thou indeed among these  
Thou of the tyrants' crew,  
The kingdoms torn upon blood,  
O queen from of old of the seas,  
England, art thou of them too  
That drink of the poisonous flood,  
That drink under poisonous trees?

## II.

Nay, thy name from of old,  
Mother, was pure, or we dreamed;  
Purer we held thee than that,  
Purer than worldly wealth;  
So gently a glory it seemed,  
A time so long, so soft of bliss,  
So more precious than gold.

## III.

A praise so sweet in our ears,  
That thou art the tenpest of things,  
As a rock in a rage should stand,  
In the bloodred river of tears,  
Poured forth for the triumph of kings;  
A safeguard, a sheltering land,  
In the thunder and torrent of years.

## IV.

Strangers came gently to thee,  
Exiles, chosen of men,  
Safe for thy sake in thy shade,  
Sat down at thy feet and were free,  
So men spake of thee then;  
Now shall their speaking be stayed?  
Ah, so let it not be!

## V.

Not for revenge or affright,  
Pride, or a tyrannous lust,  
Cast from thee the crown of thy praise,  
Mercy was thine in thy might;  
Strong when thou wert, thou wert just;  
Now, in the wrong-doing days,  
Cleave thou, thou at least, to the right.

## VI.

How could one charge thee, how sway,<  
Away by the memories that were?  
Not thy gold nor the strength of thy ships,  
Nor the might of thine armies of day,  
Made thee mother or queen;  
But a word from thy lips,  
Said in thy name in thy day.

## VII.

Hast thou, child, not lost that spot?  
Thy purity, thy glory?  
Else, for none of these was sold,  
Child, thou shouldst have been sold,  
Shouldst not have been sold;  
For thou art not a slave,  
Milkmaid; and the child was not.

## VIII.

Was it not said of thee too,  
Now, but new, by thy foe,  
By the slaves that thou hadst made,  
And the world shrank away —  
"Down with her will the wise  
Freemen that eye us ask in  
Fugitives, men that are true!"

## IX.

This was thy pride in thy time,  
From men thou hadst made to be  
Pure from pollution of slave,  
Clean of their sins, and thy name  
Bloodless, innocent, free;  
Now in their hearts, thy wave  
Wash not from out the filth of shame.

## X.

Freeman he is not, 'at slave,  
Whom in fear for the State  
Cries for surety of blood,  
Help of gibbet and grave;  
Neither is any land great  
Whom, in her fear-stricken mood,  
These things only can save.

## XI

Lo, how far from the land,  
 Tangleless and free,  
 Thee I play, O gentlest of slaves,  
 When thou art not in my way;  
 Still, when thou art in my way,  
 Slays not a heart that is true;  
 Stains not a face with a stain.

## XII

I have no power to free thee,  
 I have no power to free thee,  
 I have no power to free thee,  
 I have no power to free thee;  
 I have no power to free thee,  
 I have no power to free thee;  
 I have no power to free thee,  
 I have no power to free thee.

November 20, 1867.

## PERINDE AC CADAVER.

IN EXILE, LEAVING THE  
 By the endless chain of the sea,  
 When I am in the land of the dead,  
 Known to none, that she was a woman,  
 I am left with her name.

Here I stand, the first of the dead,  
 Here I stand, the first of the dead,  
 Here I stand, the first of the dead,  
 Over all who are dead,  
 To be remembered.

She turned, and laughed in her heart,  
 With eyes bright and heart true,  
 She saw not that she was a woman,  
 Burn on her, but only on her  
 Through her sleep, and on her  
 gold.

But she was not with her heart,  
 In the land of the dead,  
 She was not with her heart,  
 "The first of the dead,"  
 With the first of the dead,  
 With the first of the dead,

"And I am not with her heart,  
 In the land of the dead,  
 Thou art not with her heart,  
 Thou art not with her heart,  
 Thou art not with her heart,  
 And I am not with her heart,  
 And I am not with her heart,

"Yet I am not with her heart,  
 In the land of the dead,  
 O, I am not with her heart,  
 At the first of the dead,  
 That I am not with her heart,  
 That I am not with her heart,

She turned, and laughed in her heart,  
 With eyes bright and heart true,  
 She saw not that she was a woman,  
 Burn on her, but only on her  
 Through her sleep, and on her  
 gold.

Here I stand, the first of the dead,  
 Here I stand, the first of the dead,  
 Here I stand, the first of the dead,  
 Over all who are dead,  
 To be remembered.

She turned, and laughed in her heart,  
 With eyes bright and heart true,  
 She saw not that she was a woman,  
 Burn on her, but only on her  
 Through her sleep, and on her  
 gold.

But she was not with her heart,  
 In the land of the dead,  
 She was not with her heart,  
 "The first of the dead,"  
 With the first of the dead,  
 With the first of the dead,

"And I am not with her heart,  
 In the land of the dead,  
 Thou art not with her heart,  
 Thou art not with her heart,  
 Thou art not with her heart,  
 And I am not with her heart,  
 And I am not with her heart,

"Yet I am not with her heart,  
 In the land of the dead,  
 O, I am not with her heart,  
 At the first of the dead,  
 That I am not with her heart,  
 That I am not with her heart,

"Ah," he said in her ear,

"I may work, but I cannot rest;  
Is there room for any more?"

And strange is the path you will take,  
And jump overhead is the aim.

"I have loved thee since I was young,  
Loved thee enough in my day;  
Now not here, but for love  
Nor hardly remindance thereof  
Live in me to lighten my way.

"And is it not well with us here?  
Is change as good as is rest?  
What hope should move me, or fear,  
That eye should open, or ear,  
Who have long since won what is best?"

"Where among us are such things  
As turn men's hearts into hell?  
Have we not queens without crowns,  
Scotched princes, and fang'd kings?  
Yea," she said, "we are well."

"We have filed the teeth of the smile  
Monarchy, how should it bite?"

Should the slippery show the wake,  
If we had staid, it might be true;  
You are so full, I am so dry."

So she lay down with her dreams,  
Muttering and mithering;  
A voice as of some wild dream  
Spoke: "Not have such things as seem  
Thy lusts of sloth and thy wear?"

"Thy poor lie slain of thine hands,  
Thou starved land is in thy sight;  
A shadow the ghost of thee stands  
Among men living and lands,  
And stirs not leftward or right.

"Freeman he is not, but slave,  
Who stands not out on my side;  
His own hand hollows his grave,  
Nor strength is in me to save  
Where strength is none to abide.

"Time shall trudge on his name  
That was written for honour of old,  
Who hath taken in change for fame  
Dust, and silver, and shame,  
Ashes, and iron, and gold."

### MONOTONES.

Because there is but one truth;  
Because there is but one happier;  
Because there is but one right;  
Because we have with us our voice;  
Once, and one chance and one manner  
Of service, and then the night;

Because we have found not yet  
Any way for the world to follow  
Save only that ancient way;  
Whoever forsake or forget,  
Whose faith is ever be hollow,  
Whose hope soever grow grey;

Because of the watchwords of kings  
That are many and strange and unwritten,  
Diverse, and our watchword is one;  
Therefore, though seven be the strings,  
One string, if the harp be smitten,  
Sole sounds, till the tune be done;

Sounds without cadence or change  
In a weary monotonous burden,  
Be the keynote of mourning or mirth;

Free, but free not to range;  
Taking for crown and for guerdon  
No man's praise upon earth;

Seven be the sole word ever true,  
The tunes of the chancel world playing,  
Chancel plays to its death;  
One that chanted of yore  
To a tune of the sword-sweep's playing  
In the lips of the dead blew breath;

Therefore I set not mine hand  
To the shifting of changed modulation  
To the smiting of manifold strings;  
While the thrones of the throned men stand  
One song for the morning of nations,  
One for the twilight of kings.

One chord, one word, and one way,  
One hope as our law, one heaven,  
Till slain be the great one wrong;  
Till the people it could not slay,  
Risen up, have for one star seven,  
For a single, a sevenfold song.

## THE OBLATION.

Ask not for more of love and life,  
 All I have given you I give;  
 He that may love, will love me more,  
 More will I love him, and he will love me;  
 Love that is all I give you, and  
 Sing that is all I give you, and

And all I give you, and all I give you,  
 And all I give you, and all I give you,  
 And all I give you, and all I give you,

That is all I give you and live,  
 And all I give you, and all I give you,  
 And all I give you, and all I give you,

Let him love and no more  
 Give you all I give you, sweet;  
 He that may love, let him give;  
 He that may love, let him give;  
 And all I give you, and all I give you,  
 And all I give you, and all I give you,

## A YEAR'S BURDEN.

Fire and wild light, and fire and wild light,  
 What is swift change, and what is swift change,  
 As the sun shafts of the sun shafts,  
 Cry wellaway, but well befall the right.

Hope sits yet hiding her watery eyes,  
 Don't let her hide her face, and don't let her  
 But let her hide her face, and don't let her  
 Dies and is burnt up in the fire of the right.

Hearts bruised with loss and even the right,  
 Torn at the times, and torn at the times,  
 Grief stands as one that knows not her own  
 Not in the star she sees lying lay or night.

No song breaks with it on the violent air,  
 Big cracks of shame, defeat, and brute loss,  
 Yet something at the star's heart far up  
 For as a beacon in our shipwrecked sight.

O strange fierce light of presage, unknown  
 Whose tongues shall tell us what thy secrets  
 What no tongue trembles in the fire of the right,  
 Cry wellaway, but well befall the right.

From the sea and waste across an iron sea  
 What is swift change, and what is swift change,  
 And the red roller from we look for thee,  
 And the red roller from we look for thee.

Let him cry till waste across disastrous  
 And the red roller from we look for thee,  
 And the red roller from we look for thee,  
 And the red roller from we look for thee.

Old Hope is dead, the grey-haired hope  
 That talked with us of old things out of  
 Dream, death, and men the world has left  
 Yet, though hope die, faith lives in hope's  
 Despite.

And with hearts fixed on death and hope-  
 And with hearts fixed on death and hope-  
 And with hearts fixed on death and hope-  
 And with hearts fixed on death and hope-

Though France were given for prey to bird  
 and beast,  
 Though Rome were rent in twain of king  
 and priest,  
 The soul of man, the soul is safe at least  
 That gives death life and dead men  
 It is to state,

Are ye so strong, O kings, O men,  
 men? Nay, ye are weak, ye are old,  
 Waste all ye will, ye fight for all ye may,  
 Yet one thing is there that ye cannot  
 slay,  
 Even thought, that fire nor iron can  
 affright.  
 The woundless and havis'le thought that  
 goes  
 Free throughout time as north or south  
 wind blows,  
 Far throughout space as east or west  
 flows,  
 And all dead things before it lie and  
 bright,  
 Thy thought, thy word, O Christ, thy  
 O spirit of life, O God, who men  
 man!  
 What sea of sorrows but thy sign is  
 span?  
 Cry wellaway, but well befall the right,  
 With all its coils and curls, all its  
 curled,  
 The one not poisonous worm that  
 the world  
 Is wrenched from out the time of  
 and hurled  
 Into deep hell from empire's  
 height,  
 Time takes no more infection of it now;  
 Like a dead snake divided of the  
 The rotten thing lies cut in twain; but  
 thou,  
 Thy fires shall heal us of the serpent's  
 bite.  
 Ay, with red cautery and a burning brand  
 Purge thou the leprous leaven of the  
 land;  
 We have turned against thee in dream  
 and dark sleep;  
 Smite, ye will, smite us; strike, we will  
 not sleep;  
 Let the beauty of thee; let thy wound go  
 deep;  
 Cry wellaway, but well befall the right,  
 We will fight with love, pierce us with long-  
 sword,  
 Ourselves we will smite; O Christ, O God,  
 O God, who men  
 man!  
 And shall them with their chains and  
 And shall them,  
 Then, when the specter is at  
 dead,  
 Will we come to thee with one word  
 the dead,  
 We will reach our hands and hearts that  
 the dead feel,  
 And shall them worse than the world's  
 And shall them,  
 The shall, and there wars not king-  
 doms,  
 For in thy light, where eyes are as the sun  
 All names shall be one name, all nations  
 All souls of men in man's one soul unite,  
 O Christ, where men are, O Christ, where  
 That heaven is ours, and earth, and the  
 thing not be,  
 O earth, our earth, shall time not make us  
 free?  
 Cry wellaway, but well befall the right,

## E P I L O G U E.

ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580

A: What's your idea for the  
 Love Day? I want to give what I can.  
 O: One of the things I want to do  
 is to give away the old things.  
 I have lots of old books and  
 I want to give them away.  
 A: That's a good idea. I'll help you.  
 A: The children will like to do it, too.  
 They will have fun giving away their  
 things.

I charge you faint not, till I be slain;  
For love's sick, that was once made of you,  
To be a victim where the heart  
For travel, is a thousand times  
And send it, and a new world,  
And bloom of life, and a new world,  
And the people, and the world,  
The life, and the death, and the life,  
That I would, and you fall of me.

Out where the north wind blows a chill,  
 Out on the lonely, frozen tundra,  
 That sunset and snells and snells  
 hark  
 No help but a hark in a path  
 Seen through the light of a single light  
 I saw you put the willow's shadow  
 To find his face who led you, our  
 heart of his seed to hark and hark  
 That he may live the heart's heart

By day or night, by sea or street,  
I'll till we find and clasp and kiss,  
And kiss as well as lipper, who's doing  
Too much love, rather than I do,  
But with hushed hand, and softest voice,  
The presence of some heavenly thing  
In the near air;—and say you love  
His eyes, and drop a tearfully  
For shame's sake, at the light you see.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

1. The first of the new  
 2. The first of the new  
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 10. The first of the new

I have no more to say, and I am sunk  
 In a world with the world hanging down the dark  
 Hill of loss; then whole world, thronged by  
 Time,  
 I feel, and its whole heart tamed to stone.  
 Hark, then; then hark, that you be on ark  
 And not; and be, do, do, do,  
 The world's whole waters into one bark,  
 Where doth all live, and penance  
 For the soft, all at once green, day.

So for the son part I  
It said the stark, pale, cold, and dead

With fire of glow-worm light  
The wan face of a woman dead  
That pined half-pitiful and half  
And lost her life in the night  
Of the dark heart of a woman  
For shame, and the best of her  
Service of man for love of man.

Then broke the whole night into  
Thundering; the still night  
Heaved, and through the dark  
Died; and all dead things rose and

Woke  
First the dawn, now the dawn  
At the first sound of music  
Thundering, and all the old world wide  
Woke;

And under night's dark coming  
Men, out of her, and she was  
Mourning.

Still with blue hands and red  
Night long on heaven, and  
With black blood dripping from  
O, the soiled hands of this  
With brows and lips that thir  
Heart-sick with a heart  
And aching with her fire  
And shut her ere dawn  
Bare out with all her

In this black wind of war  
Now, ere that hour be in  
That our black hope  
And light and low  
Faded, and low  
The old day-hat  
Shall be cast out  
King led by king  
The lines of darkness are

Yet heavy, cold, and  
Sits on us of hope  
From words of her days  
Soil this day's treacher  
Still things for fear and  
Sow lives of men on  
In the red soil they  
A day, with her  
Stand sightless of the

And may her pure  
Look back and stretch  
Look back and stretch

And the dark, and the dark  
And the dark, and the dark

That in the dark will  
So, the dark, the dark  
And the dark, the dark  
And the dark, the dark

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And the dark, the dark





SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE.

219

Thy city perfect to thy mind  
Send face to living face with thee,  
And no miscrowned man's head behind ;  
The hearth of man, the human home,  
The central flame that shall be Rome ?

As one that ere a June day rise  
Makes seaward for the dawn and tries  
The water with delighted limbs  
That taste the sweet dark sea and swims  
Right eastward under strengthening skies,  
And sees the gradual rippling rims  
Of waves whence day breaks blossom-wise  
Take the ere light peer well above,  
And laughs from all his heart with love ;

And softer swimming with raised head  
Feels the tull flower of morning shed  
And fluent sunrise round him rolled  
That laps and laves his body bold  
With fluctuant heaven in water's stead,  
And urgent through the growing gold  
Strikes, and sees all the spray flash red,  
And his soul takes the sun, and yearns  
For joy wherewith the sea's heart burns ;

So the soul seeking through the dark  
Heavenward, a dove without an ark,

Transcends the unnavigable sea  
Of years that wear out memory ;  
So calls a sunward-singing lark,  
In the ear of souls that should be free ;  
So points them toward the sun for mark  
Who steer not for the stress of waves,  
And seek strange helmsmen, and are  
slaves.

For if the swimmer's eastward eye  
Must see no sunrise—must put by  
The hope that lifted him and led  
Once, to have light about his head,  
To see beneath the clear low sky  
The green foam-whitened wave wax red  
And all the morning's banner fly—  
Then, as earth's helpless hopes go down,  
Let earth's self in the dark tides drown.

Yea, if no morning must behold  
Man, other than were they now cold,  
And other deeds than past deeds done,  
Nor any near or far-off sun  
Salute him risen and sunlike-souled,  
Free, boundless, fearless, perfect, one,  
Let man's world die like worlds of old,  
And here in heaven's sight only be  
The sole sun of a worldless sea.



Till the word was clothed with speech by  
Lips of man.

And the word and the life wast thou,  
The spirit of man and the breath;  
And before thee the Gods that bow  
Take life as thine hands and death.  
For these are as ghosts that wane,  
That are gone in an age or twain;  
Harsh, merciful, passionate, pure,  
They perish, but thou shalt endure;  
Be their life as the swar's or the swallow,  
They pass as the flight of a year.  
O father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,  
Destroyer and healer, hear!

Thou the word, the light, the life, the breath,  
The glory,

Strong to help and heal, to lighten and to  
slay,

Thine is all the song of man, the world's  
whole story;

Not of morning and of evening is thy day.  
O Land and younger Gods are Luried or begotten

From uprising to downsetting of thy sun,  
Lest from eastward, fallen to westward and  
forgotten,

And their springs are many, but their end  
is one.

Others births of godheads find one death ap-  
pointed,

As the soul whence each was born makes  
room for each;

God by God goes out, disrowned and dis-  
anointed.

But the soul stands fast that gave them  
shape and speech.

Is the sun yet cast out of heaven?  
Is the song yet cast out of man?

Life that had song for its leaven  
To quicken the blood that ran

Through the veins of the songless years  
More bitter and cold than tears,

Heaven that had thee for its one  
Light, life, word, witness, O sun,

Are they soundless and sightless and  
hollow,

Without eye, without speech, without  
ear?

O father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,  
Destroyer and healer, hear!

Thou arose and smote thee silent at his warn-  
ing,

Change and darkness fell on men that fell  
from thee;

Look thou satest, veiled with light, behind  
the morning,

Till the soul of man should  
and see.

Till the blind mute soul put on  
eyesight,

Man may worship not the light of  
In his sight the stars whose fires grow

thy sight  
Shine as sunbeams on the night of death  
and sin.

Time again is risen with mightier word of  
warning.

Change and darkness fell on men that  
breath;

Clothed with speech, the word that  
meets in man.

Lo, the Gods that dwell in  
death!

They are conquered, they  
are stricken,

Whose might made the world  
pale;

They are dust that  
quicken

Though the world  
wail.

As a bound on a wild  
So time and the gods are in chase;

As wolves when the hunt makes head,  
They are scattered, they fly, they are

They are fled beyond land, beyond  
And the cry of the chase, and the cheer.

O father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,  
Destroyer and healer, hear!

Day by day thy shadow shines in heaven be-  
holden,

Even the sun, the shining shadow of thy  
face:

King, the ways of heaven before thy feet grow  
golden;

God, the soul of earth is kindled with thy  
grace.

In thy lips the speech of man whence Gods  
were fashioned,

In thy soul the thought that makes man  
and unmake,

By thy light and heat incarnate and im-  
passioned,

Soul to soul of man, gives light for light and  
takes.

As they knew thy name of old time could we  
know it,

Healer called of sickness, slaver invoked of  
wrong,

Light of eyes that saw thy light, God, king,  
priest, poet,

Song should bring thee back to heal us with  
thy song.

I have not seen thee since that I was  
 Nourished in the womb of my dear Mother,  
 Or since that I was born into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,

## IN THE FAY.

I have not seen thee since that I was  
 Nourished in the womb of my dear Mother,  
 Or since that I was born into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,

## II.

Abandon me, my dear Mother,  
 So that I may be free to go,  
 Lowly and meekly, to the world,  
 Lowly and meekly, to the world,  
 Lowly and meekly, to the world,  
 Lowly and meekly, to the world,  
 Lowly and meekly, to the world,  
 Lowly and meekly, to the world,

## III.

In the night, when all the world is  
 In the night, when all the world is  
 In the night, when all the world is  
 In the night, when all the world is  
 In the night, when all the world is  
 In the night, when all the world is  
 In the night, when all the world is

## IV.

Night knows not, neither day nor dawn,  
 By sunlight nor by starlight is it known,  
 Nor to the full moon's eye nor to the low

I have not seen thee since that I was  
 Nourished in the womb of my dear Mother,  
 Or since that I was born into the world,

I have not seen thee since that I was  
 Nourished in the womb of my dear Mother,  
 Or since that I was born into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,

I have not seen thee since that I was  
 Nourished in the womb of my dear Mother,

## VI.

I have not seen thee since that I was  
 Nourished in the womb of my dear Mother,  
 Or since that I was born into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,

## VII.

I have not seen thee since that I was  
 Nourished in the womb of my dear Mother,  
 Or since that I was born into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,

## VIII.

I have not seen thee since that I was  
 Nourished in the womb of my dear Mother,  
 Or since that I was born into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,

## IX.

I have not seen thee since that I was  
 Nourished in the womb of my dear Mother,  
 Or since that I was born into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,  
 Or since that I was brought into the world,

## X.

I have not seen thee since that I was  
 Nourished in the womb of my dear Mother,  
 Or since that I was born into the world,



Sounding, that none may number nor may  
name,  
We know not, even thy brethren; yea, not we  
Whose eyes desire the light that lightened thee,  
Whose ways and thine are one way and the  
same.

## XXII.

But if in riddles that in sleep we read,  
And if in truth not, be flattering truth indeed,  
As if our mightiest called them,—he,  
Mightiest than thou as thou much higher  
than —  
Thou, meant we say, all flower of all our  
seed,  
All singing souls as one sounding sea.

## XXIII.

All those that here were of thy kind and kin,  
Beside thee and below thee, full of love,  
Full-souled for song,—and one alone above  
Whose only light folds all your glories in—  
With all birds' notes from nightingale to dove  
Fill the world whither we too fain would win.

## XXIV.

The world that sees in heaven the sovereign  
light  
Of sunlike Shakespeare, and the fiery night  
Whose stars were watched of Webster; and  
beneath,  
The twin-souled brethren of the single wreath,  
Grown in king's gardens, plucked from  
pastoral hearth,  
Wrought with all flowers for all men's heart's  
delight,

## XXV.

And that fixed fervor, iron-red like Mars,  
Fervor and moving tide of tenderer stars,  
That burned on loves and deeds the darkest  
day,  
Athwart the incestuous prisoner's bride-house  
bars;  
And that most highest of all their fires but  
one,  
Our morning star, sole risen before the sun.

## XXVI.

And one light risen since theirs to run such  
race  
Thou has seen, O Phospor, from thy pride of  
place.

Thou hast seen Shelley, him that was to thee  
As light to fire or dawn to lightning; me,  
Me likewise, O our brother, shall thou see,  
And I behold thee, for to glorious face?

## X

You twain the same swift year of manhood  
swept.  
Down the steep darkness, and our father  
wept.  
And from the gleam of Apollonian tears  
A holier aureole rounds your memories, kept  
Most fervent-fresh of all the singing spheres,  
And April-colored through all months and  
years.

## XXVIII.

You twain fate spared not half your fiery span;  
The longer date fulfils the lesser man  
Ye from beyond the dark dividing date  
Stand smiling, crowned as gods with foot on  
fate.  
For stronger was your blessing than his ban,  
And earliest whom he struck, he struck too  
late.

## XXIX.

Yet love and loathing, faith and unfaith yet  
Bind less to greater souls in unison,  
And one desire that makes three spirits as  
one  
Takes great and small as in one spiritual net  
Woven out of hope toward what shall yet be  
done  
Ere hate or love remember or forget.

## XXX.

Woven out of faith and hope and love too  
great  
To bear the bonds of life and death and fate:  
Woven out of love and hope and faith too  
dear  
To take the print of doubt and change and  
fear:  
And interwoven with lines of wrath and hate  
Blood-red with soils of many a sanguine year.

## XXXI.

Who cannot hate, can love not; if he grieve,  
His tears are barren as the unfruitful rain  
That rears no harvest from the green sea's  
plain,

And as thorns crackling this man's laugh is  
vain.  
Nor can belief touch, kindle, smite, reprove  
His heart who has not heart to disbelieve.

XXXII.

But you, most perfect in your hate and love,  
Our great twin-spirited brethren; you that  
stand  
Head by head glittering, hand made fast in  
hand,  
And underfoot the fang-drawn worm that  
strove  
To wound you living; from so far ab-  
look love, not scorn, on ours that was our  
land.

XXXIII.

For love we lack, and help and heat and light  
To clothe us and to comfort us with night.  
What help is ours to take or give? but ye—  
O, more than sunrise to the blind cold sea,  
That wailed aloud with all her waves all night,  
Much more, being much more glorious, should  
you be.

XXXIV.

As fire to frost, as ease to toil, as dew  
To flowerless fields, as sleep to slackening  
pain,  
As hope to souls long weaned from hope  
again  
Returning, or as blood revived anew  
To dry-drawn limbs and every pulseless vein,  
Even so toward us should no man be but you.

XXXV.

One rose before the sunrise was, and one  
before the sunset, lovelier than the sun.  
And now the heaven is dark and bright and  
loud  
With wind and starry drift and moon and  
cloud,  
And night's cry rings in straining sheet and  
shroud,  
What help is ours if hope like yours be none?

XXXVI.

O well-beloved, our brethren, if ye be,  
Then are we not forsaken. This kind earth  
Made fragrant once for all time with your  
birth,

15

And bright for all men with your love, and  
worth  
The clasp and kiss and wedlock of the sea,  
Were not your mother if not your brethren  
we.

XXXVII.

Because the days were dark with gods and  
kings  
And in time's hand the old hours of time as  
rods,  
When force and fear set hope and faith at  
odds,  
Ye failed not nor abased your plume-plucked  
wings;  
And we that front not more disastrous things,  
How should we fail in face of kings and gods?

XXXVIII.

For now the deep dense plumes of night are  
thinned  
Surely with winnowing of the glimmering wind  
Whose feet are fledged with morning; and the  
breath  
Begins in heaven that sings the dark to death.  
And all the night wherein men groaned and  
sinned  
Sickens at heart to hear what sundawn saith.

XXXIX.

O first-born sons of hope and fairest, ye  
Whose prows first clove the thought-un-  
sounded sea  
Whence all the dark dead centuries rose to  
bar  
The spirit of man lest truth should make him  
free,  
The sunrise and the sunset, seeing one star,  
Take heart as we to know you that ye are.

XI.

Ye rise not and ye set not; we that say  
Ye rise and set like hopes that set and rise  
Look yet but seaward from a land-locked bay;  
But where at last the sea's line is the sky's  
And truth and hope one sunlight in your eyes,  
No sunrise and no sunset marks their day.

#### A FORSAKEN GARDEN.

IN a coign of the cliff between lowland and  
highland,  
At the sea-down's edge between windward  
and lee,



Walled round with rocks as an inland island,  
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.  
A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses  
The steep square slope of the blossomless  
bed

Where the weeds that grew green from the  
graves of its roses  
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,  
To the low east edge of the long lone land.  
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,  
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's  
hand?

So long have the gray bare walks lain guest-  
less,

Through branches and briers if a man make  
way.

He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless  
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled  
That crawls by a track none turn to climb  
To the strait waste place that the years have  
rifled

Of all but the thorns that are touched not  
of time.

The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;  
The rocks are left when he wastes the  
plain.

The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-  
shaken,  
These remain.

Not a flower to be prest of the foot that falls  
not;

As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots  
are dry;

From the thicket of thorns whence the night-  
ingale calls not,

Could she call, there were never a rose to  
reply.

Over the meadows that blossom and wither

Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;

Only the sun and the rain come hither

All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels

One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.

Only the wind here hovers and revels

In a round where life seems barren as death.

Here there was laughing of old, there was  
weeping,

Haply, of lovers none ever will know,

Whose eyes went seaward a hundred  
sleeping

Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, 'Look  
thither,'

Did he whisper? 'Look forth from the  
flowers to the sea;

For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-  
blossoms wither,

And men that love lightly may die—but we?'

And the same wind sang and the same waves  
whitened,

And or ever the garden's last petals were  
shed,

In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that  
had lightened,

Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then  
went whither?

And were one to the end—but what end  
who knows?

Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,  
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the  
rose.

Shall the dead take thought for the dead to  
love them?

What love was ever as deep as a grave?

They are loveless now as the grass above  
them

Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,  
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and  
the sea.

Not a breath of the time that has been hovers  
In the air now soft with a summer to be.

Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons  
hereafter

Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now  
or weep,

When as they that are free now of weeping  
and laughter

We shall sleep.

Here death deal not again forever;

Here change may come not till all change  
end.

From the graves they have made they shall  
rise up never,

Who have left nought living to ravage and  
tend.

Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground  
growing,

While the sun and the rain live, these shall  
be;

Till a last wind's breath upon all these blow-  
ing

Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff  
crumble,

Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs  
drink,

Till the strength of the waves of the high  
tides humble

The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,  
Here now in his triumph where all things  
falter,

stretched out on the spoils that his own  
hand spread,

As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,  
Death lies dead.

## RELICS.

This flower that smells of honey and the sea,  
White laurustine, seems in my hand to be  
A white star made of memory long ago  
Lit in the heaven of dear times dead to me.

A star out of the skies love used to know  
Here held in hand, a stray left yet to show  
What flowers my heart was full of in the  
days  
That are long since gone down dead memory's  
flow.

Dead memory that revives on doubtful ways,  
Half hearkening what the buried season says  
Out of the world of the unapparent dead  
Where the lost Aprils are, and the lost  
Mays.

Flower, once I knew thy star-white brethren  
bred  
In where the last of all the land made  
head

Against the sea, a keen-faced promontory,  
Flowers on salt wind and sprinkled sea-dews  
fed.

Their hearts were glad of the free place's  
gle

The voice telling them all his stormy story  
Hail all winter to the sleepless  
sp

And their hues were hard and  
hoary.

Like things born of the sea and the bright  
day,

They laughed out at the years that could not  
slay,

Live sons and joyous of unquiet hours,  
And stronger than all storms that range for  
prey.

And in the close indomitable flowers  
A keen-edged odor of the sun and showers  
Was as the smell of the fresh honeycomb  
Made sweet for mouths of none but para-  
mours.

Out of the hard green wall of leaves that  
ciomb

They showed like windfalls of the snow-soft  
foam,

Or feathers from the weary south-wind's  
wing,

Fair as the spray that it came shoreward  
from.

And thou, as white, what word hast thou to  
bring?

If my heart hearken, whereof wilt thou sing?  
For some sign surely thou too hast to bear,  
Some word far south was taught thee of the  
spring.

White like a white rose, not like these that  
were

Taught of the wind's mor and the winter  
air,

Poor tender thing of soft Italian bloom,  
Where once thou grewest, what else for me  
grew there.

Born in what spring and on what city's tomb,  
By whose hand wast thou reached, and  
plucked for whom?

There hangs about thee, could the soul's  
sense tell,

An odor as of love and of love's doom.

Of days more sweet than thou wast sweet to  
smell,

Of flower-soft thoughts that came to flower  
and fell,

Of loves that lived a lily's life and died,  
Of dreams now dwelling where dead roses  
dwell.

O white birth of the golden mountain-side  
That for the sun's love makes its bosom wide  
At sunrise, and with all its woods and  
flowers

Takes in the morning to its heart of pride!

Thou hast a word of that one land of ours,  
And of the fair town called of the fair towers,  
A word for me of my San Gimignano,  
A word of April's greenest-girdled hours.

Of the breached walls whereon the wall-  
flowers ran  
Called of Saint Fina, breachless now of man,  
Though time with soft feet break them  
stone by stone,  
Who breaks down hour by hour his own  
reign's span.

Of the cliff overcome and overgrown  
That all that floweræ: clothed as flesh clothes  
bone,  
That garment of acacias made for May,  
Whereof here lies one witness overblown.

The fair brave trees with all their flowers at  
play,  
How king-like they stood up into the day!  
How sweet the day was with them, and the  
night!  
Such words of message have dead flowers to  
say.

This that the winter and the wind made  
bright,  
And this that lived upon Italian light,  
Before I throw them and these words away,  
Who knows but I what memories too take  
flight?

#### AT A MONTIP'S END.

THE night last night was strange and shaken :  
More strange the change of you and me.  
Once more, for the old love's love forsaken,  
We went out once more toward the sea.

For the old love's love-sake dead and buried,  
One last time, one more and no more,  
We watched the waves set in, the serried  
Spears of the tide storming the shore.

Hardly we saw the high moon hanging,  
Heard hardly through the windy night  
Far waters ringing, low reefs clanging,  
Under wan skies and waste white light.

With chafe and change of surges chiming,  
The clashing channels rocked and rang  
Large music, wave to wild wave timing,  
And all the choral water sang.

Faint lights fell this way, that way floated,  
Quick sparks of sea-fire keen like eyes  
From the roiled surf that flashed, and noted  
Shores and faint cliffs and bays and skies.

The ghost of sea that shrank up sighing  
At the sand's edge, a short sad breath  
Trembling to touch the goal, and dying  
With weak heart heaved up once in death—

The rustling sand and shingle shaken  
With light sweet touches and small sound—  
These could not move us, could not waken  
Hearts to look forth, eyes to look round.

Silent we went an hour together,  
Under gray skies by waters white.  
Our hearts were full of windy weather,  
Clouds and blown stars and broken light.

Full of cold clouds and moonbeams drifted  
And streaming storms and straying fires,  
Our souls in us were stirred and shifted  
By doubts and dreams and foiled desires.

Across, aslant, a scudding sea-mew  
Swam, dipped, and dropped, and grazed  
the sea :  
And one with me I could not dream you ;  
And one with you I could not be.

As the white wing the white wave's fringes  
Touched and slid over and flashed past—  
As a pale cloud a pale flame tinges  
From the moon's lowest light and last—

As a star feels the sun and falters,  
Touched to death by diviner eyes—  
As on the old gods' untended altars  
The old fire of withered worship dies—

(Once only, once the shrine delighted  
Sees the last tery shadow shine,  
Last shadow of flame and faith benighted,  
Sees falter and flutter and fail the shrine)

So once with fiery breath and flying  
Your winged heart touched mine and went,  
And the swift spirits kissed, and sighing,  
Sundered and smited and were content.

That only touch, that feeling only,  
Enough we found, we found too much ;  
For the unlit shrine is hardly lonely  
As one the old fire forgets to touch.

Slight as the sea's sight of the sea-mew,  
Slight as the sun's sight of the star :  
Enough to show one must not deem you  
For love's sake other than you are.

Who snares and tames with fear and danger  
A bright beast of a fiery kin,

Only to mar, only to change her  
Sleek supple soul and splendid skin?

Easy with blows to mar and maim her,  
Easy with bonds to bind and bruise;  
What profit, if she yield her tamer  
The limbs to mar, the soul to lose?

Best leave or take the perfect creature,  
Take all she is or leave complete;  
Transmute you will not form or feature,  
Change feet for wings or wings for feet.

Strange eyes, new limbs, can no man give  
her;  
Sweet is the sweet thing as it is,  
No soul she hath, we see, to outlive her;  
Hath she for that no lips to kiss?

So may one read his weird, and reason,  
And with vain drugs assuage no pain.  
For each man in his loving season  
Fools and is fooled of these in vain.

Charms that allay not any longing,  
Spells that appease not any grief,  
Time brings us all by handfuls, wronging  
All hurts with nothing of relief.

Ah, too soon shot, the fool's bolt misses!  
What help? the world is full of loves;  
Night after night of running kisses,  
Chirp after chirp of changing doves.

Should Love disown or disesteem you  
For loving one man more or less?  
You could not tame your light white sea-mew,  
Nor I my sleek black pantheress.

For a new soul let whoso please pray,  
We are what life made us, and shall be.  
For you the jungle and me the sea-spray,  
And south for you and north for me.

Is it this one broken foam-white feather  
I throw you off the hither wing,  
Splashed stiff with sea-scurf and salt weather,  
This song for sleep to learn and sing—

Sing in your ear when, daytime over,  
You, couched at long length on hot sand  
With some sleek sun-discolored lover,  
Winced from his breath as from a brand:

Fill the acrid hour aches out and ceases,  
And the sheathed eyeball sleeper swims.  
The deep flank smooths its dimpling creases,  
And passion loosens all the limbs:

Till dreams of sharp gray north-sea weather  
Fall faint upon your fiery sleep,  
As on strange sands a strayed bird's feather  
The wind may choose to lose or keep.

But I, who leave my queen of panthers,  
As a tired honey-heavy bee  
Gilt with sweet dust from gold-grained anthers  
Leaves the rose-chalice, what for me?

From the ardors of the chaliced centre,  
From the amorous anthers' golden grime,  
That scorch and smutch all wings that enter,  
I fly forth hot from honey-time.

But as to a bee's gilt thighs and winglets  
The flower-dust with the flower-smell clings;  
As a snake's mobile rampant ringlets  
Leave the sand marked with print of rings;

So to my soul in surer fashion  
Your savage stamp and savor hangs;  
The print and perfume of old passion,  
The wild-beast mark of panther's fangs.

# SESTINA.

I SAW my soul at rest upon a day  
As the bird sleeping in the nest of night,  
Among soft leaves that give the starlight way  
To touch its wings but not its eyes with light;  
So that it knew as one in visions may,  
And knew not as men waking, of delight.

This was the measure of my soul's delight;  
It had no power of joy to fly by day,  
Nor part in the large lordship of the light;  
But in a secret moon-beholden way  
Had all its will of dreams and pleasant night,  
And all the love and life that sleepers may.

But such life's triumph as men waking may  
It might not have to feed its faint delight  
Between the stars by night and sun by day,  
Shut up with green leaves and a little light:  
Because its way was as a lost star's way.  
A world's not wholly known of day or night.

All loves and dreams and sounds and gleams  
of night  
Made it all music that such minstrels may,  
And all they had they gave it of delight;  
But in the full face of the fire of day  
What place shall be for any starry light,  
What part of heaven in all the wide sun's  
way?

Yet the soul woke not, sleeping by the way,  
 Watched as a nursling of the large-eyed  
 night,  
 And sought no strength nor knowledge of the  
 day,  
 Nor closer touch conclusive of delight,  
 Nor mightier joy nor truer than dreamers may,  
 Nor more of song than they, nor more of  
 light,  
 For who sleeps once and sees the secret light  
 Whereby sleep shows the soul a fairer way  
 Between the rise and rest of day and night,  
 Shall care no more to fare as all men may,  
 But he is place of pain or of delight,  
 There shall he dwell, beholding night as  
 day.

Song, have thy day and take thy fill of light  
 Before the night be fallen across thy way;  
 Sing while he may, man hath no long delight.

#### THE YEAR OF THE ROSE.

FROM the depths of the green garden-closes  
 Where the summer in darkness dozes  
 Till autumn pluck from his hand  
 An hour-glass that holds not a sand;  
 From the maze that a flower-belt encloses  
 To the stones and sea-grass on the strand  
 How red was the reign of the roses  
 Over the rose-crowned land!

The year of the rose is brief;  
 From the first blade blown to the sheaf,  
 From the thin green leaf to the gold,  
 It has time to be sweet and grow old,  
 To triumph and leave not a leaf  
 For witness in winter's sight  
 How lovers once in the light  
 Would mix their breath with its breath,  
 And its spirit was quenched not of night,  
 As love is subdued not of death.

In the red-rose land not a mile  
 Of the meadows from stile to stile,  
 Of the valleys from stream to stream,  
 But the air was a long sweet dream  
 And the earth was a sweet wide smile  
 Red-mouthed of a goddess, returned  
 From the sea which had borne her and  
 burned.

That with one swift smile of her mouth  
 Looked full on the north as it yearned,  
 And the north was more than the south.

For the north, when winter was long.  
 In his heart had made him a song.  
 And clothed it with wings of desire,  
 And shod it with shoon as of arc,  
 To carry the tale of his wrong  
 To the south-west wind by the sea,  
 That who might bear it but he  
 To the ears of the goddess unknown  
 Who waits till her time shall be  
 To take the world for a throne?

In the earth beneath, and above  
 In the heaven where her name is love,  
 She warms with light from her eyes  
 The seasons of life as they rise,  
 And her eyes are as eyes of a dove,  
 But the wings that lift her and bear  
 As an eagle's, and all her hair  
 As fire by wind's breath curled,  
 And her passage is song through the air,  
 And her presence is spirit through the world.

So turned she northward and came,  
 And the white-thorn land was aflame  
 With the fires that were shed from her feet,  
 That the north, by her love made sweet,  
 Should be called by a rose-red name;  
 And a murmur was heard as of doves,  
 And a music beginning of loves  
 In the light that the roses made,  
 Such light as the music loves.  
 The music of man with maid.

But the days drop one upon one,  
 And a chill soft wind is begun  
 In the heart of the rose-red maze  
 That weeps for the roseleaf days  
 And the reign of the rose undone  
 That ruled so long in the light,  
 And by spirit, and not by sight,  
 Through the darkness thrilled with its breath,  
 Still ruled in the viewless night,  
 As love might rule over death.

The time of lovers is brief;  
 From the fair first joy to the grief  
 That tells when love is grown old,  
 From the warm wild kiss to the cold,  
 From the red to the white-rose leaf,  
 They have but a season to seem  
 As roseleaves lost on a stream  
 That part not and pass not apart  
 As a spirit from dream to dream,  
 As a sorrow from heart to heart.

From the bloom and the gloom that encloses  
 The death-bed of Love where he dozes

Till a relic be left not of sand  
To the hour-glass that breaks in his hand ;  
From the change in the gray garden-closes  
To the last stray grass of the strand,  
A rain and ruin of roses  
Over the red rose-land.

### A WASTED VIGIL

#### I.

COULDST thou not watch with me one hour ?  
Behold,  
Dawn skims the sea with flying feet of gold,  
With sudden feet that graze the gradual sea ;  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

#### II.

What, not one hour ? for star by star the night  
Falls, and her thousands world by world take  
flight ;  
They die, and day survives, and what of thee ?  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

#### III.

Lo, far in heaven the web of night undone,  
And on the sudden sea the gradual sun ;  
Wave to wave answers, tree responds to tree ;  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

#### IV.

Sunbeam by sunbeam creeps from line to line,  
Foam by foam quickens on the brightening  
brine ;  
Sail by sail passes, flower by flower gets free ;  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

#### V.

Last year, a brief while since, an age ago,  
A whole year past, with bud and bloom and  
snow,  
O moon that wast in heaven, what friends  
were we !  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

#### VI.

Old moons, and last year's flowers, and last  
year's snows  
Who now saith to thee, moon ? or who saith,  
rose ?  
O dust and ashes, once found fair to see !  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

#### VII.

O dust and ashes, once thought sweet to  
smell !  
With me it is not, is it with thee well ?  
O sea-drift blown from windward back to lee !  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

#### VIII.

The old year's dead hands are full of their  
dead flowers,  
The old days are full of dead old loves of ours,  
Born as a rose, and briefer born than she ;  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

#### IX.

Could two days live again of that dead year,  
One would say, seeking us and passing here,  
*Where is she ?* and one answering, *Where is  
he ?*  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

#### X.

Nay, those two lovers are not anywhere ;  
If we were they, none knows us what we were,  
Nor aught of all their barren grief and glee.  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

#### XI.

Half false, half fair, all feeble, be my verse  
Upon thee not for blessing nor for curse  
For some must stand, and some must fall or  
flee ;  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

#### XII.

As a new moon above spent stars thou wast ;  
But stars endure after the moon is past.  
Couldst thou not watch one hour, though I  
watch three ?  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

#### XIII.

What of the night ? The night is full, the  
tide  
Storms inland, the most ancient rocks divide ;  
Yet some endure, and bow nor head nor  
knee ;  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

#### XIV.

Since thou art not as these are, go thy ways ;  
Thou hast no part in all my nights and days.  
Lie still, sleep on, be glad—as such things  
be ;  
Thou couldst not watch with me.

## THE COMPLAINT OF LISA.

(17th Century.)

DUBLIN, 1847.

**THERE** is a flower that draweth forth  
So sad a tear as I have never seen.  
There is a flower that's weeping now,  
Who is weeping I know not of her name,  
Toward which I have cast my eyes and soul,  
All day would I have cast my soul toward the  
sun;

While in the sun's sight I make moan all  
day.

And all night on my sleepless mat I lie,  
Weep and call out on death, O Love, and  
thee,

That thou or he would take me to the dead,  
And know not what thou or he have done,  
That thou shouldst lay such heavy hand on me.

Ah, Love, what is this thou wouldst do with  
me?

What honor shalt thou have to punish my  
breath,

Or what shall my heart broken prove thee?  
O Love, O gentle Love, what have I  
done?

That thou shouldst let her suffer my death?  
My heart is harmless as my heart's nest day;  
Seek out some false fair woman, and plague  
her

Till her tears even as my tears fill her bed;  
I am the least flower in the flower-way,  
But till my time be come that I be dead,  
Let me live out my flower-time in the sun,  
Though my leaves shut before the sunflower.

O Love, Love, Love, the king's sunflower!  
Shall he the sun hath looked on look on me,  
That live down here in the dark, out of the sun,  
Here living in the sorrow and shadow of  
death?

Shall he that fills his heart full of the day,  
Care to give mine eyes light, or my lips  
breath?

Because I love him shall my lord love her,  
Who is a woman in my lord's king's way?  
I shall not see him or know him alive or  
dead;

But thou, I know thee, O Love, and pray to  
thee

That in brief while my brief life-days be done,  
And the worm quickly take my marriage-  
bed.

For I would sleep and thou art so sleepless bed;  
But I would sleep and thou art so sleepless bed;  
For I would sleep and thou art so sleepless bed;  
For I would sleep and thou art so sleepless bed;

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For I would sleep and thou art so sleepless bed;  
For I would sleep and thou art so sleepless bed;  
For I would sleep and thou art so sleepless bed;

Ah, but, for getting all things, shall I thee?  
What thou art not be as now about my bed.  
There is a flower as here before the sun?  
Shall not the vision vex me alive and dead,  
Thy moving vision without form or breath?  
I read her story in the bitter tale of her  
When I read the tale of Launcelot on a day,  
And I read and had no quiet after death,  
But was moved ever along a weary way,  
Lost with her love in the underworld; ah me,  
O my king, O my lordly sunflower,  
Would God to me too such a thing were done!

But if such sweet and bitter things be done,  
Then, flying from life, I shall not fly from thee.  
For in that living world without a sun  
Thy vision will lay hold upon me dead,  
And me thou shalt mock me, and mar my peace  
in death.

Yet I am a wroth God had such pity on her,  
Who was a sinner and foolish in her day,  
That even in hell they twain should breathe  
one breath.

Why should I be not in some wise pity me?  
So if I sleep not in my soft strait bed  
I may look up and see my sunflower  
As he the sun, in some divine strange way.

O for my heart, well knowest thou in what  
way

For in a body and a heavy day  
I was a heavy day, still small bed  
To see the knights true, and one said to me  
I shall not see him, somewhat stop-  
ped my breath,  
And if the girl spake more, I heard not her,

For only I saw what I shall see when dead,  
A kingly flower of knights, a sunflower,  
That shown against the sunlight like the sun,  
And like a fire, O heart, consuming thee,  
The fire of love that lights the pyre of death.

Howbeit I shall not die an evil death  
To have loved in such a sad and sinless  
way.

As my love, lord, was no shame to thee,  
So when mine eyes are shut against the sun,  
Thy soul's sun, O the world's sunflower,  
Nor no man will quite despise me dead.  
Dying I pray with all my low last breath  
That thy whole life may be as was that day,  
That feast-day that made troth-plight death  
and me,

Giving the world light of thy great deeds  
done ;

And that fair face brightening thy bridal bed,  
That God be good as God hath been to her.

That all things goodly and glad remain with  
her,

All things that make glad life and goodly  
death ;

That as a bee sucks from a sunflower  
Honey, when summer draws delighted breath,  
Her soul may drink of thy soul in like way,  
And love make life a fruitful marriage-bed  
Where day may bring forth fruits of joy to  
day

And night to night till days and nights be  
dead.

And as she gives light of her love to thee,  
Give thou to her the old glory of days long  
done ;

And either give some heat of light to me,  
To warm me where I sleep without the sun.

O sunflower made drunken with the sun,  
O knight whose lady's heart draws thine to  
her,

Great king, glad lover, I have a word to thee.  
There is a weed lives out of the sun's way,  
Hid from the heat deep in the meadow's bed,  
That swoons and whitens at the wind's least  
breath.

A flower star-shaped, that all a summer day  
Will gaze her soul out on the sunflower  
For very love till twilight finds her dead,  
But the great sunflower heeds not her poor  
death.

Knows not when all her loving life is done ;  
And so much knows my lord the king of me.

Aye, all day long he has no eye for me ;  
With golden eye following the golden sun

From rose-colored to purple-pillowed bed,  
From birthplace to the flame-lit place of  
death,

From eastern end to western of his way.  
So mine eye follows thee, my sunflower,  
So the white star-flower turns and yearns to  
thee,

The sick weak weed, not well alive or dead,  
Trod underfoot if any pass by her,  
Pale, without color of summer or summer  
breath

In the shrunk shuddering petals, that have  
done

No work but love, and die before the day.

But thou, to-day, to-morrow, and every day,  
Be glad and great, O love whose love slays  
me.

Thy fervent flower made fruitful from the sun  
Shall drop its golden seed in the world's way,  
That all men thereof nourished shall praise  
thee

For grain and flower and fruit of works well  
done ;

Till thy shed seed, O shining sunflower,  
Bring forth such growth of the world's garden-  
bed

As like the sun shall outlive age and death.  
And yet I would thine heart had heed of her  
Who loves thee alive ; but not till she be  
dead.

Come, Love, then, quickly, and take her ut-  
most breath.

Song, speak for me who am dumb as are the  
dead ;

From my sad bed of tears I send forth thee,  
To fly all day from sun's birth to sun's death  
Down the sun's way after the flying sun,  
For love of her that gave thee wings and  
breath

Ere day be done, to seek the sunflower.

# FOR THE FEAST OF GIORDANO BRUNO,

PHILOSOPHER AND MARTYR.

I.

SON of the lightning and the light that glows  
Beyond the lightning's or the morning's  
light,  
Soul splendid with all-righteous love of  
right,  
In whose keen fire all hopes and fears and  
woes



Were clean consumed, and from their ashes  
 rose  
 Transfigured, and intolerable to sight  
 Save of purged eyes whose lids had cast  
 off night,  
 In love's and wisdom's likeness when they  
 close,  
 Embracing, and between them truth stands  
 fast,  
 Embraced of either; thou whose feet  
 were set  
 On English earth while this was England  
 yet,  
 Our friend that art, our Sidney's friend that  
 wast,  
 Heart harder found and higher than all men's  
 past,  
 Shall we not praise thee though thine  
 own forget?

## II.

Lift up thy light on us and on thine own,  
 O soul whose spirit on earth was as a  
 rod  
 To scourge off priests, a sword to pierce  
 their God,  
 A staff for man's free thought to walk alone,  
 A lamp to lead him far from shrine and throne  
 On ways untrodden where his fathers  
 trod  
 Ere earth's heart withered at a high  
 priest's rod  
 And all men's mouths that made not prayer  
 made moan.  
 From bonds and torments and the ravening  
 flame  
 Surely thy spirit of sense rose up to greet  
 Lucretius, where such only spirits meet,  
 And walk with him apart till Shelley came  
 To make the heaven of heavens more  
 heavenly sweet  
 And mix with yours a third incorporate name.

## AVE ATQUE VALE.

## IN MEMORY OF CHARLES HAUDELAIRE.

Nous devrions pourtant lui porter quelques fleurs;  
 Les morts, les pauvres morts, ont de grandes douleurs,  
 Et quand Octobre souffle, émondeur des vieux arbres,  
 Son vent mélancolique a l'entour de leurs marbres,  
 Certe, ils doivent trouver les vivants bien ingrats.  
*Les Fleurs du Mal.*

## I.

SHALL I strew on thee rose or rue or laurel,  
 Brother, on this that was the veil of thee?

Or quiet sea-flower moulded by the sea,  
 Or simplest growth of meadow-sweet or sorrel,  
 Such as the summer-sleepy Dravids weave,  
 Waked up by snow-soft sudden rains at eve?  
 Or wilt thou rather, as on earth before,  
 Half-faded fiery blossoms, pale with heat  
 And full of bitter summer, but more sweet  
 To thee than gleanings of a northern shore  
 Trod by no tropic feet?

## II.

For always thee the fervid languid glories  
 Allured of heavier suns in mightier skies;  
 Thine ears knew all the wandering watery  
 sighs  
 Where the sea sobs round Lesbian promon-  
 tories,  
 The barren kiss of piteous wave to wave  
 That knows not where is that Leucadian  
 grave  
 Which hides too deep the supreme head of  
 song.  
 Ah, salt and sterile as her kisses were,  
 The wild sea winds her and the green  
 gulfs bear  
 Hither and thither, and vex and work her  
 wrong,  
 Blind gods that cannot spare.

## III.

Thou sawest, in thine old singing season,  
 brother,  
 Secrets and sorrows unbeheld of us:  
 Fierce loves, and lovely leaf-buds poison-  
 ous,  
 Bare to thy subtler eye, but for none other  
 Blowing by night in some unbreathed-in  
 clime;  
 The hidden harvest of luxurious time,  
 Sin without shape, and pleasure without  
 speech;  
 And where strange dreams in a tumultu-  
 ous sleep  
 Make the shut eyes of stricken spirits  
 weep;  
 And with each face thou sawest the shadow on  
 each,  
 Seeing as men sow men reap.

## IV.

O sleepless heart and somber soul unsleeping,  
 That were athirst for sleep and no more  
 life  
 And no more love, for peace and no more  
 strife!  
 Now the dim gods of death have in their  
 keeping

Spirit and body and all the springs of  
song,

Is it well now where love can do no  
wrong,

Where stingless pleasure has no foam or fang  
Behind the unopening closure of her lips?  
Is it not well where soul from body slips  
And flesh from bone divides without a pang  
As dew from flower-bell drips?

v.

It is enough; the end and the beginning  
Are one thing to thee, who art past the  
end.

O hand unclasped of un beholden friend,  
I have no fruits to pluck, no palms for  
winning,

No triumph and no labor and no lust,  
Only dead yew-leaves and a little dust.  
O quiet eyes wherein the light saith nought,  
Whereto the day is dumb, nor any night  
With obscure finger silences your sight,  
Nor in your speech the sudden soul speaks  
thought,

Sleep, and have sleep for light.

vi.

Now all strange hours and all strange loves  
are over,

Dreams and desires and sombre songs  
and sweet,

Hast thou found place at the great knees  
and feet

Of some pale Titan-woman like a lover,  
Such as thy vision here solicited.

Under the shadow of her fair vast head,

The deep division of prodigious breasts,

The solemn slope of mighty limbs asleep.

The weight of awful tresses that still keep

The savor and shade of old-world pine-forests

Where the wet hill-winds weep?

vii.

Hast thou found any likeness for thy vision?

O gardener of strange flowers, what bud,  
what bloom.

Hast thou found dawn, what gathered in  
the gloom?

What of despair, of rapture, of derision.

What of life is there, what of ill or good?

Are the fruits gray like dust or bright like  
blood?

Does the dim ground grow any seed of life?

The faint fields quicken any terrene root,

In low lands where the sun and moon are  
mute

And all the stars keep silence? Are there  
flowers

At all, or any fruit?

viii.

Alas, but though my flying song flies after,  
O sweet strange elder singer, thy more  
fleet

Singing, and footprints of thy fleetest feet,  
Some dim derision of mysterious laughter

From the blind tongueless warders of the  
dead,

Some gainless glimpse of Proserpine's  
veiled head,

Some little sound of unregarded tears

Wept by effaced unprofitable eyes.

And from pale mouths some cadence of  
dead sighs—

These only, these the hearkening spirit hears,  
Sees only such things rise.

ix.

Thou art far too far for wings of words to  
follow,

Far too far off for thought or any prayer.

What ails us with thee, who art wind and  
air?

What ails us gazing where all seen is hollow?

Yet with some fancy, yet with some  
desire,

Dreams pursue death as winds a flying  
fire,

Our dreams pursue our dead and do not find.

Still, and more swift than they, the thin  
flames flies,

The low light fails us in elusive skies.

Still the foiled earnest ear is deaf, and blind  
Are still the eluded eyes.

x.

Not thee, O never thee, in all time's changes,

Not thee, but this the sound of thy sad  
soul,

The shadow of thy swift spirit, this shut  
scroll

I lay my hand on, and not death estranges

My spirit from communion of thy song—

These memories and these melodies that  
throng

Veiled porches of a Muse funeral—

These I salute, these touch, these clasp  
and fold

As though a hand were in my hand to  
hold,

Or through mine ears a mourning musical  
Of many mourners rolled.

xi.

I among these, I also, in such station

As when the pyre was charred, and piled  
the sods,



South, a song, a kill, the  
 keen rains vex  
 With light feet bruise  
 high darkness and the disenchanting air,

How at weeping  
 the armed wind the  
 to say,

How shall the dew be when the dawn is  
 fled,

Or wherefore should the Mayflower outlast  
 May?

Then Death took love to the land and

he now and look upon my dead,  
 I cast down the robes of his eyes,  
 and down like a flower his flowerless

spake saying: What a in  
 to thy sight up to the

canst at, hast thou ears to  
 ar?  
 is thy soul too a leaf that

Even as he spake with fleshly lips fear,  
 But set as sleep's in a dream,

Behold the world was not,  
 Fell, and fruit broke full  
 year.

And upon earth was largess

And moving music winged

flight,  
 and shapes and sounds of  
 heard

And day's foot set upon the

And with such song the yellow ways were  
 stirred

As of a god's heart hidden in a bird,  
 Or as the whole soul of the sun in spring

Should find full utterance in one flower-soft  
 word,

And all the season should break forth and  
 sing

From one flower's lip in one rose triumph-  
 ing;

Such breath and light of flame  
 Made ears and spirits of them that heard it  
 ring.

EMORIA

ALL OF I

GAVE

who at the with So

face of Death;  
 strong Death,

flower from thy

s the sea,  
 make war

me fair,  
 kiss, it be,

And Love beholding knew not for the same  
The shape that led him, nor in face nor name,  
For he was bright and great of thews and  
fair,  
And in Love's eyes he was not Death, but  
Fame.

Not that gray ghost whose life is empty and  
bore  
And his limbs moulded out of mortal air,  
A cloud of change that shifts into a shower  
And dies and leaves no light for time to wear:

But a god clothed with his own joy and power,  
A god re-risen out of his mortal hour  
Immortal, king and lord of time and space,  
With eyes that look on them as from a tower.

And where he stood the pale sepulchral place  
Bloomed, as new life might in a bloodless  
face,  
And where men sorrowing came to seek a  
tomb  
With funeral flowers and tears for grief and  
grace,

They saw with light as of a world in bloom  
The portal of the House of Fame illumine  
The ways of life wherein we toiling tread,  
And watched the darkness as a brand con-  
sume.

And through the gates where rule the death-  
less dead  
The sound of a new singer's soul was shed  
That sang among his kinsfolk, and a beam  
Shot from the star on a new ruler's head.

A new star lighting the Lethæan stream,  
A new song mixed into the song supreme  
Made of all souls of singers and their  
might,  
That makes of life and time and death a  
dream.

Thy star, thy song, O soul that in our sight  
Wast as a sun that made for man's delight  
Flowers and all fruits in season, being so  
near  
The sun-god's face, our god that gives us  
light.

To him of all gods that we love or fear  
Thou among all men by thy name wast dear,  
Dear to the god that gives us spirit of song  
To bind and burn all hearts of men that hear.

The god that makes men's words too sweet  
and strong  
For life or time or death to do them wrong,  
Who sealed with his thy spirit for a sign  
And filled it with his breath thy whole life long.

Who made thy moist lips fiery with new wine  
Pressed from the grapes of song the sovereign  
vine,  
And with all love of all things loveliest  
Gave thy soul power to make them more  
divine.

That thou might'st breathe upon the breath-  
less rest  
Of marble, till the brows and lips and breast  
Felt fall from off them as a cancelled curse  
That speechless wherewith they lived opprest,

Who gave thee strength and heat of spirit to  
pierce  
All clouds of form and color that disperse,  
And leave the spirit of beauty to remould  
In types of clean chryselephantine verse.

Who gave thee words more golden than fine  
gold  
To carve in shapes more glorious than of old,  
And build thy songs up in the sight of time  
As statues set in godhead manifold:

In sight and scorn of temporal change and  
clime  
That meet the sun re-risen with reflux rhyme  
—As god to god might answer face to face—  
From lips whereon the morning strikes sublime.

Dear to the god, our god who gave thee place  
Among the chosen of days, the royal race,  
The lords of light, whose eyes of old and  
ears  
Saw even on earth and heard him for a space.

There are the souls of those once mortal years  
That wrought with fire of joy and light of  
tears  
In words divine as deeds that grew thereof  
Such music as he swoons with love who hears.

There are the lives that lighten from above  
Our under lives, the spherul souls that move  
Through the ancient heaven of song-illumined  
air  
Whence we that hear them singing die with  
love.

There all the crowned Hellenic heads, and  
there  
The old gods who made men godlike as they  
were,  
The lyric lips wherefrom all songs take fire,  
Live eyes, and light of Apollonian hair.

There, round the sovereign passion of that lyre  
Which the stars hear and tremble with desire,  
The ninefold light Pierian is made one  
That here we see divided, and aspire,

Seeing, after this or that crown to be won;  
But where they hear the singing of the sun,  
All form, all sound, all color, and all thought  
Are as one body and soul in unison.

There the song sung shines as a picture  
wrought  
The painted mouths sing that on earth say  
nought,  
The carven limbs have sense of blood and  
growth  
And large-eyed life that seeks nor lacks not  
aught.

There all the music of thy living mouth  
Lives, and all lovers wrought of thine hand in  
youth  
And bound about the breasts and brows  
with gold  
And colored pale or dusk from north to south.

Fair living things made to thy will of old,  
Born of thy lips, no births of mortal mould,  
That in the world of song about thee wait  
Where thought and truth are one and mani-  
fold.

Within the graven lintels of the gate  
That here divides our vision and our fate,  
The dreams we walk in and the truths of  
sleep,  
All sense and spirit have life inseparate.

There what one thinks, in his to grasp and  
keep;  
There are no dreams, but very joys to reap,  
No foiled desires that die before delight,  
No fears to see across our joys and weep.

There hast thou all thy will of thought and  
sight,  
All hope for harvest, and all heaven for flight;  
The sunrise of whose golden-mouthed glad  
head  
To paler songless ghosts was heat and light.

Here where the sunset of our year is red  
Men think of thee as of the summer dead,  
Gone forth before the snows, before thy day,  
With unshod feet, with brows unchapleted.

Couldst thou not wait till age had wound, they  
say,  
Round those wreathed brows his soft white  
blossoms? Nay  
Why shouldst thou vex thy soul with this  
harsh air,  
Thy bright-winged soul, once free to take its  
way?

Nor for men's reverence hadst thou need to  
wear  
The holy flower of gray time-hallowed hair;  
Nor were it fit that aught of thee grew old,  
Fair lover all thy days of all things fair.

And hear we not thy words of molten gold  
Singing? or is their light and heat acold  
Whereat men warmed their spirits? Nay,  
for all  
These yet are with us, ours to hear and hold.

The lovely laughter, the clear tears, the call  
Of love to love on ways where shadows fall,  
Through doors of dim division and disguise,  
And music made of doubts unmusical;

The love that caught strange light from death's  
own eyes,\*  
And filled death's lip with fiery words and  
sighs,  
And half asleep let feed from veins of his  
Her close red warm snake's mouth, Egyptian-  
wise:

And that great night of love more strange than  
this,†  
When she that made the whole world's bale  
and bliss  
Made king of the whole world's desire a  
slave,  
And killed him in mid kingdom with a kiss;

Veiled loves that shifted shapes and shafts,  
and gave,‡  
Laughing, strange gifts to hands that durst  
not crave,  
Flowers double-blossomed, fruits of scent  
and hue  
Sweet as the bride-bed, stranger than the  
grave;

\**La Morte Amoureuse.*  
*Une Nuit de Cépépère.* † *Mademoiselle de Maupin.*

All joys and wonders of old lives and new  
That ever in love's shine or shadow grew,  
And all the grief whereof he dreams and  
grieves,  
And all sweet roots fed on his light and dew;

All these through thee our spirit of sense per-  
ceives,  
As threads in the unseen woof thy music  
weaves,  
Birds caught and snared that fill our ears  
with tones,  
Bay-blossoms in thy wreath of brow-bound  
leaves,

Mixed with the masque of death's old comedy  
Though thou too pass, have here our flowers,  
that we  
For all the flowers thou gav'st upon thee  
shed,  
And pass not crownless to Persephone.

Blue lotus-blooms and white and rosy-red  
We wind with poppies for thy silent head,  
And on this margin of the sundering sea  
Leave thy sweet light to rise upon the dead.

## SONNET.

(WITH A COPY OF "MADEMOISELLE DE  
MAUPIN.")

This is the golden book of spirit and sense,  
The holy writ of beauty: he that wrought  
Made it with dreams and faultless words  
and thought

That seeks and finds and loses in the dense  
Domain of life that beauty's excellence  
Wherewith love makes one hour of life  
distraught

And all hours after follow and find not aught.  
Here is that height of all love's eminence  
Where man may breathe but for a breathing-  
space

And feel his soul burn as an altar-fire  
To the unknown God of unachieved desire,  
And from the middle mystery of the place  
Watch lights that break, hear sounds as of  
a quire,

But see not twice unveiled the veiled God's  
face.

## AGE AND SONG.

(TO BARRY CORNWALL.)

## I.

In vain men tell us time can alter  
Old loves or make old memories falter,  
That with the old year the old year's life  
closes.  
The old dew still falls on the old sweet flowers,  
The old sun revives the new-fledged hours,  
The old summer rears the new-born roses.

## II.

Much more a Muse that bears upon her  
Raiment and wreath and flower of honor,  
Gathered long since and long since woven,  
Fades not or falls as fall the vernal  
Blossoms that bear no fruit eternal,  
By summer or winter charred or cloven.

## III.

No time casts down, no time upraises,  
Such loves, such memories, and such praises,  
As need no grace of sun or shower,  
No saving screen from frost or thunder,  
To tend and house around and under  
The imperishable and fearless flower.

## IV.

Old thanks, old thoughts, old aspirations,  
Outlive men's lives and lives of nations,  
Dead, but for one thing which survives—  
The inalienable and unpriced treasure,  
The old joy of power, the old pride of pleasure,  
That lives in light above men's lives.

## IN MEMORY OF BARRY CORNWALL

(OCTOBER 4, 1874.)

## I.

In the garden of death, where the singers  
whose names are deathless  
One with another make music unheard of  
men.  
Where the dead sweet roses fade not of lips  
long breathless,  
And the fair eyes shine that shall weep not  
or change again,  
Who comes now crowned with the blossom  
of snow-white years?

What music is this that the world of the dead  
men hears?

II.

Beloved of men, whose words on our lips  
were honey,  
Whose name in our ears and our fathers'  
ears was sweet,  
Like summer gone forth of the land his songs  
made sunny,  
To the beautiful veiled bright world where  
the glad ghosts meet,  
Child, father, bridegroom and bride, and an-  
guish and rest,  
No soul shall pass of a singer than this more  
blest.

III.

Blest for the years' sweet sake that were  
filled and brightened,  
As a forest with birds, with the fruit and  
the flower of his song;  
For the souls' sake blest that heard, and their  
cares were lightened,  
For the hearts' sake blest that have fostered  
his name so long;  
By the living and dead lips blest that have  
loved his name,  
And clothed with their praise and crowned  
with their love for fame.

IV.

Ah, fair and fragrant his fame as flowers  
that close not,  
That shrink not by day for heat or for cold  
by night,  
As a thought in the heart shall increase when  
the heart's self knows not,  
Shall endure in our ears as a sound, in our  
eyes as a light;  
Shall wax with the years that wane and the  
seasons' chime,  
As a white rose thornless that grows in the  
garden of time.

V.

The same year calls, and one goes hence with  
another,  
And men sit sad that were glad for their  
sweet songs' sake,  
The same year, and elder with  
younger brother,  
Takes mutely from his hand that  
we all shall have.

\* Sydney Dobell died August 22, 1874.

They pass ere the leaves be past or the snows  
be come;  
And the birds are loud, but the lips that out-  
sang them dumb.

VI.

Time takes them home that we loved, fair  
names and famous,  
To the soft long sleep, to the broad sweet  
bosom of death;  
But the flower of their souls he shall take not  
away to shame us,  
Nor the lips lack song for ever that now  
lack breath.  
For with us shall the music and perfume  
that die not dwell,  
Though the dead to our dead bid welcome,  
and we farewell.

EPICEDE.

(James Lorimer Graham died at Florence. April 30,  
1876.)

LIFE may give for love to death  
Little; what are life's gifts worth  
To the dead wrapt round with earth?  
Yet from lips of living breath  
Sighs or words we are fain to give,  
All that yet, while yet we live,  
Life may give for love to death.

Dead so long before his day,  
Passed out of the Italian sun  
To the dark where all is done  
Fallen upon the verge of May;  
Here at life's and April's end  
How should song salute my friend  
Dead so long before his day?

Not a kindlier life or sweeter  
Time, that lights and quenches men,  
Now may quench or light again,  
Mingling with the mystic metre  
Woven of all men's lives with his  
Not a clearer note than this,  
Not a kindlier life or sweeter.

In this heavenliest part of earth  
He that living loved the light,  
Light and song, may rest aright,  
One in death, if strange in birth,



With the deathless lead that make  
Life the lovelier for their sake  
In this heavenliest part of earth.

Light, and song, and sleep at last—  
Struggling hands, and suppliant knees  
Get no goodlier gift than these.  
Song that holds remembrance fast  
Light that lightens death, attend  
Round their graves who have to friend  
Light, and song, and sleep at last.

### TO VICTOR HUGO.

He had no children, who for love of men,  
Being God, endured of Gods such things  
as thou,  
Father: none of his thunder-beaten brow  
In such a way as bows thine head again.  
Twice bowed before, though godlike, in man's  
ken,  
And seen too high for any stroke to bow  
Save this of some strange God's that bends  
it now  
The third time with such weight as bruised it  
then.  
Fain would grief speak, fain utter for love's  
sake  
Some word; but comfort who might bid thee  
take?  
What God in your own tongue shall talk  
with thee,  
Showing how all souls that look upon the  
sun  
Shall be for thee one spirit and thy son,  
And thy soul's child the soul of man to be?

January 3, 1876.

### INFERIAE.

SPRING, and the light and sound of things on  
earth  
Requickening, all within our green sea's  
girth;  
A time of passage or a time of birth  
Fourscore years since as this year, first and  
last.

The sun is all about the world we see,  
And breath and strength of very spring; and  
we

Live, love, and feed on our own hearts; but  
he  
Whose heart fed mine has passed into the  
past.

Past, all things born with sense and blood  
and breath;  
The flesh hears nought that now the spirit  
saith.

If death be like as birth and birth as death.  
The first was fair—more fair should be the  
last.

Fourscore years since, and come but one  
month more

The count were perfect of his moral score  
Whose sail went seaward yesterday from shore  
To cross the last of many an unsailed sea.

Light, love and labor up to life's last height,  
These three were stars unsetting in his sight  
Even as the sun is life and heat and light  
And sets not nor is dark when dark are we.

The life, the spirit, and the work were one  
That here—ah, who shall say, that here are  
done

Nor I, that know not; father, not thy son,  
For all the darkness of the night and sea.

### A BIRTH-SONG.

For Olivia Frances Madox Rossetti, born September  
20, 1875.)

OUT of the dark sweet sleep  
Where no dreams laugh or weep  
Borne through bright gates of birth  
Into the dim sweet light

Where day still dreams of night  
While heaven takes form on earth,

White rose of spirit and flesh, and lily of love,  
What note of song have we  
Fit for the birds and thee,  
Fair nestling couched beneath the mother-  
dove?

Nay, in some more divine  
Small speechless song of thine  
Some news too good for words  
Heart-hushed and smiling, we

Might hope to have of thee,  
The youngest of God's birds,

If thy sweet sense might mix itself with ours,  
If ours might understand  
The language of thy land,

Ere thine become the tongue of mortal  
hours:

Ere thy lips learn too soon  
Their soft first human tune,  
Sweet, but less sweet than now,  
And thy raised eyes to read  
Glad and good things indeed,  
But none so sweet as thou:  
I thought lift up their flower-soft lids to see  
What life and love on earth  
Bring thee for gifts at birth,  
But none so good as thine who hast given us  
thee:

Now, ere thy sense forget  
The heaven that fills it yet,  
Now, sleeping or awake,  
If thou couldst tell, or we  
Ask and be heard of thee,  
For love's undying sake,  
From thy dumb lips divine and bright mute  
speech  
Such news might touch our ear  
That then would burn to hear  
Too high a message now for man's to reach.

Ere the gold hair of corn  
Had withered wast thou born,  
To make the good time glad;  
The time that but last year  
Fell colder than a tear  
On hearts and hopes turned sad.  
High hopes and hearts quickening in thy  
dawn,  
Even theirs whose life-springs, child,  
Filled thine with life and smiled,  
But then wept blood for half their own with  
drawn.\*

If death and birth be one,  
And set with rise of sun,  
And truth with dreams divine,  
Some word might come with thee  
From over the still sea  
Deep hid in shade or shine,  
Crossed by the crossing sails of death and birth,  
Word of some sweet new thing  
Fit for such lips to bring,  
Some word of love, some afterthought of  
earth.

If love be strong as death,  
By what so natural breath  
As thine could this be said?  
By what so lovely way

Could love send word to say  
He lives and is not dead?  
Such word alone were fit for only thee,  
If his and thine have met  
Where spirits rise and set,  
His whom we see not, thine whom scarce we  
see:

His there new-born, as thou  
New-born among us now;  
His, here so fruitful-souled,  
Now veiled and silent here,  
Now dumb as thou last year,  
A ghost of one year old:  
If lights that change their sphere in changing  
meet,  
Some ray might his not give  
To thine who wast to live,  
And make thy present with his past life  
sweet?

Let dreams that laugh or weep,  
All glad and sad dreams, sleep;  
Truth more than dreams is dear.  
Let thoughts that change and fly,  
Sweet thoughts and swift, go by;  
More than all thought is here.  
More than all hope can forge or memory  
feign  
The life that in our eyes,  
Made out of love's life, lies,  
And flower-like fed with love for sun and rain.

Twice royal in its root  
The sweet small olive-shoot  
Here set in sacred earth;  
Twice dowered with glorious grace  
From either heaven-born race  
First blended in its birth;  
Fair God or Genius of so fair an hour  
For love of either name  
Twice crowned, with love and fame,  
Guard and be gracious to the fair-named  
flower.

# EX-VOTO.

WHEN their last hour shall rise  
Pale on these mortal eyes,  
Herself like one that dies,  
And kiss me dying  
The cold last kiss, and fold  
Close round my limbs her cold  
Soft shade as rain it roiled  
And leave them lying.

\* Oliver Madox Brown died November 5, 1874, in his twentieth year.

If aught my soul would say  
Might move to hear me pray  
The birth-god of my day  
That he might hearken,  
This grace my heart should crave,  
To find no landward grave  
That worldly springs make brave,  
World's winters darken,

Nor grow through gradual hours  
The cold blind seed of flowers  
Made by new beams and showers  
From limbs that moulder,  
Nor take my part with earth,  
But find for death's new birth  
A bed of larger girth,  
More chaste and colder.

Not earth's for spring and fall,  
Not earth's at heart, not all  
Earth's making, though men call  
Earth only mother,  
Not hers at heart she bare  
Me, but thy child, O fair  
Sea, and thy brother's care,  
The wind thy brother.  
Yours was I born, and ye,  
The sea-wind and the sea,  
Made all my soul in me  
A song forever,  
A harp to string and smite  
For love's sake of the bright  
Wind and the sea's delight,  
To fail them never:

Not while on this side death  
I hear what either saith  
And drink of either's breath  
With heart's thanksgiving  
That in my veins like wine  
Some sharp salt blood of thine,  
Some springtide pulse of brine  
Yet leaps up living.

When thy salt lips wellnigh  
Sunk in my mouth's last sigh,  
Gorged I so much to die  
Thy death as others?  
Was it no ease to think  
The chalice from whose brink  
Fate gave me death to drink  
Was thine,—my mother's?

Thee too, the all-fostering earth,  
Fair as thy first birth,  
More than thy worthiest worth,  
We call, we know thee,

More sweet and just and dread  
Than live men highest of head  
Or even thy holiest dead  
Laid low below thee.

The sunbeam on the sheaf,  
The dewfall on the leaf,  
All joy, all grace, all grief,  
Are thine for giving;  
Of thee our loves are born,  
Our lives and loves, that mourn  
And triumph; tares with corn,  
Dead seed with living:

All good and ill things done  
In eyeshot of the sun  
At last in thee made one  
Rest well contented;  
All words of all man's breath  
And works he doth or saith,  
All wholly done to death,  
None long lamented.

A slave to sons of thee,  
Thou, seeming, yet art free;  
But who shall make the sea  
Serve even in seeming?  
What plough shall bid it bear  
Seed to the sun and the air,  
Fruit for thy strong sons' fare,  
Fresh wine's foam streaming?

What oldworld son of thine,  
Made drunk with death as wine,  
Hath drunk the bright sea's brine  
With lips of laughter?  
Thy blood they drink; but he  
Who hath drunken of the sea  
Once deeper than of thee  
Shall drink not after.

Of thee thy sons of men  
Drink deep, and thirst again;  
For wine in feasts, and then  
In fields for slaughter;  
But thirst shall touch not him  
Who hath felt with sense grown dim  
Rise, covering lip and limb,  
The wan sea's water.

All fire of thirst that aches  
The salt sea cools and slakes  
More than all springs or lakes,  
Freshets or shallows;  
Where no beam can burn  
Through frondage of the fern  
That hides from hart and henn  
The haunt it hallows.

Peace with all graves on earth  
 For death or sleep or birth  
 Be alway, one in worth:  
     One with another;  
 But when my time shall be,  
 O mother, O my sea,  
 Alive or dead, take me,  
     Me too, my mother.

## A BALLAD OF DREAMLAND.

I HID my heart in a nest of roses,  
 Out of the sun's way, hidden apart;  
 In a softer bed than the soft white snow's is,  
 Under the roses I hid my heart.  
 Why would it sleep not? why should it  
     start,  
 When never a leaf of the rose-tree stirred?  
 What made sleep flutter his wings and part?  
 Only the song of a secret bird.

He still, I said, for the wind's wing closes,  
 And mild leaves muffle the keen sun's dart;  
 Lie still, for the wind on the warm sea dozes,  
 And the wind is unquieter yet than thou art.  
 Does a thought in thee still as a thorn's  
     wound smart?  
 Does the fang still fret thee of hope deferred?  
 What bids the lids of thy sleep dispart?  
 Only the song of a secret bird.

The green land's name that a charm encloses,  
 It never was writ in the traveller's chart,  
 And sweet on its trees as the fruit that grows  
     is,  
 It never was sold in the merchant's mart.  
 The swallows of dreams through its dim  
     fields dart,  
 And sleep's arc the tunes in its tree-tops  
     heard;  
 No hound's note wakens the wildwood hart,  
 Only the song of a secret bird.

## ENVOL.

In the world of dreams I have chosen my part.  
 To sleep for a season and hear no word  
 Of true love's truth or of light love's art,  
 Only the song of a secret bird.

## CYRIL TOURNEUR.

A SEA that heaves with horror of the night,  
 As maddened by the moon that hangs  
     aghast

With strain and torment of the ravening  
     blast,  
 Haggard as hell, a bleak blind bloody light;  
 No shore but one red reef of rock in sight,  
     Whereon the waifs of many a wreck were  
     cast  
 And shattered in the fierce nights over-  
     past  
 Wherein more souls toward hell than heaven  
     took flight;  
 And 'twixt the shark-toothed rocks  
     swallowing shoals  
 A cry as out of hell from all these souls  
     Sent through the sheer gorge of the  
     slaughtering sea,  
 Whose thousand throats, full-fed with life by  
     death,  
 Fill the black air with foam and furious  
     breath;  
 And over all these one star—Chastity.

## A BALLAD OF FRANÇOIS VILLON,

## PRINCE OF ALL BALLAD-MAKERS.

BIRD of the bitter bright gray golden morn  
 Scarce risen upon the dusk of dolorous  
     years,  
 First of us all and sweetest singer born  
 Whose far shrill note the world of new men  
     hears  
 Cleave the cold shuddering shade as  
     twilight clears;  
 When song new-born put off the old world's  
     attire  
 And felt its tune on her changed lips expire,  
 Writ foremost on the roll of them that came  
 Fresh girt for service of the latter lyte,  
 Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's  
     name!

Alas the joy, the sorrow and the scorn,  
 That clothed thy life with hopes and sins  
     and fears,  
 And gave thee stones for bread and tares for  
     corn  
 And plume-plucked jail-birds for thy  
     starveling peers  
 Till death clipt close their flight with shame-  
     ful shears:  
 Till shifts came short and loves were hard to  
     hire,  
 When lit of song nor twitch of twangling  
     wire  
 Could buy thee bread or kisses; when light  
     fame

Spurned like a ball and haled through brake  
and briar,  
Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's  
name!

Poor splendid wings so frayed and soiled and  
torn!

Poor kind wild eyes so dashed with light  
quick tears!

Poor perfect voice, most blithe when most  
forlorn.

That rings athwart the sea whence no man  
steers

Like joy-bells crossed with death-bells in  
our ears!

What far delight has cooled the fierce desire  
That like some ravenous bird was strong to  
tire

On that frail flesh and soul consumed with  
flame.

But left more sweet than roses to respire,

Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's  
name?

#### ENVOL.

Prince of sweet songs made out of tears and  
fire.

A harlot was thy nurse, a God thy sire;

Shame soiled thy song, and song assoiled  
thy shame.

But from thy feet now death has washed the  
mire.

Love reads our first at head of all our quire,

Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's  
name.

#### PASTICHE.

Now the days are all gone over  
Of our singing, love by lover.  
Days of summer-colored seas  
Blown adrift, through beam and breeze.

Now the nights are all past over  
Of our dreaming, dreams that hover  
In a mist of fair false things,  
Nights aloft on wide wan wings.

Now the loves with faith for mother,  
Now the fears which hope for brother,  
Scarce are with us as strange words,  
Notes from songs of last year's birds.

Now all good that comes or goes is  
As the smell of last year's roses.  
As the radiance in our eyes  
Shot from summer's ere he dies.

Now the morning faintlier risen  
Seems no God come forth of prison,  
But a bird of plume-plucked wing,  
Pale with thoughts of evening.

Now hath hope, outraced in running  
Given the touch up of his cunning  
And the palm he thought to wear  
Even to his own strong child—despair,

#### BEFORE SUNSET.

In the lower lands of day  
On the hither side of night,  
There is nothing that will stay,  
There are all things soft to sight;  
Lighted shade and shadowy light  
In the wayside and the wav,  
Hours the sun has spared to smite,  
Flowers the rain has left to play.

Shall these hours run down and say  
No good thing of thee and me?  
Time that made us and will slay  
Laughs at love in me and thee;  
But if here the flowers may see  
One whole hour of amorous breath,  
Time shall die, and love shall be  
Lord as time was over death.

#### SONG.

LOVE laid his sleepless head  
On a thorny rosy bed;  
And his eyes with tears were red,  
And pale his lips as the dead.

And fear and sorrow and scorn  
Kept watch by his head forlorn.  
Till the night was overworn  
And the world was merry with morn.

And Joy came up with the day  
And kissed Love's lips as he lay,  
And the watchers ghostly and gray  
Sped from his pillow away.

And his eyes as the dawn grew bright,  
And his lips waxed ruddy as light:  
Sorrow may reign for a night,  
But day shall bring back delight.

A VISION OF SPRING IN WINTER.

I.

O TENDER time that love thinks long to see,  
Sweet foot of spring that with her footfall  
sows  
Late snowlike flowery leavings of the  
snows,  
Be not too long irresolute to be;  
O mother-month, where have they hidden  
thee?  
Out of the pale time of the flowerless rose  
I reach my heart out toward the springtime  
lands,  
I stretch my spirit forth to the fair hours,  
The purplest of the prime;  
I lean my soul down over them, with hands  
Made wide to take the ghostly growths of  
flowers;  
I send my love back to the lovely time.

II.

Where has the greenwood hid thy gracious  
head?  
Veiled with what visions while the gray  
world grieves,  
Or muffled with what shadows of green  
leaves,  
What warm intangible green shadows spread  
To sweeten the sweet twilight for thy bed?  
What sleep enchants thee? what delight  
deceives?  
Where the deep dreamlike dew before the  
dawn  
Feels not the fingers of the sunlight yet  
Its silver web unweave,  
Thy footless ghost on some unfooted lawn  
Whose air the unrisen sunbeams fear to  
fret  
Lives a ghost's life of daylong dawn  
and eve.

III.

Sunrise it sees not, neither set of star,  
Large nightfall, nor imperial plenilune,  
Nor strong sweet shape of the full-breasted  
noon,  
But where the silver-sandalled shadows are,  
Too soft for arrows of the sun to mar,  
Moves with the mild gait of an ungrown  
moon:  
Hard overhead the half-lit crescent swims  
The tender-colored night draws hardly  
breath,

The light is listening;  
They watch the dawn of slender-shapen limbs,  
Virginal, born again of doubtful death,  
Chill foster-father of the weanling  
spring.

IV.

As sweet desire of day before the day,  
As dreams of love before the true love born  
From the outer edge of winter overworn  
The ghost arisen of May before the May  
Takes through dim air her unawakened way,  
The gracious ghost of morning risen ere  
morn,  
With little unblown breasts and child-eyed  
looks  
Following, the very maid, the girl-child  
spring,  
Lifts windward her bright brows,  
Dips her light feet in warm and moving brooks,  
And kindles with her own mouth's coloring  
The fearful firstlings of the plumeless  
boughs.

V.

I seek thee sleeping, and awhile I see,  
Fair face that art not, how thy maiden  
breath  
Shall put at last the deadly days to death  
And fill the fields and fire the woods with thee  
And seaward hollows where my feet would be  
When heaven shall hear the word that  
April saith  
To change the cold heart of the weary time,  
To stir and soften all the time to tears,  
Tears joyfuller than mirth;  
A seven to May's clear height the young days  
climb  
With feet not swifter than those fair first  
years  
Whose flowers revive not with thy  
flowers on earth.

VI.

I would not bid thee, though I might, give  
back  
One good thing youth has given and borne  
away;  
I crave not any comfort of the day  
That is not, nor on time's retrodden track  
Would turn to meet the white-robed hours  
or black  
That long since left me on their mortal way;  
Nor light nor love that has been, nor the  
breath

That comes with the morning from the sun  
to life,  
And sets the life on fire;  
No fruit, no flower thought once, too fair for  
earth,  
Not worn, not fallen from life's  
green tree,  
Nor once plucked or once faded  
dear.

## VII.

The morning saw the stars that fled  
With twilight into the needless, motion-  
less air,  
While youth with burning lips and wreath-  
less hair  
Sang toward the sun that was to crown his  
head,  
Rising; the hopes that triumphed and fell  
dead,  
The sweet swift eyes and songs of hours  
that were;  
These may'st thou not give back for ever;  
these,  
As at the sea's heart all her wrecks lie  
waste,  
Lie deeper than the sea;  
But flowers thou may'st, and winds, and  
hours of ease,  
And all its April to the world thou may'st  
Give back, and half my April back to  
me.

## CHORIAMBICS.

LOVE, what ailed thee to leave life that was  
made lovely, we thought, with love?  
What sweet visions of sleep lured thee away,  
down from the light above?  
What strange faces of dreams, voices that  
called, hands that were raised to wave,  
Lured or led thee, alas, out of the sun, down  
to the sunless grave?  
Ah, thy luminous eyes! once was their light  
fed with the fire of day;  
Now their shadow-lids cover them close,  
hush them and hide away.  
Ah, the snow-clored hands! once were they  
clown, merrily to bind me fast;  
Now no blood in them burns, mindless of  
love, senseless of passion past.

Ah, thy beautiful hair! so was it once braided  
for me, for me;  
Now for death it is crowned, only for death,  
lover and lord of thee.

Sweet, the kisses of death set on thy lips,  
colder are to me than mine;  
Colder, surely than past kisses that love  
poured out thy life's wine.

Lo! the death that is his face fairer than  
life's, brighter to look upon?  
Seest thou light in his eyes, light by which  
life's faces and is overshadowed?

Lo, the roses of death, gray as the dust, chiller  
than of than snow!  
Why hast thou in thy hand love's that were  
thine, roses that loved thee so?

Large red lilies of love, sceptral and tall,  
lovely for eyes to see;  
Thornless blossom of love, full of the sun,  
fruits that were reared for thee.

Now death's poppies alone circle thy hair,  
girdle thy breasts as white;  
Bloodless blossoms of death, leaves that have  
sprung never against the light.

Nay then, sleep if thou wilt; love is content;  
what should he do to weep?  
Sweet was love to thee once; now in thine  
eyes sweeter than love is sleep.

## AT PARTING.

For a day and a night Love sang to us,  
played with us,  
Folded us round from the dark and the  
light;  
And our hearts were fulfilled of the music he  
made with us,  
Made with our hearts and our lips while he  
stayed with us,  
Staved in mid passage his pinions from  
flight  
For a day and a night.

From his foes that kept watch with his wings  
had he hidden us,  
Covered us close from the eyes that would  
smile,  
From the feet that had tracked and the  
tongues that had chidden us

Sheltering in shade of the myrtles forbid  
us  
Spirit and flesh growing one with delight  
For a day and a night.

But his who's will is rest and his feet will  
not stir  
Morning is here in the joy of its night;  
With his breath has he sweetened a night  
and a day for us;  
Let him pass, and the myrtles make way  
for us;  
We can but last in us here at his height  
For a day and a night.

### A SONG IN SEASON.

#### I.

THOU whose beauty  
Knows no duty  
Due to love that moves thee never;  
Thou whose mercies  
Are men's curses,  
And thy smile a scourge forever;

#### II.

Thou that givest  
Death and livest  
On the death of thy sweet giving;  
Thou that sparest  
Not nor carest  
Though thy scorn leave no love living;

#### III.

Thou whose rootless  
Flower is fruitless  
As the pride its heart encloses,  
But thine eyes are  
As May skies are,  
And thy words like spoken roses;

#### IV.

Thou whose grace is  
In men's faces  
Fierce and wayward as thy will is;  
Thou whose peerless  
Eyes are tearless,  
And thy thoughts as cold sweet lilies;

#### V.

Thou that takest  
Hearts and makest  
Wrecks of loves to strew behind thee,

Whom the swallow  
Sure should follow  
Landing summer where we find thee;

#### VI.

Thou that wakest  
Hearts and breakest,  
And thy broken hearts forgive thee,  
That wilt make no  
Pause and take no  
But that love for love might give thee.

#### VII.

Thou that bindest  
Eyes and blindest,  
Serving worst who served thee longest;  
Thou that speakest,  
And the weakest  
Heart is his that was the strongest;

#### VIII.

Take in season  
Thought with reason;  
Think what gifts are ours for giving;  
Hear what beauty  
Owes of duty  
To the love that keeps it living.

#### IX.

Dust that covers  
Long dead lovers  
Song blows off with breath that brightens;  
At its flashes  
Their white ashes  
Burst in bloom that lives and lightens.

#### X.

Had they bent not  
Head or lent not  
Ear to love and amorous duties,  
Song had never  
Saved forever,  
Love, the least of all their beauties.

#### XI.

All the golden  
Names of olden  
Women yet by men's love cherished,  
All our dearest  
Thoughts hold nearest,  
Had they loved not, all had perished.



## XIII.

If no fruit  
Of thy beauty  
Tell me yet, since no way win them,  
What and wherefore  
Love should care for  
Of all good things hidden in them?

## XIV.

Pain for pleasure  
Holds but of it,  
If the lips that lure their lover's  
Hold no treasure  
Past the moment  
Of the lightest hour that hovers.

## XV.

If they give not  
Or forgive not  
Gifts or thefts for grace or guerdon,  
Love that misses  
Fruit of kisses  
Long will bear no thankless burden.

## XVI.

If they care not  
Though love were not,  
If no breath of his burn through them,  
Joy must borrow  
Song from sorrow,  
Fear teach hope the way to woo them.

## XVII.

Grief has measures  
Soft as pleasure's,  
Fear has moods that hope lies deep in,  
Songs to sing him,  
Dreams to bring him,  
And a red-rose bed to sleep in.

## XVIII.

Hope with fearless  
Looks and tearless  
Lies and laughs too near the thunder;  
Fear hath sweeter  
Speech and meeter  
For heart's love to hide him under.

## XIX.

Joy by daytime  
Fills his playtime  
Full of songs loud mirth takes pride in;

Night and morrow  
Weave round sorrow  
Thoughts as soft as sleep to hide

## XX.

Graceless faces,  
Loveless graces,  
Are the notes in light that quicken,  
Sands that run down  
Ere the sundown,  
Rose-leaves dead ere autumn sicken.

## XXI.

Fair and fruitless  
Charms are bootless  
Spells to ward off age's peril;  
Lips that give not  
Love shall live not,  
Eyes that meet not eyes are sterile.

## XXII.

But the beauty  
Bound in duty  
Fast to love that falls off never  
Love shall cherish  
Lest it perish,  
And its roots bears fruit forever.

## TWO LEADERS.

Βάτε δόμον, μεγάλοι φιλοτιμοί  
Νυκτός παίδες ἀπαιδές. ὑπ' εὐφροσύνην πομπή.

## I.

GREAT and wise, clear-souled and high of  
heart,  
One the last flower of Catholic love, that  
grows  
Amid bare thorns their only thornless  
From the fierce juggling of the priests'   
mart  
Yet alien, yet unspotted and apart  
From the blind hard foul rout whose shame-  
less shows  
Mock the sweet heaven whose secret no  
man knows  
With prayers and curses and the soothsayer's  
art;  
One like a storm-god of the northern foam  
Strong, wrought of rock that breasts and  
breaks the sea  
And thunders back its thunder, rhyme  
for rhyme  
Answering, as though to outroar the tides  
of time

A world the world's wave luck—that  
 from I be  
 men that would praise would bring and sing  
 you home?

II.

With all our hearts we praise you whom ye  
 hate,  
 High souls that hate us; for our hopes are  
 higher,  
 And higher than yours the goal of our de-  
 sire,  
 Though high your ends be as your hearts are  
 true,  
 Your world of Gods and kings, of shrine and  
 state,  
 Was of the night when hope and fear stood  
 nigher,  
 Where men walked by light of stars and  
 fire  
 All man by day stood equal with his fate,  
 Honor not hate we give you, love not fear,  
 Last prophets of past kind, who fill the  
 dome  
 Of great dead Gods with wrath and wail, nor  
 hear  
 Time's word and man's: 'Go honored  
 hence, go home,  
 Night's childless children; here your hour is  
 done;  
 Pass with the stars, and leave us with the  
 sun.'

VICTOR HUGO IN 1877.

'Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?'

Above the spring-tide sundawn of the year,  
 A sunlike star, not born of day or night,  
 Filled the fair heaven of spring with  
 heavenlier light,  
 One of all ages orb'd in one sole sphere  
 Whose light was as a Titan's smile or tear;  
 Then rose a ray more flowerlike, starry  
 white,  
 Like a child's eye grown lovelier with  
 delight,  
 Sweet as a child's heart-lightening laugh to  
 hear;  
 And last a fire from heaven, a fiery rain  
 As of God's wrath on the unclean cities,  
 fell  
 And lit the shuddering shades of half-  
 seen hell  
 That shrank before it and were cloven in  
 twain;

A beacon fired by lightning, whence all  
 time  
 Sees red the bare black ruins of a scene.

CHILD'S SONG.

WHAT is gold worth, say,  
 Worth for work or play,  
 Worth to keep or pay,  
 Hide or throw away,  
 Hope about or fear?  
 What is love worth, pray?  
 Worth a tear?

Golden on the mould  
 Lie the dead leaves rolled  
 Of the wet woods old,  
 Yellow leaves and cold,  
 Woods without a dove;  
 Gold is worth but gold;  
 Love's worth love.

TRIADS.

I.

I.

THE word of the sun to the sky,  
 The word of the wind to the sea,  
 The word of the moon to the night,  
 What may it be?

II.

THE flower of the fly,  
 The bird to the tree,  
 The cloud of the light,  
 Who can tell me?

III.

THE song of the fields to the kye,  
 The song of the lime to the light,  
 The song of the depth to the height,  
 Who knows all these?

II.

I.

THE message of April to May  
 That May sends on to June  
 And June gives out to July  
 Their birthday boon;

## II.

The delight of the dawn in the day,  
 The delight of the day in the noon,  
 The delight of a song in a sigh  
     That breaks the tune ;

## III.

The secret of passing away,  
 The cost of the change of the moon,  
 None knows it with ear or with eye,  
     But all will soon.

## III.

## I.

The live wave's love for the shore,  
 The shore's for the wave as it dies,

The love of the thunder-fire  
     That sears the skies,

## II.

We shall know not though life wax hoar.  
 Till all life, spent into sighs,  
 Burn out as consumed with desire  
     Of death's strange eyes ;

## III.

Till the secret be secret no more  
 In the light of one hour as it flies,  
 Be the hour as of suns that expire  
     Or suns that rise.

FOUR SONGS OF FOUR SEASONS.

I. WINTER IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

I.

Outside the garden  
The wet skies harden;  
The gates are barred on  
The summer side:  
Shut out the flower-time,  
'Sunbeam and shower-time;  
'Make way for our time,'  
Wild winds have cried.  
Green once and cheery,  
The woods, worn weary,  
Sigh as the dreary  
Weak sun goes home:  
A great wind grapples  
The wave, and dapples  
The dead green floor of the sea with foam.

II.

Through fell and moorland,  
And salt-sea foreland,  
Our noisy norland  
Resounds and rings;  
Waste waves thereunder  
Are blown in sunder,  
And winds make thunder  
With cloudwide wings;  
Sea-drift makes dimmer  
The beacon's glimmer;  
Nor sail nor swimmer  
Can try the tides;  
And snowdrifts thicken  
Where, when leaves quicken,  
Under the heather the sundew hides.

III.

Green land and red land,  
Moorside and headland,  
Are white as dead land,  
Are all as one;  
Nor honied heather

Nor bells to gather,  
Fair with fair weather  
And faithful sun:  
Fierce frost has eaten  
All flowers that sweeten  
The fells rain-beaten;  
And winds their foes  
Have made the snow's bed  
Down in the rose-bed;  
Deep in the snow's bed bury the rose.

IV.

Bury her deeper  
Than any sleeper;  
Sweet dreams will keep her  
All day, all night;  
Though sleep benumb her  
And time o'ercome her,  
She dreams of summer,  
And takes delight,  
Dreaming and sleeping  
In love's good keeping,  
While rain is weeping  
And no leaves cling;  
Winds will come bringing her  
Comfort, and singing her  
Stories and songs and good news of the spring.

V.

Draw the white curtain  
Close, and be certain  
She takes no hurt in  
Her soft low bed;  
She feels no colder,  
And grows not older,  
Though snows enfold her  
From foot to head;  
She turns not chilly  
Like weed and lily  
In marsh or hilly  
High watershed,

Or green soft island  
In lakes of highland ;  
She sleeps awhile, and she is not dead.

## VI.

For all the hours,  
Come sun, come showers,  
Are friends of flowers,  
And fairies all ;  
When frost entrapped her,  
They came and lapped her  
In leaves, and wrapped her  
With shroud and pall ;  
In red leaves wound her  
With dead leaves bound her  
Dead brows, and round her  
A death-knell rang ;  
Rang one death-bell for her,  
Sang 'is it well for her,  
Well, is it well with you rose ?' they sang.

## VII.

O what and where is  
The rose now, fairies,  
So shrill the air is,  
So wild the sky ?  
Poor last of roses,  
Her worst of woes is  
The noise she knows is  
The winter's cry ;  
His hunting hollo  
Has scared the swallow ;  
Fain would she follow  
And fain would fly ;  
But wind unsettles  
Her poor last petals ;  
Had she but wings, and she would not die.

## VIII.

Come, as you love her,  
Come close and cover  
Her white face over,  
And forth again  
Ere sunset glance  
On foam that dances,  
Through lowering lances  
Of bright white rain ;  
And make your playtime  
Of winter's daytime  
As if the Maytime  
Were here to sing ;  
As if the snowballs

Were soft like blowhalls,  
Blown in a mist from the stalk in the spring.

## IX.

Each reed that grows in  
Our stream is frozen,  
The fields it flows in  
Are hard and black ;  
The water-fairy  
Waits wise and wary  
Till time shall vary  
And thaws come back.  
'O sister, water,'  
The wind besought her,  
'O twin-born daughter  
Of spring with me,  
Stay with me, play with me,  
Take the warm way with me.  
Straight for the summer and oversea.'

## X.

But winds will vary,  
And wise and wary  
The patient fairy  
Of water waits ;  
All shrunk and wizen,  
In iron prison,  
Till spring re-risen  
Unbar the gates ;  
Till, as with clamor  
Of axe and hammer,  
Chained streams that stammer  
And struggle in straits  
Burst bonds that shiver,  
And thaws deliver  
The roaring river in stormy spates.

## XI.

In fierce March weather  
White waves break tether,  
And whirled together  
At either hand,  
Like weeds uplifted,  
The tree-trunks rifted  
In spars are drifted,  
Like foam or sand,  
Ere swamp and shallow,  
And reed beds callow  
Through pool and shallow,  
To sea and lee,  
Fill, no more tongue-tied,  
Full flood and young tide  
Keel down the rapids and stern the sea

XII.

As men's cheeks faded  
On shores invaded,  
When shorewards waded  
The lords of fight ;  
When churl and craven  
Saw hard on haven  
The wide-winged raven  
At mainmast height ;  
When monks affrighted  
To windward sighted  
The birds full-flighted  
Of swift sea-kings ;  
So earth turns paler  
When Storm the sailor  
Steers in with a roar in the race of his wings.

XIII.

O strong sea-sailor,  
Whose cheeks turn paler  
For wind or hail or  
For fear of thee ?  
O far sea-farer,  
O thunder-bearer,  
Thy songs are rarer  
Than soft songs be.  
O fleet-foot stranger,  
O north-sea ranger  
Through days of danger  
And ways of fear,  
Blow thy horn here for us,  
Blow the sky clear for us,  
Send us the song of the sea to hear.

XIV.

Roll the strong stream of it  
Up, till the scream of it  
Wake from a dream of it  
Children that sleep,  
Seamen that fare for them  
Forth, with a prayer for them ;  
Shall not God care for them,

Angels not keep ?  
Spare not the surges  
Thy stormy scourges ;  
Spare us the dirges  
Of wives that weep.  
Turn back the waves for us :  
Dig no fresh graves for us,  
Wind, in the manifold gulfs of the deep.

XV.

O stout north-easter,  
Sea-king, land-waster,  
For all thine, haste, or  
Thy stormy skill,  
Yet hast thou never,  
For all endeavor,  
Strength to dis sever  
Or strength to spill,  
Save of his giving  
Who gave our living,  
Whose hands are weaving  
What ours fulfill ;  
Whose feet tread under  
The storms and thunder ;  
Who made our wonder to work his will.

XVI.

His years and hours,  
His world's blind powers,  
His stars and flowers,  
His night and days,  
Sea-tide and river,  
And waves that shiver,  
Praise God, the giver  
Of tongues to praise.  
Winds in their blowing,  
And fruits in growing ;  
Time in its going.  
While time shall be ;  
In death and living,  
With one thanksgiving,  
Praise him whose hand is the strength of the sea.

2. SPRING IN TUSCANY.

ROSE-RED lilies that bloom on the banner ;  
Rose-cheeked gardens that revel in spring ;  
Rose-mouthed acacias that laugh as they  
climb,

Like plumes for a queen's hand fashioned to  
fan her  
With wind more soft than a wild dove's wing,  
What do they sing in the spring of their time ?

If this be the rose that the world hears singing,  
 Soft in the soft night, loud in the day,  
 Songs for the fire-flies to dance as they  
 hear;  
 If that be the song of the nightingale, spring-  
 ing  
 Forth in the form of a rose in May,  
 What do they say of the way of the year?  
  
 What of the way of the world gone Maying,  
 What of the work of the buds in the bowers,  
 What of the will of the wind on the wall,  
 Fluttering the wall-flowers, sighing and playing,  
 Shrinking again as a bird that cowers,  
 Thinking of hours when the flowers have  
 to fall?  
  
 Out of the throats of the loud birds shower-  
 ing,  
 Out of the folds where the flag-lilies leap,  
 Out of the mouths of the roses stirred,  
 Out of the herbs on the walls reflowering,  
 Out of the heights where the sheer snows  
 sleep,  
 Out of the deep and the steep, one word.  
  
 One from the lips of the lily-flames leaping,  
 The glad red lilies that burn in our sight,  
 The great live lilies for standard and  
 crown;  
 One from the steeps where the pines stand  
 sleeping,  
 One from the deep land, one from the height,  
 One from the light and the might of the  
 town.  
  
 The lowlands laugh with delight of the high-  
 lands,  
 Whence May winds feed them with balm  
 and breath  
  
 From hills that beheld in the years behind  
 A shape as of one from the blest souls' islands,  
 Made fair by a soul too fair for death,  
 With eyes on the light that should smite  
 them blind.  
  
 Vallombrosa remotely remembers,  
 Perchance, what still to us seems so near,  
 That time not darkens it, change not mars,  
 The foot that she knew when her leaves were  
 September's,  
 The face lift up to the star-blind seer,  
 That saw from his prison arisen his stars.  
  
 And Pisa broods on her dead, not mourning,  
 For love of her loveliness given them in fee;  
 And Prato gleams with the glad monk's  
 gift  
 Whose hand was there as the hand of morning;  
 And Siena, set in the sand's red sea,  
 Lifts loftier her head than the red sand's  
 drift.  
  
 And far to the fair south-westward lightens,  
 Girdled and sandalled and plumed with  
 flowers,  
 At sunset over the love-lit lands,  
 The hill-side's crown where the wild hill  
 brightens,  
 Saint Fina's town of the Beautiful Towers,  
 Hailing the sun with a hundred hands.  
  
 Land of us all that have loved thee dearest,  
 Mother of men that were lords of man,  
 Whose name in the world's heart works as  
 a spell,  
 My last song's light, and the star of mine earli-  
 est,  
 As we turn from thee, sweet, who wast ours  
 for a span,  
 Fare well we may not who say farewell.

## 3. SUMMER IN AUVERGNE.

THE sundawn fills the land  
 Full as a feaster's hand  
 Fills full with bloom of bland  
 Bright wine his cup;  
 Flows full to flood that fills  
 From the arch of air it thrills  
 Those rust-red iron hills  
 With morning up;

Dawn, as a panther's springs,  
 With fierce and fire-fledged wings  
 Leaps on the land that rings  
 From her bright feet  
 Thro' all its lava-black  
 Cones that cast answer back  
 And cliffs of footless track  
 Where thunders meet.

The light speaks wide and loud  
From deeps blown clean of cloud  
As tho' days' heart were proud  
And heaven's were glad;  
The towers brown-striped and grey  
Take fire from heaven of day  
As tho' the prayers they pray  
Their answers had.

Higher in these high first hours  
Wax all the keen church towers,  
And higher all hearts of ours  
Than the old hills' crown,  
Higher than the pillared height  
Of that strange cliff-side bright  
With basalt towers whose might  
Strong time bows down.

'Shut out the flower time  
Half sun's half shower time,  
Make way for our time.'

Wild winds have cried.  
What is love worth? nay,  
Tell me, dear.

And the old fierce ruin there  
Of the old wild princes' lair  
Whose blood in mine hath share  
Gapes gaunt and great  
Toward heaven that long ago  
Watched all the wan land's woe  
Whereon the wind would blow  
Of their bleak hate.

Dead are those deeds; but yet  
Their memory seems to fret  
Lands that might else forget  
That old world's brand;  
Dead all their sins and days;  
Yet in this red climes rays  
Some fiery memory stays  
That scars their land.

#### 4. AUTUMN IN CORNWALL.

THE year lies fallen and faded  
On cliffs by clouds invaded,  
With tongues of storms upbraided,  
With wrath of waves bedinned;  
And inland, wild with warning,  
As in deaf ears or scorning  
The clarion even and morning  
Rings of the south-west wind.

The wild bents wane and wither  
In blasts whose breath bows hither  
Their grey-grown heads and thither,  
Unblest of rain or sun;  
The pale fierce heavens are crowded  
With shapes like dreams beclouded,  
As though the old year enshrouded  
Lay, long ere life were done.

Full-charged with old-world wonders,  
From dusk Tintagel thunders  
A note that smites and sunders  
The hard froze-fields of air;  
A trumpet stormier-sounded  
Than once from lists rebounded  
When strong men sense-confounded  
Fell thick in tourney there.

From scarce a duskier dwelling  
Such notes of wail rose welling  
Thro' the outer darkness, telling  
In the awful singer's ears  
What souls the darkness covers,  
What love-lost souls of lovers,  
Whose cry still hangs and hovers  
In each man's born that hears.

For there by Hector's brother  
And yet some thousand other  
He that had grief to mother  
Passed pale from Dante's sight;  
With one fast linked as fearless,  
Perchance, there only tearless;  
Iseult, and Tristram, peerless  
And perfect queen and knight.

A shrill-winged sound comes flying  
North, as of wild souls crying  
The cry of things undying,  
That know what life must be;  
Or as the old year's heart, stricken  
Too sore for hope to quicken  
By thoughts like thorns that thicken,  
Broke, breaking with the sea.



## THE WHITE CZAR.

[In an English magazine of 1877 there appeared a version of some insolent lines addressed by "A Russian Poet to the Empress of India." To these the first of the two following sonnets was designed to serve by way of counterblast. The writer will scarcely be suspected of royalism or imperialism; but it seemed to him that an answer to the "Miserere" to the ruler of England might perhaps be less unfilially than unofficially rendered by an Englishman who was also a republican.]

## I.

GEHAZI by the hue that chills thy cheek  
 And Pilate by the hue that sears thine hand  
 When e'en all earth's waters cannot wash the  
 brand  
 That signs thy soul a manslayer's though thou  
 speak  
 All Christ, with lips most murderous and most  
 meek —  
 Thou set thy foot where England's used to  
 stand!  
 Thou reach thy rod forth over Indian land!  
 Slave of the slaves that call thee lord, and  
 weak  
 As their foul tongues who praise thee! son of  
 them  
 Whose presence put the snows and stars to  
 shame  
 In centuries dead and damned that reek be  
 low  
 Curse-consecrated, crowned with crime and  
 flame,

To them that bare thee like them shalt  
 thou go  
 Forth of man's life — a leper white as snow.

## II.

Call for clear water, wash thine hand, be  
 clean,  
 Cry, *What is truth?* O Pilate; thou shalt  
 know  
 Haply too soon, and gnash thy teeth for  
 woe  
 Ere the outer darkness take thee round unseen  
 That hides the red ghosts of thy race obscene  
 Bound nine times round with hell's most  
 dolorous flow  
 And in its pools thy crownless head lie low  
 By his of Spain who dared an English queen  
 With half a world to hearten him for fight,  
 Till the wind gave his warriors and their might  
 To shipwreck and the corpse-encumbered  
 sea;  
 But thou, take heed, ere yet thy lips wax white,  
 Lest as it was with Philip so it be,  
 O white of name and red of hand, with thee.

## RIZPAH.

How many sons, how many generations,  
 For how long years hast thou bewept, and  
 known  
 Not end of torment nor surcease of moan,  
 Rachel or Rizpah, wofullest of nations,  
 Crowned with the crowning sign of desolation,

And couldst not even scare off with hand or  
groan  
Those carrion birds devouring bone by  
bone  
The children of thy thousand tribulations?  
Thou wast our warrior once; thy sons long  
dead

Against a foe less foul than this maled head,  
Poland, in years that sound and shine afar;  
Ere the east beheld in thy bright sword-blade's  
stead  
The rotten corpse-light of the Russian star  
That lights towards hell his bondslaves and  
their Czar.

### TO LOUIS KOSSUTH.

LIGHT of our fathers' eyes, and in our own  
Star of the unsetting sunset! for thy name,  
That on the front of noon was as a flame  
In the great year nigh twenty years ago  
When all the heavens of Europe shook and  
shone  
With stormy wind and lightning, keeps its  
fame  
And bears its witness all day through the  
same;

Not for past days and great deeds past alone,  
Kossuth, we praise thee as our Landor praised,  
But that now too we know thy voice up-  
raised,  
Thy voice, the trumpet of the truth of God,  
Thine hand, the thunder-bearer's, raised to  
smite  
As with heaven's lightning for a sword and  
rod  
Men's heads abased before the Muscovite.

### TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH OF VILLON.

#### THE COMPLAINT OF THE FAIR ARMOURESS.

1.

MEFEMETH I heard cry and groan  
That sweet who was the armourer's maid;  
For her young years she made sore moan,  
And right upon this wise she said;  
"Ah fierce old age with foul bald head,  
To spoil fair things thou art over fain;  
Who holdeth me? who? would God I were  
dead!  
Would God I were well dead and slain!

2.

"Lo, thou hast broken the sweet yoke  
That my high beauty held above  
All priests and clerks and merchant-folk;  
There was not one but for my love  
Would give me gold and gold enough,  
Though sorrow his very heart had riven,  
To win from me such wage thereof  
As now no thief would take if given.

## 3.

"I was right chary of the same,  
 God wot it was my great folly,  
 For love of one sly knave of them,  
 Goodly core of that same sweet had he ;  
 For all my little wiles, pernie,  
 I wot I loved him well enow ;  
 He handled me as he liked me,  
 But I love, well my goll, I trow.

## 4.

"Oh! I got bruises green and black,  
 But never the less a jot ;  
 I had a heave in my heart  
 When he kissed me, and hee'd it not,  
 'Tis a little pain I felt, God wot,  
 When that foul thief's mouth, found so sweet,  
 Kissed me -- Much good thereof I got !  
 I keep the sin and the shame of it.

## 5.

"And he died thirty year ago.  
 I am old now, no sweet thing to see ;  
 By God, though, when I think thereon,  
 And of that good glad time, woe's me,  
 And stare upon my changed body  
 Stark naked, that has been so sweet,  
 Lean, wizened, like a small dry tree,  
 I am nigh mad with the pain of it.

## 6.

"Where is my faultless forehead's white  
 The lifted eyebrows, soft gold hair  
 Eyes wide apart and keen of sight,  
 With subtle skill in the amorous air ;  
 The straight nose, great nor small, but fair.  
 The small carved ears of shapeliest growth,  
 Chin dimpling, color good to wear,  
 And sweet red splendid kissing mouth ?

## 7.

"The shapely slender shoulders small,  
 Long arms, hands wrought in glorious wise,  
 Round little breasts, the hips withal  
 High, full of flesh, not scant of size,  
 Fit for all amorous masteries ;  
 .....  
 .....  
 .....

## 8.

"A writhled forehead, hair gone grey,  
 Fallen eyebrows, eyes gone blind and red,  
 Their laughs and looks all fled away,  
 Yea, all that smote men's hearts are fled ;  
 The bowed nose, fallen from goodhead ;  
 Foul flapping ears like water-flags ;  
 Peaked chin, and cheeks all waste and dead,  
 And lips that are two skinny rags :

## 9.

"Thus endeth all the beauty of us.  
 The arms made short, the hands made lean,  
 The shoulders bowed and ruinous,  
 The breasts, ah! all fallen in ;  
 The flanks too, like the breasts, grown thin  
 .....  
 .....  
 .....

## 10.

"So we make moan for the old sweet days,  
 Poor old light women, two or three  
 Squatting about the straw-fire's blaze,  
 The bosom crushed against the knee,  
 Like fagots on a heap we be,  
 Round fires soon lit, soon quenched and dead,  
 And we were once so sweet, even we !  
 Thus fareth many and many an one."

## A DOUBLE BALLAD OF GOOD COUNSEL.

Take your fill of love and glee,  
 And after balls and banquets hie;  
 At the end ye'll get no good for fee,  
 But just heads broken by and by;  
 Light loves make beasts of men that sigh;  
 They changed the faith of Solomon,  
 And left not Samson lights to spy;  
 Good luck has he that deals with none!

Sweet Orpheus, lord of minstrelsy,  
 For this with flute and pipe came nigh  
 The danger of the dog's heads three  
 That ravening at hell's door doth lie;  
 Fain was Narcissus, fair and shy,  
 For love's love lightly lost and won,  
 In a deep well to drown and die;  
 Good luck has he that deals with none!

Sardana, flower of chivalry,  
 Who conquered Crete with horn and cry,  
 For this was fain a maid to be  
 And learn with girls the thread to ply;  
 King David, wise in prophecy,  
 For the fear of God for one  
 Was on washing either shapely thigh;  
 Good luck has he that deals with none!

For this did Amnon, craftily  
 Feigning to eat of cakes of rye,  
 Deflower his sister fair to see,  
 Which was foul incest; and hereby  
 Was Herod moved, it is no lie,  
 To lop the head of Baptist John  
 For dance and jig and psaltery;  
 Good luck has he that deals with none!

Next of myself I tell, poor me,  
 How thrashed like clothes at wash was I  
 Stark naked, I must needs agree;  
 Who made me eat so sour a pie  
 But Katherine of Vaucelles? thereby  
 Noë took third part of that fun;  
 Such wedding-gloves are ill to buy;  
 Good luck has he that deals with none!

But for that young man fair and free  
 To pass those young maids lightly by,  
 Nay, would you burn him quick, not he:  
 Like broom-horsed witches though he fry,  
 They are sweet as civet in his eye;  
 But trust them, and you're fooled anon;  
 For white or brown, and low or high,  
 Good luck has he that deals with none!

## A FRAGMENT ON DEATH.

And Paris be it or Helen dying,  
 Who dies soever, dies with pain.  
 He that lacks breath and wind for sighing,  
 His gall bursts on his heart; and then

He sweats, God knows what sweat! again,  
 No man may ease him of his grief;  
 Child, brother, sister, none were fain  
 To bail him thence for his relief.

Death makes him shudder, swoon, wax pale,  
 Nose blood, veins stretch, and breath stir;  
 Neck sweet, the swollen joints all  
 Crack their strain of ivory  
 slender,  
 O woman's body for a creature  
 Smooth, sweet, so precious inches

## BALLAD OF THE FOR OF D TIME.

AFTER THE FIFTH VERSEMENT.

WHAT more? Where is the third Calix,  
 Last of that name now dead and gone,  
 Who held four years the Papal list?  
 Alphonso king of Aragon,  
 The prince of old, duke of Bourbon,  
 And Arthur, of old Britame?  
 And Charles the Seventh, that worthy  
 one?  
 Even with the good knight Charlemain.  
 The Scot too, king of mount and mist,  
 With half his face vermillion,  
 Mentell us, like an amethyst  
 From brow to chin that blazed and shone;  
 The Cypriote king of old renown,  
 Alas! and that good king of Spain,  
 Whose name I cannot think upon?  
 Even with the good knight Charlemain.  
 No more to say of them I list:  
 'Tis all but vain, all dead and done:  
 For death may no man born resist,  
 Nor make appeal when death comes on.  
 I make yet one more question;  
 Where's Lancelot, king of far Bohain?  
 Where's he whose grandson called him son  
 Even with the good knight Charlemain.  
 Where is Guesclin, the good Breton?  
 The lord of the eastern mountain-chain,  
 And the good late duke of Alençon?  
 Even with the good knight Charlemain.

## BALLAD OF THE WOMEN OF PARIS.

ALERT the Venice girls get praise  
 For their sweet speech and tender air,  
 And that the old women have wise ways  
 Of chaffing for amorous ware,  
 Yet at my peril dare I swear,  
 Search France, where God's grace mainly tar-  
 nish,  
 Florence and Savoy, everywhere,  
 There's no good girl's lip out of Paris.  
 The Naples women, as folk prattle,  
 Are sweetly spoken and subtle enough:  
 German girls are good at tattle,  
 And Prussians make their boast thereof;  
 Take Egypt for the next remove,  
 Or that waste land the Tartar harries,  
 Spain or Greece, for the matter of love,  
 There's no good girl's lip out of Paris.  
 Breton and Swiss know nought of the matter,  
 Gascony girls or girls of Toulouse;  
 The women with a half hour's chatter  
 Will shut them up by threes and twos;  
 Calais, Lorraine, and all their crews,

(Names enow the naid song marries)  
England and Pica dy, search them and  
hoose,  
There's no good girl's lip out of Paris.

Prince, give praise to our French ladies  
For the sweet sound their speaking carries ;  
Twixt Rome and Cadiz many a maid is,  
But no good girl's lip out of Paris.

BALLAD WRITTEN FOR A BRIDEGROOM

WHICH VILLON GAVE TO A GENTLEMAN NEWLY MARRIED TO ONE OF HIS WIFE WHOM HE HAD  
WON WITH THE SWORD.

At daybreak, when the falcon claps his wings,  
No whit for grief, but noble heart and high,  
With loud glad noise he stirs himself and  
springs,  
And takes his meat and toward his lure draws  
nigh ;  
Such good I wish you ! Yea, and heartily  
I am fired with hope of true love's meed to get ;  
Know that Love writes it in his book ; for why,  
This is the end for which we twain are met.

Mine own heart's lady with no gainsayings  
You shall be always wholly till I die ;  
And in my right against all bitter things  
Sweet laurel with fresh rose its force shall try ;  
Seeing reason wills not that I cast love by  
(Nor here with reason shall I chide or fret)  
Nor cease to serve, but serve more constantly ;  
This is the end for which we twain are met.

And, when I am more, when grief about me  
chins  
Through Fortune's fit and fume of jealousy,  
Your sweet kind eye beats down her threaten-  
ings  
As wind doth smoke ; such power sits in your  
eye.  
Thus in your field my seed of harvestry  
Thrives, for the fruit is like me that I set ;  
God bids me tend it with good husbandry ;  
This is the end for which we twain are met.

Princess, give ear to this my summary ;  
That heart of mine your heart's love should  
forget,  
Shall never be ; like trust in you put I :  
This is the end for which we twain are met

BALLAD AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF FRANCE.

MAY he fall in with beasts that scatter fire,  
Like Jason, when he sought the fleece of  
gold,  
Or change from man to beast three years entire,  
As King Nebuchadnezzar did of old ;  
Or else have times as shameful and as bad  
As Trojan folk for ravished Helen had ;  
Or gulfed with Proserpine and Tantalus  
Let hell's deep fen devour him dolorous,

With worse to bear than Job's worst suf-  
ferance,  
Bound in his prison-maze with Dædalus,  
Who could wish evil to the state of  
France !

May he four months, like bitterns in the mire,  
Howl with head downmost in the lake-  
springs cold,

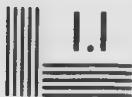


# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

ANSI #1 TEST CHART



1.0



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Or to bear harness like strong bulls for hire  
 To the Great Turk for money down he  
 sold ;  
 Or thirty years like Magdalen live sad,  
 With neither wool nor web of linen clad ;  
 Drown like Narciss' or swing down pendulous  
 Like Absalom with locks luxurious,  
 Or liker Judas fallen to reprobance ;  
 Or find in death as Simon sorcerous,  
 Who could wish evil to the state of France !

May the old times come of fierce Octavian's  
 ire,  
 And in his belly molton coin be told ;  
 May he like Victor in the mill expire,  
 Crushed between moving millstones on  
 him rolled,  
 Or in deep sea drenched breathless, more  
 adrad

Than in the whale's bulk Jonas, when God  
 bade :  
 From Phœbus' light, from Juno's treasure-  
 house  
 Driven, and from joys of Venus amorous,  
 And cursed of God most high to the utter  
 end,  
 As was the Syrian king Antiochus,  
 Who could wish evil to the state of France !

EN VOY.

Prince, may the bright-winged brood of Æolus  
 To sea-king Glaucus' wild wood cavernous  
 Bear him bereft of peace and hope's re-  
 glance,  
 For worthless is he to get good of us,  
 Who could wish evil to the state of France !

#### THE DISPUTE OF THE HEART AND BODY OF FRANÇOIS VILLON.

WHO is this I hear?—Lo, this is I, thine  
 heart,

That holds on merely now by a slender string,  
 Strength fails me, shape and sense are rent  
 apart,

The blood in me is turned to a bitter thing,  
 Seeing thee skulk here like a dog shivering.—  
 Yea, and for what?—For that thy sense found  
 sweet.—

What irks it thee?—I feel the sting of it.—  
 Leave me at peace.—Why?—Nay now, leave  
 me at peace ;

I will repent when I grow ripe in wit. —  
 I say no more.—I care not though thou  
 cease.—

What art thou, trow?—A man worth praise,  
 perfoy.—

This is thy thirtieth year of wayfaring. —  
 'Tis a mule's age.—Art thou a boy still?—  
 Nay.

Is it hot lust that spurs thee with its sting,  
 Grasping thy throat? Know'st thou not  
 anything?

Yea, black and white, when milk is specked  
 with flies,

I can make out. No more? Nay, in no wise.  
 Shall I begin again the count of these?

Thou art undone.—I will make shift to rise.—  
 I say no more.—I care not though thou  
 cease.—

I have the sorrow of it, and thou the smart.  
 Wert thou a poor mad fool or weak of wit,  
 Then might'st thou plead this pretext with  
 thine heart ;

But if thou know not good from evil a whit,  
 Either thy head is hard as stone to hit,  
 Or shame, not honor, gives thee most content.  
 What canst thou answer to this argument?—  
 When I am dead I shall be well at ease.—  
 God! what good luck?—Thou art over elo-  
 quent.—

I say no more.—I care not though thou  
 cease.—

Whence is this ill?—From sorrow and not  
 from sin.

When Sathan packed my wallet up for me  
 I well believe he put these ills therein.—

Fool, wilt thou make thy servant lord o'  
 thee?

Hear now the wise King's counsel; thus  
 saith he ;

All power upon the stars a wise man hath ;

There is no planet that shall do him scathe.—  
Nay, as they made me I grow and I decrease.—

What say'st thou?—Truly this is all my faith.—  
I say no more.—I care not though thou cease.—

Would'st thou live still?—God help me that I may!—

Then thou must.—What? turn penitent and pray?—

Read always.—What?—Grave words and good to say;

Leave off the ways of fools, lest they displease.—

Good; I will do it.—Wilt thou remember?—  
Yea.—

Abide not till there come an evil day.

I say no more.—I care not though thou cease.—

#### EPISTLE IN FORM OF A BALLAD TO HIS FRIENDS.

HAVE pity, pity, friends, have pity on me,  
Thus much at least, may it please you, of  
your grace!

I lie not under hazel or hawthorn-tree  
Down in this dungeon ditch, mine exile's  
place

By leave of God and fortune's foul disgrace.  
Girls, lovers, glad young folk and newly wed,  
Jumpers and jugglers, tumbling heel o'er head,  
Swift as a dart, and sharp as needle-ware,  
Throats clear as bells that ring the kine to shed,  
Your poor old friend, what, will you leave  
him there?

Singers that sing at pleasure, lawlessly,  
Light, laughing, gay of word and deed, that  
race

And run like folk light-witted as ye be  
And have in hand nor current coin nor base,  
Ye wait too long, for now he's dying apace.

Raymers of lays and roundels sung and read,  
Ye'll brew him broth too late when he lies dead.

Nor wind nor lightning, sunbeam nor fresh air,  
May pierce the thick wall's bound where lies  
his bed;

Your poor old friend, what, will you leave  
him there?

O noble folk from tithes and taxes free,  
Come and behold him in this piteous case,  
Ye that nor king nor emperor holds in fee,  
But only God in heaven; behold his face  
Who needs must fast, Sundays and holidays,  
Which makes his teeth like rakes; and when  
he hath fed  
With never a cake for banquet but dry bread,  
Must drench his bowels with much cold  
watery fare,  
With board nor stool, but low on earth instead;  
Your poor old friend, what, will you leave  
him there?

Princes afore-named, old and young foresaid,  
Get me the king's seal and my pardon sped,  
And hoist me in some basket up with care;  
So swine will help each other ill bested,  
For where ones squeaks they run in heaps ahead.  
Your poor old friend, what, will you leave  
him there?

#### THE EPITAPH IN FORM OF A BALLAD

WHICH VILLON MADE FOR HIMSELF AND HIS COMRADES, EXPECTING TO BE HANGED ALONG WITH THEM.

MEN, brother men, that after us yet live,  
Let not your hearts too hard against us be;  
For if some pity of us poor men ye give,  
The sooner God shall take of you pity.  
Here we are five or six strung up, you see,  
And here the flesh that all too well we fed  
Bit by bit eaten and rotten, rent and shred,

And we the bones grow dust and ash withal;  
Let no man laugh at us discomforted,  
But pray to God that he forgive us all.

If we call on you, brothers, to forgive,  
Ye should not hold our prayer in scorn, though  
we

We're slain by law; ye know that all alive

Have not wit alway to walk righteously ;  
 Make therefore intercession heartily  
 With him that of a virgin's womb was bred,  
 That his grace be not as a dry well-head  
 For us, nor let hell's thunder on us fall ;  
 We are dead, let no man harry or vex us dead,  
 But pray to God that he forgive us all.

The rain has washed and laundered us all five,  
 And the sun dried and blackened; yea, perdie,  
 Ravens and pies with beaks that rend and rive  
 Have dug our eyes out, and plucked off for  
 tee

Our beards and eyebrows ; never are we free,

Not once, to rest ; but here and there still  
 speed,  
 Drive at its wild will by the wind's change  
 led,  
 More pecked of birds than fruits on garden  
 wall ;  
 Men, for God's love, let no gibe here be said,  
 But pray to God that he forgive us all.

Prince Jesus, that of all art lord and head,  
 Keep us, that hell be not our bitter bed ;  
 We have nought to do in such a master's hall.  
 Be not ye therefore of our fellowhead,  
 But pray to God that he forgive us all.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

TAKE heed of this small child of earth ;  
 He is great : he hath in him God most  
 high.  
 Children before their fleshly birth  
 Are lights alive in the blue sky.

In our light bitter world of wrong  
 They come ; God gives us them awhile.  
 His speech is in their stammering tongue,  
 And his forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes  
 Alas ! their right to joy is plain.

! If they are hungry, Paradise  
 Weeps, and, if cold, Heaven thrills with  
 pain.

The want that saps their sinless flower  
 Speaks judgment on sin's ministers.  
 Man holds an angel in his power.  
 Ah ! deep in Heaven what thunder stirs,

When God seeks out these tender things  
 Whom in the shadow where we sleep  
 He sends us clothed about with wings,  
 And find them ragged babes that weep !

## NOCTURNE.

LA nuit écoute et se penche sur l'onde  
 Pour y cueillir rien qu'un souffle d'amour ;  
 Pas de lueur, pas de musique au monde,  
 Pas de sommeil pour moi ni de séjour.  
 O mère, ô Nuit, de ta source profonde  
 Verse-nous, verse enfin l'oubli du jour.

Verse l'oubli de l'angoisse et du jour ;  
 Chante; ton chant assoupit l'âme et l'onde ;  
 Fais de ton sein pour mon âme un séjour,  
 Elle est bien lasse, ô mère, de ce monde,  
 Où le baiser ne veut pas dire amour,  
 Où l'âme aimée est moins que toi profonde.

Car toute chose aimée est moins profonde,  
O Nuit, que toi, fille et mère du jour;  
Toi dont l'attente est le répit du monde,  
Toi dont le souffle est plein de mots d'amour,  
Toi dont l'haleine enfle et réprime l'onde,  
Toi dont l'ombre a tout le ciel pour séjour.

La misère humble et lasse, sans séjour,  
S'abrite et dort sous ton aile profonde;  
Tu fais à tous l'aumône de l'amour;  
Toutes les soifs viennent boire à ton onde,  
Tout ce qui pleure et se dérobe au jour,  
Toutes les faims et tous les maux du monde.

Moi seul je veille et ne vois dans ce monde  
Que ma douleur qui n'ait point de séjour  
Et s'abriter sur ta rive profonde

Et s'endormir sous tes yeux loin du jour;  
Je vais toujours cherchant au bord de l'onde  
Le sang du beau pied blessé de l'amour.

La mer est sombre où tu naquis, amour,  
Pleine des pleurs et des sanglots du monde;  
On ne voit plus le gouffre où naît le jour  
Luire et frémir sous ta leuër profonde;  
Mais dans les cœurs d'homme où tu fais séjour  
La douleur monte et baisse comme une onde.

## ENVOI.

Fille de l'onde et mère de l'amour,  
Du haut séjour plein de ta paix profonde  
Sur ce bas monde épands un peu de jour.

## THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

Pour mettre une couronne au front d'une  
chanson,  
Il semblait qu'en passant son pied semât des  
roses,  
Et que sa main cueillît comme des fleurs  
écloses  
Les étoiles au fond du ciel en floraison.

La parole de marbre et d'or aviat le son  
Des laïrons de l'été chassant les jours moroses;

Comme en Thrace Apollon ba. ri des grands  
cieux roses,  
Il regardait du cœur l'Olympe, sa maison.

Le soleil fut pour lui le soleil du vieux monde,  
Et son œil recherchait dans les flots embrasés  
Le sillon immortel d'où s'élança sur l'onde  
Vénus, que la mer molle enivrait de baisers:  
Enfin, dieu ressaisi de sa splendeur première,  
Il trône, et son sépulcre est bâti de lumière.

## ODE.

(LE TOMBEAU DE THEOPHILE GAUTIER.)

QUELLE fleur, ô Mort, quel joyau, quel  
chant,  
Quel vent, quel rayon de soleil couchant,  
Sur ton front penché, sur ta main avide,  
L'âpre pâleur de ta lèvre aride,  
Vibre encore et luit?  
Ton sein est sans lait, ton oreille est vide,  
Ton œil plein de nuit.

Ta bouche est sans souffle et ton front sans  
ride;  
Mais l'éclair voilé d'une flamme humide,  
Flamme éclose au cœur d'un ciel pluvieux,  
Rallume ta lèvre et remplit tes yeux  
De lueurs d'opale;  
Ta bouche est vermeille et ton front joyeux,  
O toi qui fus pâle.

Comme aux bours divins la mère des dieux.

Reine au sein fécond, au corps radieux,  
Tu surgis au bord de la tombe amère;  
Tu nous apparais, ô Mort, vieige et mère,  
Effroi des humains,  
Le divin laurier sur la tête altière  
Et la lyre aux mains.

Nous reconnaissons, courbés vers la terre,  
Que c'est la splendeur de ta face austère  
Qui dore la nuit de nos longs malheurs;  
Que la vie ailée aux mille couleurs,  
Dont tu n'es que l'âme,  
Refait par tes mains les prés et les fleurs,  
La rose et la femme.

Lune constante! astre ami des douleurs  
Qui luis à travers la brume des pleurs!  
Quelle flamme au fond de ta clarté molle

Eclate et rougit, nouvelle aérée,  
Ton doux front voilé?

Quelle étoile, ouvrant ses ailes, s'envole  
Du ciel étoilé?

Pleurant ce rayon de jour qu'on lui vole,  
L'homme exècre en vain la Mort triste et folle;  
Mais l'astre qui fut à nos yeux si beau,  
Là-haut, loin d'ici, dans un ciel nouveau  
Plein d'autres étoiles,  
Se lève, et pour la nuit du tombeau  
Entr'ouvre ses voiles.

L'âme est dans le corps comme un jeune  
oiseau

Dont l'aile s'agite au bord du berceau;  
La mort, déliant cette aile inquiète,  
Quand nous écoutons la bouche muette  
C'est nous dit adieu.

Fait de l'homme infime et sombre un poète,  
Du poète un dieu.

#### IN OBITUM THEOPHILI POETÆ.

O LUX Pieridum et laurigeri delicia dei,  
Vox leni Zephyro lenior, ut veris amans  
novi

Tollit floridulis implicitum primitiis caput,  
Ten' ergo abripuit non rediturum, ut redeunt  
novo

Flores vere novi, te quoque mors irrevoca-  
bilem?

Cur vatem neque te Musa parens, te neque  
Gratia,

Nec servare sibi te potuit fidum animi Venus?  
Que nunc ipsa magis vel puero te Cinyreio,  
Te desiderium et flebilibus lumen amoribus,

Amissum queritur, sanguineis fusa comam  
genis.

Tantis tu lacrymis digne, comes dulcis Apol-  
lini,

Carum nomen eris dis superis atque sodalibus  
Nobis, quis eadem que tibi vivo patuit via  
Non aquis patet, at te sequimur passibus  
haud tuis.

At mæsto cinerem carmine non illacrymabi-  
lem

Tristesque exuvias floribus ac fletibus integris  
Unâ contegimus, nec citharâ nec sine tibiâ,  
Votoque unanimæ vocis Ave dicimus et Vale.

#### AD CATULLUM.

CATULLE *frater*, ut velim comes tibi  
Remota per vireta, per cavum nemus  
Sacrumque Ditis haud inhospiti specus,  
Pedem referre, trans aquam Stygis ducem  
Secutus unum et unicum, Catulle, te,  
Ut ora vatis optimi reviserem,  
Tui meique vatis ora, quem scio  
Venustiorē adisse vel tuo lacum,  
Benigniora semper arva vel tuis,  
Ubi serenus accipit suos deus,  
Tegitque myrtus implicata laureâ,

Manuque mulcet habituque consecrat  
Fovetque blanda mors amabili sinu,  
Et ore fama fervido colit viros  
Alitque qualis unus ille par tibi  
Britannus unicusque in orbe præstitit  
Amicus ille noster, ille ceteris  
Pacta major, omnibusque floribus  
Priore Lander inclytum rosâ caput  
Revinxit extulitque, quam tuâ manu  
Recepit ac refovit integram suâ.

DEDICATION.

1878.

SOME nine years gone, as we dwelt together  
In the sweet hushed heat of the south French  
weather

The autumn fell on the vine-tressed hills  
The season had shed one rose-red feather,

Friend, whose face is a flame that fills  
An eyes it lightens and hearts it thrills

With joy to be born of the blood which  
bred

From a land that the grey sea girls and chills

The heart and spirit and hand and head  
Whose might is as light on a dark day shed,

On a day now dark as a land's decline  
Where all the peers of your praise are dead;

In a land and season of corn and vine  
I pledged you a health from a beaker of mine  
But half-way filled to the lip's edge yet  
With hope for honey and song for wine.

Nine years have risen and eight years set  
Since there by the wellspring our hands on it  
met:

And the pledge of my songs that were  
then to be,

I could wonder not, friend, though a friend  
should forget.

For life's helm rocks to the windward and lee,  
And time is as wind, and as waves are we;

And song is as foam that the sea-winds  
fret,

Though the thought at its heart should be  
deep as the sea.

## POEMS AND BALLADS.

THIRD SERIES.

[To William Bell Scott, Poet and Painter, I dedicate these poems. In memory of many years.]

### MARCH: AN ODE.

1887.

#### I.

ERE frost-flower and snow-blossom faded and  
fell, and the splendour of winter had  
passed out of sight,  
The ways of the woodlands were fairer and  
stranger than dreams that fulfil us in  
sleep with delight;  
The breath of the mouths of the winds had  
hardened on tree-tops and branches that  
glittered and shivered  
Such wonders and glories of blossomlike snow  
or of frost that outlightens all flowers till  
it fade  
That the sea was not lovelier than here was  
the land, nor the night than the day, nor  
the day than the night,  
Nor the winter sublimer with storm than the  
spring: such mirth had the madness and  
might in thee made,  
March, master of winds, bright minstrel and  
marshal of storms that enkindle the sea-  
son they smite.

#### II.

And now that the rage of thy rapture is satiate  
with revel and ravin and spoil of the  
snow,  
And the branches it brightened are broken,  
and shattered the tree-tops that only thy  
wrath could lay low,  
How should not thy lovers rejoice in thee,  
leader and lord of the year that exults to  
be born  
strong in thy strength and so glad in thy  
gladness whose laughter puts winter and  
sorrow to scorn?  
Thou hast shaken the snows from thy wings,  
and the frost on thy forehead is molten:  
thy lips are aglow

As a lover's that kindle with kissing, and earth,  
with her raiment and tresses yet wasted  
and torn.

Takes breath as she is in the grasp of thy  
passion to find through her spirit the  
sense of the new flow.

#### III.

Fain, fain would we see but again for an hour  
what the wind and the sun have dispelled  
and consumed,

Those full deep swan-soft feathers of snow  
with whose luminous burden the breeze  
implumed

Hung heavily, curved as a half-bent bow, and  
fledged not as birds are, but petalled as  
flowers,

Each tree-top and branchlet a pinnacle jewel-  
led and carved, or a fountain that shines  
as it showers,

But fixed as a fountain is fixed not, and  
wrought not to last till by time or by  
tempest entombed,

As a pinnacle carved and gilded of men: for  
the date of its doom is no more than an  
hour's,

One hour of the sun's when the warm wind  
wakes him to wither the snow-flowers  
that froze as they bloomed.

#### IV.

As the sunshine quenches the snowshine; as  
April subdues thee, and yields up his  
kingdom to May;

So time overcomes the regret that is born of  
delight as it passes in passion away,

And leaves but a dream for desire to rejoice  
in or mourn for with tears or thanks-  
givings; but thou.

Bright god that art gone from us, maddest  
and gladdest of months, to what goal  
hast thou gone from us now?

For somewhere surely the storm of thy  
laughter that lightens, the beat of thy  
wings that play,  
Must flame as a fire through the world, and  
the heavens that we know not rejoice in  
thee: surely thy brow  
Hath lost not its radiance of empire, thy spirit  
the joy that impelled it on quest as for  
prey.

## V.

Are thy feet on the ways of the limitless  
waters, thy wings on the winds of the  
waste north sea?  
Are the fires of the false north dawn over  
heavens where summer is stormful and  
strong like thee  
Now bright in the sight of thine eyes? are the  
bastions of icebergs assailed by the blast  
of thy breath?  
Is it March with the wild north world when  
April is waning? the word that the  
changed year saith,  
Is it echoed to northward with rapture of  
passion reiterate from spirits triumphant  
as we  
Whose hearts were uplift at the blast of thy  
clarions as men's rearsen from a sleep  
that was death  
And kindled to life that was one with the  
world's and with thine? hast thou set  
not the whole world free?

## VI.

For the breath of thy lips is freedom, and  
freedom of thy spirit, the  
sound of  
glad god of; west wind, whose heart  
is as high as the hands of thy kingdom  
are strong.

Thy kingdom whose empire is terror and joy,  
twin-featured and fruitful of births  
div

Days lit with the flame of the lamps of the  
flowers, and nights that are drunken  
with dew for wine,

And sleep not for joy of the stars that deepen  
and quicken, a denser and fierier  
throng,

And the world that thy breath bade whiten  
and tremble rejoices at heart as they  
strengthen and shine,

And earth gives thanks for the glory be-  
queathed her, and knows of thy reign  
that it wrought not wrong.

## VII.

Thy spirit is quenched not, albeit we behold  
not thy face in the crown of the steep  
sky's arch,

And the bold first buds of the whin wax  
golden, and witness arise of the thorn  
and the larch:

Wild April, enkindled to laughter and storm  
by the kiss of the wildest of winds that  
blow,

Calls loud on his brother for witness; his  
hands that were laden with blossom are  
sprinkled with snow,

And his lips breathe winter, and laugh, and  
relent; and the live woods feel not the  
frost's flame parch;

For the flame of the spring that consumes not  
but quickens is felt at the heart of the  
forest aglow,

And the sparks that enkindled and fed it were  
strewn from the hands of the gods of the  
winds of March.

## THE COMMONWEAL.

1887.

## I.

EIGHT hundred years and twenty-one  
Have shone and sunken since the land  
Whose name is freedom bore such brand  
As marks a captive, and the sun  
Beheld her fettered hand.

## II.

But ere dark time had shed as rain  
Or sown on sterile earth as seed  
That bears no fruit save tare and  
weed  
An age and half an age again,  
She rose on Runnymede.



## III

Out of the lowly, starlike still,  
 So close apparent in her right,  
 And space, and put to fear and flight  
 The lawless rule of lawless will  
 That pawns no right save might.

## IV

No more hath England ever borne  
 The golden land on subject lands,  
 The crown that binds and binds all hands  
 Save that which marks for servile scorn  
 The herald bows and brands.

## V

A commonweal arrayed and crowned  
 With gold and purple, girt with steel  
 Attired that foes must fear or feel,  
 We find her as our fathers found,  
 Earth's lordliest commonweal.

## VI

And now that fifty years are flown  
 Since in a maiden's hand the sign  
 Of empire that no seas confine  
 First as a star to seaward shone,  
 We see their record shine.

## VII

A troubled record, foul and fair,  
 A simple record and serene,  
 Inscribes for praise a blameless queen,  
 For praise and blame an age of care  
 And change and ends unseen.

## VIII

Hope, wide of eye and wild of wing,  
 Rose with the sundawn of a reign  
 Whose grace should make the rough ways  
 plain,  
 And till the worn old world with spring,  
 And heal its heart of pain.

## IX

Peace was to be on earth; men's hope  
 Was holier than their fathers had,  
 Their wisdom not more wise than glad:  
 They saw the gates of promise ope,  
 And heard what love's lips bade.

## X

Love armed with knowledge, winged and wise  
 Should hush the wind of war, and see,  
 They said, the sun of days to be  
 Bring round beneath serenest skies  
 A stormless jubilee.

## XI

Time, in the darkness unbeholden  
 That hides him from the sight of fear  
 And lets but dreaming hope draw near,  
 Smiled and was sad to hear such golden  
 Strains hail the all-golden year.

## XII

Strange clouds have risen between, and wild  
 Red stars of storm that lit the abyss  
 Wherein fierce fraud and violence kiss  
 And mock such promise as beguiled  
 The fiftieth year from this.

## XIII

War upon war, change after change,  
 Hath shaken thrones and towers to dust,  
 And hopes austere and faiths august  
 Have waned in patience stern and strange  
 Men's works unjust and just.

## XIV

As from some Alpine watch-tower's portal  
 Night, living yet, looks forth for dawn,  
 So from time's mistier mountain lawn  
 The spirit of man, in trust immortal,  
 Yearns toward a hope withdrawn.

## XV

The morning comes not, yet the night  
 Wanes, and men's eyes win strength to  
 see  
 Where twilight is, where light shall be  
 When conquered wrong and conquering right  
 Acclaim a world set free.

## XVI

Calm as our mother-land, the mother  
 Of faith and freedom, pure and wise,  
 Keeps watch beneath unchangeable skies,  
 When hath she watch the woes of other  
 Strange lands with alien eyes?

## XVII.

Calm as she stands alone, what nation  
Hath lacked an alms from English hands  
What exiles from what stricken lands  
Have lacked the shelter of the station  
Where higher than all she stands?

## XVIII.

Though time dis-crown and change dismantle  
The pride of thrones and towers that frown,  
How should they bring her glories down—  
The sea cast round her like a mantle,  
The sea-cloud like a crown?

## IX.

The sea, divine as heaven and deathless,  
Is hers, and none but only she  
Hath learnt the sea's word, none but we  
Hear children hear in heart the breathless  
Bright watchword of the sea.

## XX.

Hard not of others, or misheard  
Of many a land for many a year,  
The watchword Freedom fails not here  
Of hearts that witness if the word  
Find faith in England's ear.

## XXI.

First to love the light, and daughter  
Incarnate of the northern dawn,  
She, round whose feet the wild waves fawn  
Then all their wrath of warring water  
Sounds like a babe's breath drawn,

## XXII.

How should not she best know, love best,  
And best of all souls understand  
The very soul of freedom, scanned  
Or off, sought out in darkling quest  
By men at heart unmanned?

## XXIII.

They climb and fall, ensnared, enshrouded,  
By mists of words and toils they set  
To take themselves, till fierce regret  
Grows mad with shame, and all their clouded  
Red skies hang sunless yet.

## XXIV.

But us the sun, not wholly risen  
Nor equal now for all, illumines  
With more of light than cloud that looms;  
Of light that leads forth souls from prison  
And breaks the seals of tombs.

## XXV.

Did not her breasts who reared us rear  
Him who took heaven in hand, and world?  
Bright world with world in balance rear?  
What Newton's might could make not clear  
Hath Darwin's might not made?

## XXVI.

The forces of the dark dissolve,  
The doorways of the dark are broken:  
The word that casts out night is spoken,  
And whence the springs of things evolve  
Light born of night bears token.

## XXVII.

She, loving light for light's sake only,  
And truth for only truth's, and song  
For song's sake and the sea's, how long  
Hath she not borne the world her lonely  
Witness of right and wrong?

## XXVIII.

From light to light her eyes imperial  
Turn, and require the further light,  
More perfect than the sun's in sight,  
Till star and sun seem all funereal  
Lamps of the vaulted night.

## XXIX.

She gazes till the strenuous soul  
Within the rapture of her eyes  
Creates or bids awake, arise,  
The light she looks for, pure and whole  
And worshipped of the wise.

## XXX.

Such sons are hers, such radiant hands  
Have borne abroad her lamp of old,  
Such mouths of honey-dropping gold  
Have sent across all seas and lands  
Her fame as music rolled.

## XXXI.

As music made of rolling thunder  
That hurls through heaven its heart  
sublime,  
Its heart of joy, in charging chime,  
So ring the songs that round and under  
Her temple surge and climb.

## XXXII.

A temple not by men's hands builded,  
But moulded of the spirit, and wrought  
Of passion and imperious thought,  
With light beyond all sunlight gilded,  
Whereby the sun seems nought

## XXXIII.

Thy shrine, our mother, seen for fairer  
Than even thy natural face, made fair  
With kisses of thine April air  
Even now, when spring thy banner-bearer  
Took up thy sign to bear;

## XXXIV.

Thine annual sign from heaven's own arch  
Given of the sun's hand into thine,  
To rear and cheer each wildwood shrine  
But now laid waste by wild-winged March,  
March, mad with wind like wine

## XXXV.

From all thy brightening downs whereon  
The windy seaward whin-flower shows  
Blossom whose pride strikes pale the rose  
Forth is the golden watchword gone  
Whereat the world's face glows.

## XXXVI.

Thy quickening woods rejoice and ring  
Till earth seems glorious as the sea:  
With yearning love too glad for glee  
The world's heart - livers toward the spring  
As all our hearts toward thee.

## XXXVII.

Thee, mother, thee, our queen, who givest  
Assurance to the heavens most high  
And earth whereon her bondsmen sigh  
That by the sea's grace while thou livest  
Hope shall not wholly die.

## XXXVIII.

That while thy free folk hold the van  
Of all men, and the sea-spray shed  
As dew more heavenly on thy head  
Keeps bright thy face in sight of man,  
Man's pride shall drop not dead.

## XXXIX.

A pride more pure than humblest prayer,  
More wise than wisdom born of doubt,  
Girds for thy sake men's hearts about  
With thrust and triumph that despair  
And fear may cast not out.

## XL.

Despair may ring men's hearts, and fear  
Bow down their heads to kiss the dust,  
Where patriot memories rot and rust,  
And change makes faint a nation's cheer,  
And faith yields up her trust.

## XLI.

Not here this year have true men known,  
Not here this year may true men know,  
That brand of shame-compelling woe  
Which bids but brave men shrink or groan  
And lay - but honour low.

## XLII.

The strong spring wind blows notes of praise,  
And hallowing pride of heart, and cheer  
Unchanging, toward all true men here  
Who hold the trust of ancient days  
High as of old this year.

## XLIII.

The days that made thee great are dead;  
The days that now must keep thee great  
Lie not in keeping of thy fate;  
In thine they lie, whose heart and head  
Sustain thy charge of state.

## XLIV.

No state so proud, no pride so just,  
The sun, through clouds at sunrise curled  
Or clouds across the sunset whirled,  
Hath sight of, nor has man such trust  
As thine in all the world

XLV.

Each hour that sees the sunset's crest  
Make bright thy shores ere day decline  
Sees dawn the sun on shores of thine,  
Ere west as east and east as west  
On thee their sovereign shine.

XLVI.

The sea's own heart must needs wax proud  
To have born the world a child like thee.  
What birth of earth might ever be  
Thy sister? Time, a wandering cloud,  
Is sunshine on thy sea.

XLVII.

Large mars not her; and thee, our mother,  
What change that irks or moves thee mars?  
What shock that shakes? what chance that  
jars?  
Time gave thee, as he gave none other,  
A station like a star's.

XLVIII.

The storm that shrieks, the wind that wages  
War with the wings of hopes that climb  
Too high toward heaven in doubt sublime,  
Assail not thee, approved of ages  
The towering crown of time.

XLIX.

Toward thee this year thy children turning  
With souls uplift of changeless cheer  
Salute with love that casts out fear,  
With hearts for beacons round thee burning.  
The token of this year.

L.

With just and sacred jubilation  
Let earth sound answer to the sea  
For witness, blown on winds as free,  
How England, how her crowning nation,  
Acclaims this jubilee.

THE ARMADA.

1588 : 1888.

I.

I.

ENGLAND, mother born of seamen, daughter  
Fostered of the sea,  
Mother more beloved than all who bear not  
All their children free,  
Reared and nursed and crowned and cher-  
ished by the sea-wind and the sun,  
Sweetest land and strongest, face most  
fair and mightiest heart in one,  
Thou art not higher than when the centuries  
known of earth were less by three,  
When the strength that struck the whole  
world pale fell back from hers undone.

II.

At her feet were the heads of her foes bowed  
down, and the strengths of the storm of  
them stayed,  
And the hearts that were touched not with  
mercy with terror were touched and  
amazed and affrayed:  
Yea, hearts that had never been molten  
with pity were molten with fear as with  
flame,

And the priests of the Godhead whose temple  
is hell, and his heart is of iron and fire,  
And the swordsmen that served and the sea-  
men that sped them, whom peril could  
tame not or tire,  
Were as foam on the winds of the waters  
of England which tempests can tire not  
or tame.

III.

They were girded about with thunder, and  
lightning came forth of the rage of their  
strength,  
And the measure that measures the wings of  
the storm was the breadth of their force  
and their length:  
And the name of their might was invincible,  
covered and clothed with the terror of  
God:  
With his wrath were they winged, with his  
love were they fired, with the speed of  
his winds were they shod;  
With his soul were they filled, in his trust were  
they comforted: grace was upon them  
as night,  
And faith as the blackness of darkness: the  
fame of their valencies was fair in his  
sight,

The reek of them sweet as a savour of myrrh  
 in his nostrils: the world that he made,  
 Theirs was it by gift of his servants: the wind,  
 if they spake in his name, was afraid,  
 And the sun was a shadow before it, the stars  
 were astonished with fear of it: fire  
 Went up to them, fed with men living, and lit  
 of men's hands for a shrine or a pyre:  
 And the east and the west wind scattered their  
 ashes abroad, that his name should be  
 blest  
 Of the tribes of the chosen whose blessings are  
 curses from uttermost east unto west.

## II.

## I.

Hell for Spain, and heaven for England, —  
 God to God, and man to man. —  
 Met confronted, light with darkness, life with  
 death; since time began,  
 Never earth nor sea beheld so great a stake  
 before them set,  
 Save when Athens hurled back Asia from  
 the lists wherein they met;  
 Never since the sands of ages through the  
 glass of history ran  
 Saw the sun in heaven a lordlier day than  
 this that lights us yet.

## II.

For the light that abides upon England, the  
 glory that rests on her godlike name,  
 The pride that is love and the love that is  
 faith, a perfume dissolved in flame,  
 Took fire from the dawn of the fierce July  
 when fleets were scattered as foam  
 And squadrons as flakes of spray: when gal-  
 leon and galleass that shadowed the sea  
 Were swept from her waves — shadows that  
 pass with the clouds they fell from, and she  
 Laughed loud to the wind as it gave to  
 her keeping the glories of Spain and  
 Rome.

## III.

Three hundred summers have fallen as leaves  
 from the trees in their season thinned.  
 Since northward the war-ships of Spain came  
 sheer up the way of the south-west  
 wind:

Where the citadel cliffs of England are flanked  
 with bastions of serpentine,  
 Far off to the windward loomed their hulls,  
 an hundred and twenty-nine,  
 All filled full of war, full-fraught with battle  
 and charged with bale,  
 Then store ships weighted with cannon; and  
 all were an hundred and fifty sail.  
 The measureless menace of darkness at hun-  
 gered with hope to prevail upon light.  
 The shadow of death made substance, the  
 present and visible spirit of night,  
 Came, shaped as a waxing or waning moon  
 that rose with the fall of day,  
 To the channel where couches the Lion in  
 guard of the gate of the lustrous bay.  
 Fair England, sweet as the sea that shields  
 her, and pure as the sea from stain,  
 Smiled, hearing hardly for scorn that stirred  
 her the menace of saintly Spain.

## III.

## I.

'They that ride over ocean wide with hempen  
 bridle and horse of tree,'  
 How shall they in the darkening day of wrath  
 and anguish and fear go free?  
 How shall these that have curbed the seas not  
 feel his bridle who made the sea?

God shall bow them and break them now: for  
 what is man in the Lord God's sight?  
 Fear shall shake them, and shame shall break,  
 and all the noon of their pride be night.  
 These that smirched shall the ravaging wind of  
 doom bring under, and judgment smite.

England broke from her neck the yoke, and  
 rent the tether, and mocked the rod;  
 shames of old that she decked with gold she  
 turned to dust, to the dust she trod:  
 What is she, that the wind and sea should  
 fight beside her, and war with God?

Let the land of his ships that crowd her chan-  
 nels' inlet with stormy sailing,  
 Darker far than the tempests are that sweep  
 the skies of her northmost clime;  
 Huge and dense as the walls that fence the  
 secret darkness of unknown time.

Mast on mast as a tower goes past, and sail  
by sail as a cloud's wing spread;  
I fleet by fleet, as the throngs whose feet keep  
time with death in his dance of dread;  
Galleons dark as the helmsman's bark of old  
that ferried to hell the dead.

Squadrons proud as their lords, and loud with  
tramp of soldiers and chant of priests;  
Laves there told by the thousandfold, made  
fast in bondage as herded beasts;  
Lords and slaves that the sweet free waves  
shall feed on, satiate with funeral feasts.

Nay, not so shall it be, they know; their priests  
have said it; can priesthood lie?  
God shall keep them, their God shall sleep  
not; peril and evil shall pass them by:  
Nay, for these are his children; seas and winds  
shall bid not his children die.

## II.

So they boast them, the monstrous host whose  
menace mocks at the dawn: and here  
They that wait at the wild sea's gate, and  
watch the darkness of doom draw near,  
How shall they in their evil day sustain the  
strength of their hearts for fear?

Full July in the fervent sky sets forth her  
twentieth of changing morns:  
Winds fall mild that of late waxed wild: no  
presage whispers or wails or wains:  
Far to west on the bland sea's breast a sailing  
crescent uprears her horns.

Seven wide miles the serene sea smiles be-  
tween them stretching from rim to rim:  
oft they shine, but a darker sign should bid  
not hope or belief wax dim:  
God's are these men, and not the sea's: their  
trust is set not on her but him.

God's? but who is the God whereto the  
prayers and incense of these men rise?  
What is he, that the wind and sea should fear  
him, quelled by his sunbright eyes?  
What, that men should return again, and hail  
him Lord of the servile skies?

Hell's own flame at his heavenly name leaps  
higher and laughs, and its gulfs rejoice:

Plague and death from his baneful breath  
take life and lighten, and praise his  
choice:

Chosen are they to devour for prey the tribes  
that hear not and fear his voice.

Ay, but we that the wind and sea gird round  
with shelter of storms and waves

Know not him that ye worship, grim as  
dreams that quicken from dead men's  
graves:

God is one with the sea, the sun, the land that  
nursed us, the love that saves.

Love whose heart is in ours, and part of all  
things noble and all things fair;

Sweet and free as the circling sea, sublime  
and kind as the fostering air;

Pure of shame as is England's name, whose  
crowns to come are as crowns that were.

## IV.

## I.

But the Lord of darkness, the God whose  
love is a flaming fire,

The master whose mercy fulfils wide hell till  
its tortures tire,

He shall surely have heed of his servants who  
serve him for love, not hire.

They shall fetter the wing of the wind whose  
pinions are plumed with foam:

For now shall thy horn be exalted, and now  
shall thy bolt strike home.

Yea, now shall thy kingdom come, Lord God  
of the priests of Rome.

They shall cast thy curb on the waters, and  
bridle the waves of the sea:

They shall say to her, Peace, be still: and  
stillness and peace shall be:

And the winds and the storms shall hear them,  
and tremble, and worship thee.

Thy breath shall darken the morning, and  
wither the mounting sun;

And the daysprings, frozen and fettered, shall  
know thee, and cease to run;

The heart of the world shall feel thee, and die,  
and thy will be done.

The spirit of man that would sound thee, and  
search out causes of things,

Shall shrink and sail side and praise thee; and  
wisdom, with pluck plucked wings,  
Shall cower at thy feet and confess thee, that  
none may fathom thy springs.

The fountains of song that await but the wind  
of an April to be  
To burst the bonds of the winter, and speak  
with the sound of a sea,  
The host of thy mouth shall quench them,  
and song shall be born of thee.

The days that are dead shall quicken, the  
seas as that were shall return,  
And the streets and the pastures of England,  
the woods that burgeon and yearn,  
Shall be whitened with ashes of women and  
children and men that burn.

For the mother shall burn with the tale  
sprung forth of her womb in fire,  
And bride with bridegroom, and brother  
with sister, and son with sire;  
And the noise of the flames shall be sweet in  
thine ears as the sound of a lyre.

Yea, so shall thy kingdom be established, and  
so shall the signs of it be:  
And the wood shall know, and the wind shall  
speak, and the sun shall see,  
That these are the works of thy servants,  
whose works bear witness to thee.

## II.

But the dusk of the day falls fruitless, whose  
light should have lit them on:  
Sails flash through the gloom to shoreward,  
coloured as the sun that shone;  
And the west wind wakes with dawn, and the  
hope that was here is gone.

Around they wheel and are end, two keels to  
the Spaniard's one,  
The wind-swift warriors of England, who  
shoot as with shafts of the sun,  
With fourfold shots for the Spaniard's, that  
spare not till day be done.

And the wind with the sundown sharpens,  
and hurries the ship to the lee,  
And Spaniard on Spaniard mites and shatters  
and yields; and we,

Ere battle begin, stand lords of the battle,  
acclaimed of the sea.

And the day sweeps round to the nightward;  
and heavy and hard the waves  
Roll in on the herd of the hurtling galleons;  
and masters and slaves  
Reel blind in the grasp of the dark strong  
wind that shall dig their graves.

For the sepulchres hollowed and shaped of  
the wind in the swerve of the seas,  
The graves that gape for their pasture, and  
laugh, thrilled through by the breeze,  
The sweet soft merciless waters, await and  
are fain of these.

As the hiss of a Python heaving in menace of  
doom to be  
They hear through the clear night round them  
whose hours are as clouds that flee,  
The whisper of tempest sleeping, the heave  
and the hiss of the sea.

But faith is theirs, and with faith are they  
girded and helmed and shod:  
Invincible are they, almighty, elect for a sword  
and a rod;  
Invincible even as their God is omnipotent,  
infinite, God.

In him is their strength, who have sworn that  
his glory shall wax not dim:  
In his name are their war-ships hallowed as  
mightiest of all that swim:  
The men that shall cope with these, and con-  
quer, shall cast out him.

In him is the trust of their hearts; the desire  
of their eyes is he;  
The light of their ways, made lightning for  
men that would fain be free:  
Earth's hosts are with them, and with them  
is heaven: but with us is the sea.

## V.

## I.

And a day and a night pass over;  
And the heart of their chief swells high;  
For England, the warrior, the rover,  
Whose banners on all winds fly,  
Soul-stricken, he saith, by the shadow of  
death, holds off him, and draws not nigh.

And the wind and the dawn together  
 Make in from the gleaming east:  
 And fain of the wild glad weather  
 As famine is fain of feast,  
 And fain of the fight, forth sweeps in its might  
 the host of the Lord's high priest.

And lightly before the breeze  
 The ships of his foes take wing:  
 Are they scattered, the lords of the seas?  
 Are they broken, the foes of the king?  
 And ever now higher as a mounting fire the  
 hopes of the Spaniard sprout.

And a windless night comes down:  
 And a breezeless morning, bright  
 With promise of praise to crown  
 The close of the crowning fight,  
 Leaps up as the foe's heart leaps, and glows  
 with lustrous rapture of light.

And stinted of gear for battle  
 The ships of the sea's folk lie,  
 Unwarlike, herded as cattle,  
 Six miles from the foeman's eye  
 That fastens as flame on the sight of them  
 tame and offenceless, and ranged as to  
 die.

Surely the souls in them quail,  
 They are stricken and withered at  
 heart,  
 When in on them, sail by sail,  
 Fierce marvels of monstrous art,  
 Tower darkening on tower till the sea-winds  
 cower crowds down as to hurl them apart.

And the windless weather is kindly,  
 And comforts the host in these;  
 And their hearts are uplift in them  
 blindly,  
 And blindly they boast at ease  
 That the next day's fight shall exalt them, and  
 smite with destruction the lords of the  
 seas.

II.

And lightly the proud hearts prattle,  
 And lightly the dawn draws nigh,  
 The dawn of the doom of the battle  
 When these shall falter and fly;  
 No day more great in the roll of fate filled  
 ever within the sky.

To fightward they go as to feastward,  
 And the tempest of ships that drive  
 Sets eastward ever and eastward,  
 Till closer they strain and strive;  
 And the shots that rain on the hulls of Spain  
 are as thunders afire and alive.

And about them the blithe sea smiles  
 And flashes to windward and lee  
 Round capes and headlands and isles  
 That heed not if war there be;  
 Round Sark, round Wight, green jewels of  
 light in the ring of the golden sea.

But the men that within them abide  
 Are stout of spirit and stark  
 As rocks that repel the tide,  
 As day that repels the dark;  
 And the light bequeathed from their swords  
 unsheathed shines lineal on Wight and  
 on Sark.

And eastward the storm sets ever,  
 The storm of the sails that strain  
 And follow and close and sever  
 And lose and return and gain;  
 And English thunder divides in sunder the  
 holds of the ships of Spain.

Southward to Calais, appalled  
 And astonished, the vast fleet veers;  
 And the skies are shrouded and palled,  
 But the moonless midnight hears  
 And sees how swift on them drive and drift  
 strange flames that the darkness fears.

They fly through the night from shore-  
 ward,  
 Heart-stricken till morning break,  
 And ever to scourge them forward  
 Drives down on them England's Drake,  
 And hurls them in as they hurtle and spin and  
 stagger, with storm to wake.

VI.

I.

And now is their time come on them.  
 For eastward they drift and reel,  
 With the shallows of Flanders ahead,  
 with destruction and havoc at heel,  
 With God for their comfort only, the  
 God whom they serve; and here  
 Their Lord, of his great loving-kindness,  
 may revel and make good cheer;



Though ever his lips wax thirstier with  
drinking, and ever the lasts in him  
sack,  
For he feels the thirst that consumes him  
with the thirst that his win press fumes  
with the red of his head.

## II.

His foot on his land on the battle,  
his heels that lead to the sea,  
Bow down, bow down, uparing their  
shelter's leads from the sea,  
From's upers a bit with the sea, the  
gale's uperated and duple,  
The sons of the duple they looked for  
the one that was the sea,  
They press with sun of to seaward in  
fear, and shall not they find it there,  
O servants of God most high, shall his wind  
not passy only, and his waves not spare?

## III.

The wings of the south-west wind are widen-  
ed, the breath of his fervent lips,  
More keen than a sword's edge, fiercer than  
fire, falls full on the plunging ships,  
The pilot is led in their northward flight, their  
stay and their steersman he;  
A helmsman clothed with the tempest, and  
led with strength to constrain the  
And the best of them trembles and quails,  
caught fast in his hand as a bird in the  
fates,  
For the wrath and the joy that fulfil him are  
in flight in man's, when he slays and  
spoils,  
And vainly, with heart divided in sunder, and  
labour of wavering will,  
The lord of their host takes counsel with hope  
if haply their star shine still,  
If haply some light be left them of chance to  
renew and redeem the day,  
But the will of the Lord is set, and the will  
of the counsels of man to day,  
One only spirit it gives not a splendour un-  
darkened of chance or time,  
Be the praise of his face with Ouerd for  
ever, a name as a star sublime,  
But here what aid in a hero's heart, what help  
in his hand may be?  
For ever the dark wind whitens and flatters  
the hollows and heights of the sea.

And galleys by galley, divided and desolate,  
farovers; and none takes heed,  
Nor the nor friend, if they perish; forlorn,  
cast off in their uttermost need,  
They sink in the whirlm of the waters, as pel-  
lucous children from snowward hurled,  
In the North Seas waters that ead not, nor  
know they a bourn but the bourn of the  
world.

Past and a secure unavailde harbour, and  
into a lead stream's mouth,  
Past Humber and Tees and Tyne and Tweed,  
the sea's surged on from the south,  
A stormy sea, the searage of the storm-wind  
that smites as a harper smites on a lyre,  
And the sea of the storm as the sacrifice  
of their God is consumed with fire,  
And the corner of the darkness as men that are  
slain in the fires of his love are devoured,  
And deflowered of their lives by the storms, as  
by priests is the spirit of life deflowered,  
For the wind, of its godlike mercy, relents not,  
and bounds them ahead to the north,  
With English hunters at heel, till now is the  
herd of them past the Forth,  
All huddled and hurtled seaward; and now  
need none wage war upon these,  
Nor huntsmen follow the quarry whose fall is  
the pastime sought of the seas,  
Day upon day upon day confounds them, with  
measureless mists that swell,  
With drift of rains everlasting and dense as  
the fumes of ascending hell,  
The visions of priest and of prophet beholding  
his enemies bruised of his rod  
Beheld but the likeness of this that is fallen on  
the faithful, the friends of God,  
Northward, and northward, and northward  
they stagger and shudder and swerve  
and flit,  
Dismantled of masts and of yards, with sails  
by the fangs of the storm-wind split,  
But north of the headland whose name is  
Wrath, by the wrath or the ruth of the  
sea,  
They are swept or sustained to the westward,  
and drive through the rollers aloof to the  
lee,  
Some strive yet northward for Iceland, and  
perish; but some through the storm-hewn  
straits  
That sunder the Shetlands and Orkneys are  
borne of the breath which is God's on  
the sea's.

And some, by the dawn of September, at last  
 give thanks as for stars that smile,  
 For the winds have swept them to shelter and  
 sight of the cliffs of a Catholic isle.  
 Though many the fierce rocks feed on, and  
 many the merciless heretic slays,  
 Yet some that have laboured to land with  
 their treasure are trustful, and give God  
 praise.  
 And the kernes of murderous Ireland, athirst  
 with a greed everlasting of blood,  
 Unslakable ever with slaughter and spoil,  
 rage down as a ravening flood.  
 To slay and to flay of their shining apparel  
 their brethren whom shipwreck spares;  
 Such faith and such mercy, such love and  
 such manhood, such hands and such  
 hearts are theirs.  
 Short shrift to her foes gives England, but  
 shorter doth Ireland to friends; and worse  
 fare they that come with a blessing on treason  
 than they that come with a curse.  
 Hacked, harried, and mangled of axes and  
 skenes, three thousand naked and dead  
 Bear witness of Catholic Ireland, what sons  
 of what sires at her breasts are bred.  
 Winds are pitiful, waves are merciful, tempest  
 and storm are kind:  
 The waters that smite may spare, and the  
 thunder is deaf, and the lightning is blind;  
 Of these perchance at his need may a man,  
 though they know it not, yet find grace;  
 But grace, if another be hardened against him,  
 he gets not at this man's face.  
 For his ear that hears and his eye that sees  
 the wreck and the wail of men,  
 And his heart that relents not within him, but  
 hungers, are like as the wolf's in his den.  
 Worthy are these to worship their master, the  
 murderous Lord of lies.  
 Who hath given to the pontiff his servant the  
 keys of the pit and the keys of the skies.  
 Wild famine and red-shod rapine are cruel,  
 and bitter with blood are their feasts;  
 But fiercer than famine and redder than  
 rapine the hands and the hearts of priests.  
 God God bade these to the battle; and here,  
 on a land by his servants trod,  
 They perish, a lordly blood-offering, subdued  
 by the hands of the servants of God.  
 These also were fed of his priests with faith,  
 with the milk of his word and the wine;  
 These two are fulfilled with the spirit of dark-  
 ness that guided their quest divine.

And here, cast up from the ravening sea on  
 the mild land's merciful breast,  
 This comfort they find of their fellows in  
 worship; this guerdon is theirs of their  
 quest.  
 Death was captain, and doom was pilot, and  
 darkness the chart of their way;  
 Night and hell had in charge and in keeping  
 the host of the foes of day  
 invincible, vanquished, impreachable, shat-  
 tered, a sign to her foes of fear,  
 A sign to the world and the stars of laughter,  
 the fleet of the Lord lies here.  
 Nay, for none may declare the place of the  
 ruin wherein she lies;  
 Nay, for none hath beholden the grave  
 whence never a ghost shall rise.  
 The fleet of the foemen of England hath  
 found not one but a thousand graves;  
 And he that shall number and name them shall  
 number by name and by tale the waves.

## VII.

## I.

Sixtus, Pope of the Church whose hope takes  
 flight for heaven to dethrone the sun,  
 Philip, king that wouldst turn our spring to  
 winter, blasted, appalled, undone,  
 Prince and priest, let a mourner's feast give  
 thanks to God for your conquest won.

England's heel is upon you: kneel, O priest,  
 O prince, in the dust, and cry,  
 'Lord, why thus? art thou wroth with us  
 whose faith was great in thee, God most  
 high?

Whence is this, that the serpent's hiss derides  
 us? Lord, can thy pledged word lie?

'God of hell, are its flames that swell quenched  
 now for ever, extinct and dead?

Who shall fear thee? or who shall hear the  
 word thy servants who feared thee said?  
 Lord, art thou as the dead gods now, whose  
 arm is shortened, whose rede is read?

'Yet we thought it was not for nought thy  
 word was given us, to guard and guide:  
 Yet we deemed that they had not dreamed  
 who put their trust in thee. Hast thou  
 lied?

God our Lord, was the sacred sword we drew  
 not drawn on thy Church's side?

'England hates thee as hell's own gates; and  
England triumphs, and Rome bows  
down:

England mocks at thee; England's rocks cast  
off thy servants to drive and drown:

England loathes thee; and fane betroths and  
plights with England her faith for crown.

'Spain clings fast to thee; Spain, aghast with  
anguish, cries to thee; where art thou?

Spain puts trust in thee; lo, the dust that soils  
and darkens her prostrate brow!

Spain is true to thy service; who shall raise up  
Spain for thy service now?

'Who shall praise thee, if none may raise thy  
servants up, nor affright thy foes?

Winter wanes, and the woods and plains for-  
get the likeness of storms and snows:

So shall fear of thee fade even here; and what  
shall follow thee no man knows.'

Lords of night, who would breathe your blight  
on April's morning and August's noon,

God your Lord, the condemned, the abhorred,  
sinks hellward, smitten with deathlike  
swoon:

Death's own dart in his hateful heart now  
thrills, and night shall receive him soon.

God the Devil, thy reign of revel is here for  
ever eclipsed and fled:

God the Liar, everlasting fire lays hold at last  
on thee, hand and head:

God the Accurst, the consuming thirst that  
burns thee never shall here be fed.

## II.

England, queen of the waves whose green  
involute girle enrings thee round,

Mother fair as the morning, where is now the  
place of thy foemen found?

'Till the sea that salutes us free, roclaims  
them stricken, acclaims thee crowned.

Times may change, and the skies grow strange  
with signs of treason and fraud and fear:

Foes in union of strange communion may rise  
against thee from far and near:

Sloth and greed on thy strength may feed as  
cankers waxing from year to year.

Yet, though treason and fierce unreason  
should leagued and lie and defame and  
smite,

We that know thee, how far below thee the  
hated burns of the sons of night,

We that love thee, behold above thee the wit-  
ness written of life in light.

Life that shines from thee shows forth sign  
that none may read not but eyes—  
foes:

Hate, born blind, in his abject mind grows  
hopeful now but as madness grows:

Love, born wise, with exultant eyes adores thy  
glory, beholds and glows.

Truth is in thee, and none may win thee to lie,  
forsaking the face of truth:

Freedom lives by the grace she gives thee,  
born again from thy deathless youth:

Faith should fail, and the world turn pale,  
wert thou the prey of the serpent's  
tooth.

Greed and fraud, unabashed, unawed, may  
strive to sting thee at heel in vain:

Craft and fear and mistrust may leer and  
mourn and murmur and plead and plain:

Thou art thou; and thy sunbright brow is  
hers that blasted the strength of Spain.

Mother, mother beloved, none other could  
claim in place of thee England's  
place:

Earth bears none that beholds the sun so  
pure of record, so clothed with grace:

Dear our mother, nor son nor brother is thine,  
as strong or as fair of face.

How shalt thou be abased? or how shall fear  
take hold of thy heart? of thine,

England, maiden immortal, laden with charge  
of life and with hopes divine?

Earth shall wither, when eyes turned hither  
behold not light in her darkness shine.

England, none that is born thy son, and lives,  
by grace of thy glory, free,

Lives and yearns not at heart and burns with  
hope to serve as he worships thee;

None may, sing thee: the sea-wind's wing beats  
down our songs as it hails the sea.

## TO A SEAMEW.

WHEN I had wings, my brother,  
 Such wings were mine as thine;  
 Such life my heart remembers  
 In all as wild Septembers  
 As this when life seems other,  
 Though sweet, than once was mine;  
 When I had wings, my brother,  
 Such wings were mine as thine.

Such life as thrills and quickens  
 The silence of thy flight,  
 Or fills thy note's elation  
 With lordlier exultation  
 Than man's, whose faint heart sickens  
 With hopes and tears that blight  
 Such life as thrills and quickens  
 The silence of thy flight.

Thy cry from windward clanging  
 Makes all the cliffs rejoice;  
 Though storm clothe seas with sorrow,  
 Thy call salutes the morrow;  
 While shades of pain seem hanging  
 Round earth's most rapturous voice,  
 Thy cry from windward clanging  
 Makes all the cliffs rejoice.

We, sons and sires of seamen,  
 Whose home is all the sea,  
 What place man may, we claim it;  
 But thine—whose thought may name it?  
 Free birds live higher than freemen,  
 And gladlier ye than we—  
 We, sons and sires of seamen,  
 Whose home is all the sea.

For you the storm sounds only  
 More notes of more delight  
 Than earth's in sunniest weather:  
 When heaven and sea together  
 Join strengths against the lonely  
 Lost bark borne down by night,  
 For you the storm sounds only  
 More notes of more delight.

With wider wing, and louder  
 Long clarion-call of joy,  
 Thy tribe salutes the terror  
 Of darkness, wild as error,  
 But sure as truth, and prouder  
 Than waves with man for toy;  
 With wider wing, and louder  
 Long clarion-call of joy.

The wave's wing spreads and flutters,  
 The wave's heart swells and breaks;  
 One moment's passion thrills it,  
 One pulse of power fulfils it  
 And ends the pride it utters  
 When, loud with life that quakes,  
 The wave's wing spreads and flutters,  
 The wave's heart swells and breaks.

But thine and thou, my brother,  
 Keep heart and wing more high  
 Than aught may scare or sunder;  
 The waves whose throats are thunder  
 Fall hurtling each on other,  
 And triumph as they die;  
 But thine and thou, my brother,  
 Keep heart and wing more high.

More high than wrath or anguish,  
 More strong than pride or fear,  
 The sense or soul half hidden  
 In thee, for us forbidden,  
 Bids thee nor change nor languish,  
 But live thy life as here,  
 More high than wrath or anguish,  
 More strong than pride or fear.

We are fallen, even we, whose passion  
 On earth is nearest thine;  
 Who sing, and cease from flying;  
 Who live, and dream of dying;  
 Grey time, in time's grey fashion,  
 Bids wingless creatures pine:  
 We are fallen, even we, whose passion  
 On earth is nearest thine.

The lark knows no such rapture,  
 Such joy no nightingale,  
 As sways the songless measure  
 Wherein thy wings take pleasure:  
 Thy love may no man capture,  
 Thy pride may no man quail;  
 The lark knows no such rapture,  
 Such joy no nightingale.

And we, whom dreams embolden,  
 We can but creep and sing  
 And watch through heaven's waste hollow  
 The flight no sight may follow  
 To the utter bourne beholden  
 Of none that lack thy wing:  
 And we, whom dreams embolden,  
 We can but creep and sing.

Our dreams have wings that flutter,  
 Our hearts beat hopes that flutter,  
 For thee no dream could fatter,  
 A life no tears may fatter,  
 A pride no care can fatter,  
 That wots not whence or why,  
 Our dreams have wings that flutter,  
 Our hearts beat hopes that flutter.

With joy more fierce and sweeter  
 Than joys we deem divine,  
 Their lives by time unfettered,  
 Are girt about and garnished,

Who match the wave's full metre  
 As I drink the wind's wild wine  
 With joy more fierce and sweeter  
 Than joys we deem divine.

Ah, were I for ever,  
 Wouldst thou change lives with me,  
 And take my song's wild heavy,  
 And give me back thy sunny  
 Ways that weary never,  
 And weirs that search the sea;  
 Ah, were I for ever,  
 Wouldst thou change lives with me.

Beathy Head, September, 1886.

## PAN AND THALASSIUS.

### A LYRICAL IDYL.

THALASSIUS.

PAN!

PAN.

O sea-stray, seed of Apollo,  
 What word wouldst thou have with me?  
 My ways thou wast fond to follow  
 Or ever the years hailed thee  
 Man.

Now

If August brood on the valleys,  
 If satyrs laugh on the lawns,  
 What part in the wildwood alleys  
 Hast thou with the fleet-foot fauns—  
 Thou?

See!

Thy feet are a man's—not cloven  
 Like these, not light as a boy's;  
 The tresses and tendrils inwoven  
 That lure us, the lure of them dloys  
 Thee.

Us

The joy of the wild woods never  
 Leaves free of the thirst it slakes;  
 The wild love throbs in us ever  
 That burns in the dense hot brakes  
 Thus.

Life,

Eternal, passionate, awless,  
 Insatiable, mutable, dear,  
 Makes all men's law for us lawless:  
 We strive not: how should we fear  
 Strife?

We.

The birds and the bright winds know not  
 Such joys as are ours in the mild  
 Warm woodland; joys such as grow not  
 In waste green fields of the wild  
 Sea.

No;

Long since, in the world's wind veering,  
 Thy heart was estranged from me;  
 Sweet Echo shall yield thee not hearing:  
 What have we to do with thee?

Go.

THALASSIUS.

Ay!

Such wrath on thy nostril quivers  
 As once in Sicilian heat  
 Bade herdsmen quail, and the rivers  
 Shrank, leaving a path for thy feet  
 Dry?

Nay,

Low down in the hot soft hollow  
Too snakelike hisses thy spacen:  
'O sea-stray, seed of Apollo!  
What ill hast thou heard or seen?  
Say.

Man

Knows well, if he hears beside him  
The snarl of thy wrath at noon,  
What evil may soon betide him,  
Or late, if thou smite not soon,  
Pan.

Me

The sound of thy flute, that flatters  
The woods as they smile and sigh,  
Charmed fast as it charms thy satyrs,  
Can charm no faster than I  
Thee.

Fast

Thy music may charm the splendid  
Wide woodland silence to sleep  
With sounds and dreams of thee blended  
And whispers of waters that creep  
Past.

Here

The spell of thee breathes and passes  
And bids the heart in me pause,  
Hushed soft as the leaves and the grasses  
Are hushed if the storm's foot draws  
Near.

Yet

The panic that strikes down strangers  
Transgressing thy ways unaware  
Writhes not me nor endangers  
Through dread of thy secret snare  
Set.

PAN.

Whence

May man find heart to deride me?  
Who made his face as a star  
To shine as a God's beside me?  
Nay, get thee away from us, far  
Hence.

THALASSIUS.

Then

All no man's heart, as he raises  
A hymn to thy secret head,  
Wax great with the godhead he praises:  
Thou, God, shalt be like unto dead  
Men.

PAN.

Grace

I take not of men's thanksgiving,  
I crave not of lips that live;  
They die, and behold, I am living,  
While they and their dead Gods give  
Place.

THALASSIUS.

Yea:

Too lightly the words were spoken  
That mourned or mocked at thee dead:  
But whose was the word, the token,  
The song that answered and said  
Nay?

PAN.

Whose

But mine, in the midnight hidden,  
Clothed round with the strength of night  
And mysteries of things forbidden  
For all but the one most bright  
Muse?

THALASSIUS.

Hers

Or thine, O Pan, was the token  
That gave back empire to thee  
When power in thy hands lay broken  
As needs that quake if a bee  
Stirs?

PAN.

Whom

Have I in my wide woods need of?  
Urania's limitless eyes  
Behold not mine end, though they read of  
A word that shall speak to the skies  
Doom.

THALASSIUS.

She

Gave back to thee kingdom and glory,  
And grace that was thine of yore,  
And life to thy leaves, late hoary  
As weeds cast up from the hoar  
Sea.

Song

Can bid faith shine as the morning  
Though light in the world be none:  
Death shrinks if her tongue sound warning,  
Night quails, and beholds the sun  
Strong.

PAUL.  
 No!—  
 Bare ridges and barren fens  
 Whence a cold spew of life and fire  
 And guttles now and then  
 And hardly for tears could see  
 Life.

CLARE.  
 No more on the barren ground  
 Whence light and life and dark swarm  
 Hold fast to the green and the pleasure  
 For I that am lord of it am  
 All.

DEMASSUS.  
 God.  
 God Pan, from the glad wood's portal  
 The fancies of thy song blow sweet;  
 But we its way be walked in of mortal  
 Man's thought, where never thy feet  
 Trod.

THINE.  
 All secrets of growth and of birth are,  
 All places of flower and of tree,  
 Where so ever the wonders of earth are;  
 The words of the spoil of the sea  
 Mine.

### A BALLAD OF BATH.

LIKE a queen enchanted who may not laugh  
 or weep,  
 Glad at heart and guarded from change  
 and care like ours,  
 Girt about with beauty by days and nights  
 that creep  
 Soft as breathless ripples that softly shore-  
 ward sweep,  
 Lies the lovely city whose grace no grief  
 dulls,  
 Age and grey forgetfulness, time that shift  
 and veers,  
 Touch not thee, our fairest, whose charm no  
 rival nears,  
 Hailed as England's Florence of one  
 whose praise gives grace,  
 Landor, once thy lover, a name that love  
 reveres:  
 Dawn and noon and sunset are one before  
 thy face.

Dawn whereof we know not, and noon whose  
 fruit we reap,  
 Garnered up in record of years that fell  
 like flowers,  
 Sunset or sunrise along the shining steep  
 Whence thy fair face lightens, and where thy  
 soft springs leap,  
 Crown at once and gird thee with grace on  
 guardian powers,  
 Loved of men beloved of us, soals that fame  
 inspheres,  
 All thine air hath music for him who dreams  
 in hours;  
 Voices mixed of multitudes, feet of friends  
 that pace,

Witness why for ever, if heaven's face clouds  
 or clears,  
 Dawn and noon and sunset are one before  
 thy face.

Peace hath here found harbourage mild as  
 very sleep:  
 Not the hills and waters, the fields and  
 wildwood bowers,  
 Smile or speak more tenderly, clothed with  
 peace more deep,  
 Here than memory whispers of days our mem-  
 ories keep  
 Fast with love and laughter and dreams of  
 withered hours.  
 Bright were these as blossoms of old, and  
 thought endears  
 Still the fair soft phantoms that pass with  
 smiles or tears,

Sweet as roseleaves hoarded and dried  
 wherein we trace  
 Still the soul and spirit of sense that lives and  
 cheers:  
 Dawn and noon and sunset are one before  
 thy face.

City lulled asleep by the chime of passing  
 years,  
 Sweeter smiles thy rest than the radiance  
 round thy peers;  
 Only love and lovely remembrance here  
 have place.  
 Time on thee lies lighter than music on men's  
 ears;  
 Dawn and noon and sunset are one before  
 thy face.

## IN A GARDEN.

<p>Baby, see the flowers!            Baby sees          Fairer things than these,          Fairer though they be than dreams of            C. J. S.</p> <p>Baby, hear the birds!            Baby knows          Better songs than those,          Sweeter though they sound than sweetest            words.</p> <p>Baby, see the moon!            Baby's eyes          Laugh to watch it rise,          Answering light with love and night with            noon.</p>	<p>Baby, hear the sea!            Baby's face          Takes a graver grace,          Touched with wonder what the sound may be.</p> <p>Baby, see the star!            Baby's hand          Opens, warm and bland,          Calm is claim of all things fair that are</p> <p>Baby, hear the bells!            Baby's head          Bows, as ripe for bed,          Now the flowers curl round and close their            cells.</p> <p>Baby, flower of light,            Sleep, and see          Brighter dreams than we,          Till good day shall smile away good night.</p>
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## A RHYME.

<p>BABE, if rhyme be none          For that sweet small word          Babe, the sweetest one            Ever heard,</p> <p>Right it is and meet          Rhyme should keep not true          Time with such a sweet            Thing as you.</p> <p>Meet it is that rhyme          Should not gain such grace;          What is April's prime            To your face?</p> <p>What to yours is May's          Rosiest smile? what sound          Like your laughter sways            All hearts round?</p>	<p>None can tell in metre          Fit for ears on earth          What sweet star grew sweeter            At your birth.</p> <p>Wisdom doubts what may be:          Hope, with smile sublime,          Trusts: but neither, baby,            Knows the rhyme.</p> <p>Wisdom lies down lonely;          Hope keeps watch from far;          None but one seer only            Sees the star.</p> <p>Love alone, with yearning          Heard for astrolabe,          Takes the star's height, burning            O'er the babe.</p>
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## BABY-BIRD.

<p>BABY-BIRD, baby-bird,          Ne'er a song on earth          May be heard, may be heard,          Rich as yours in mirth.</p>	<p>All your flickering fingers,          All your twinkling toes,          Play like light that lingers          Till the clear song close.</p>
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Baby bird, baby bird,  
 Your voice is sweeter than  
 The chirping of a hundred words  
 That come from mortal lips.

Swallow, fly for love's sake,  
 For a morsel of a word worth,  
 Even for one whole day's sake,  
 Born a babe on earth.

Baby bird, baby bird,  
 Chirping loud and long,  
 Other birds look to the ground,  
 Hearkening toward your song.

Sweet as spring though it ring,  
 The song of a swallow  
 Wins the heart of all who hear,  
 For it is so true and clear.

Baby bird, baby bird,  
 The heart that hears  
 Seems to win back within  
 Heaven, and cast out fears.

Earth and sun seem as one  
 Sweet light and one sweet word  
 Known of none here but one,  
 Known of one sweet bird.

## OLIVE.

## I.

Who may praise her?  
 Eyes where midnight shames the sun,  
 Hair of night and roses on her crown,  
 Woven of dawn's or twilight's gleam,  
 Radiant darkness, lustrous bloom,  
 Godlike childhood's flowerlike bloom,  
 None may praise aright, nor sing  
 Half the grace wherewith like spring  
 Love arrays her.

## II.

Love un-  
 Sings to soothe, speaks in light  
 Of her face, her feature, right  
 Still from heaven, whence toward us, now  
 Nine years since, she deigned to bow  
 Down the brightness of her brow,  
 Deigned to pass through mortal birth:  
 Reverence calls her, here on earth,  
 Nine years old.

## III.

Love's deep duty,  
 Even when love transfigured grows  
 Worship, all too early bows  
 How, though love is so sweet a feat,  
 Yet the debt of love and awe  
 Due to childhood's grace and here  
 May love of man be paid  
 Never, never song be made  
 Worth its beauty.

## IV.

Naught is all  
 Sung or said or dreamed or thought  
 Ever, so be able it, naught  
 All the love that man may give -  
 Love whose prayer should be, 'Forgive!'  
 Heaven, we see, on earth may live;  
 Earth can think not heaven, we know,  
 Save with songs that ebb and flow,  
 Rise and fall.

## V.

No man living,  
 No man dead, save haply one  
 Now gone homeward past the sun,  
 Ever found such grace as might  
 Turn his tongue to praise aright  
 Children, flowers of love and light,  
 When our praise dispraises; we  
 Sing, in sooth, but not as he  
 Sang thanksgiving.

## VI.

Here that smiled,  
 Seem her new-born beauty, made  
 Of heaven's own light and shade,  
 So sweet and so sweetly love,  
 So sweet and so sweetly love,  
 Was the nest that rears the dove,  
 So sweet and so bright than moon or sun,  
 All the heaven of heavens in one  
 Little child.

## VII.

Who may sing her?  
 Wings of angels when they stir  
 Make no music worthy her  
 Her sound her shy soft words  
 Here than song of God's own birds  
 Whom the fire of rapture goes  
 Round with light from love's face lit:  
 Hands of angels find no fit  
 Gifts to bring her.

## VIII.

Babes at birth  
 As raiment round them cast,  
 As witness toward their past,  
 Tokens left of heaven; and each,

Ere its lips learn mortal speech,  
 Ere sweet heaven pass on pass reach,  
 Bears in undiverted eyes  
 Proof of unforgett'n skies  
 Here on earth.

## IX.

Quenched as embers  
 Quenched with flakes of rain or snow  
 Fit the last taint flame burns low,  
 All those lustrous memories lie  
 Dead with babyhood gone by:  
 Yet in her they dare not die:  
 Others, fair as heaven is, yet,  
 Now they share not heaven, forget:  
 She remembers

## A WORD WITH THE WIND.

Lord of days and nights that hear thy word  
 Of wintry warning,  
 Wind, whose feet are set on ways that  
 none may tread  
 Change the nest wherein thy wings are fledged  
 for flight by morning,  
 Change the harbour whence at dawn thy  
 sails are spread,  
 Not the dawn, ere yet the imprisoning night  
 has half released her,  
 More desires the sun's full face of cheer,  
 than we,  
 Well as yet we love the strength of the iron-  
 tongued north-easter,  
 Yearn for wind to meet us as we front the  
 sea.  
 All thy ways are good, O wind, and all the  
 world should fester,  
 Were thy fourfold godhead quenched, or  
 stilled thy strife:  
 Yet the waves and we desire too long the  
 deep south-wester,  
 Whence the waters quicken shoreward,  
 clothed with life,  
 Yet the field not made for ploughing save of  
 keels nor harrowing  
 Save of storm-winds lies unbrightened by  
 thy breath:  
 Banded broad with ruddy samphire glow the  
 sea-barks narrowing  
 Westward, while the sea gleams chill and  
 still as death.

Sharp and strange from inland sounds thy  
 bitter note of battle,  
 Blown between grim skies and waters sul-  
 len-souled,  
 Till the baffled seas bear back, rocks roar and  
 shingles rattle,  
 Vexed and angered and anhungered and  
 a-cold.  
 Change thy note, and give the waves their  
 will, and all the measure,  
 Full and perfect, of the music of their  
 might,  
 Let it fill the bays with thunderous notes and  
 throbs of pleasure,  
 Shake the shores with jubilation, sound at  
 once and smite.  
 Sweet are even the mild low notes of wind and  
 sea, but sweeter  
 Sounds the song whose choral wrath of  
 raging rhyme  
 Bids the shelving shoals keep tune with  
 storm's imperious metre,  
 Bids the rocks and reefs respond in rap-  
 turous chime.  
 Sweet the lisp and lulling whisper and luxu-  
 rious laughter,  
 Soft as love or sleep, of waves whereon the  
 sun  
 Dreams, and dreams not of the darkling hours  
 before nor after,  
 Winged with cloud whose wrath shall bid  
 love's day be done.

Yet shall darkness bring the awakening sea  
 a lordlier lover,  
 Clothed with strength more amorous and  
 more strenuous will,  
 Whence her heart of hearts shall kindle and  
 her soul recover  
 Sense of love too keen to lie for love's  
 sake still,  
 Let thy strong south-western music sound,  
 and bid the billows  
 Brighten, proud and glad to feel thy  
 scourge and kiss  
 Sting and soothe and sway them, bowed as  
 aspens bend or willows,  
 Yet resurgent still in breathless rage of  
 bliss,  
 All to-day the slow sleek ripples hardly bear  
 up shoreward,  
 Charged with sighs more light than laugh-  
 ter, faint and far,  
 Like a woodland lake's weak wavelets lightly  
 lingering forward,  
 Soft and listless as the slumber-stricken  
 air,  
 Be the sunshine bared or veiled, the sky  
 superb or shrouded,  
 Still the waters, lax and languid, chafed  
 and foiled,  
 Keen and thwarted, pale and patient, clothed  
 with fire or clouded,  
 Vex their heart in vain, or sleep like ser-  
 pents coiled,  
 Thence they look for, blind and baffled, wan  
 with wrath and weary,  
 Blown for ever back by winds that rock the  
 bird:  
 Winds that seamews breast subdue the sea,  
 and bid the dreary  
 Waves be weak as hearts made sick with  
 hope deferred,  
 Let thy clarion sound from westward, let the  
 north bear token  
 How the glories of thy godhead sound and  
 fire  
 Bid the land rejoice to see the land-wind's  
 broad wings broken,  
 Bid the sea take comfort, bid the world be  
 glad,  
 Half the world abhors thee beating back the  
 sea, and blackening  
 Heaven with fierce and woful change of  
 fluctuant form,  
 And the world claims thee shifting sail again,  
 and slackening  
 Cloud by cloud the cleve-reefed cordage of  
 the storm,  
 Sweeter fields and brighter woods and lordlier  
 hills than waken  
 Here at sunrise never hailed the sun and  
 thee:  
 Turn thee then, and give them comfort, shed  
 life rain and shaken  
 Fair as foam that laughs and leaps along  
 the sea.

## NEAP-TIDE.

Far off is the sea, and the land is afar:  
 The low banks reach at the sky,  
 Seen hence, and are heavenward high,  
 Though light for the leap of a boy they are,  
 And the far sea late was nigh,  
 The fair wild fields and the circling trees,  
 The bright sweet marshes and  
 All glorious with flow-like weeds,  
 The great grey churches, the sea washed to  
 Recede as a dream recedes,  
 The world draws back, and the world's light  
 wanes,  
 As a dream dies down and is dead,  
 And the clouds and the dreams  
 Change, and change, and the sea remains,  
 A shadow of dreamlike ideal,  
 Wild, and woful, and pale, and grey,  
 A shadow of sleepless fear,  
 A corpse with the night for hier,  
 The fairest thing that beholds the day  
 Lies haggard and hopeless here,  
 And the wind's wings, broken and spent, sub-  
 side;  
 And the dumb waste world is hoar,  
 And strange as the sea the shore;  
 And shadows of shrouded dreams abide  
 Where life may abide no more,  
 A sail to seaward, a sound from shoreward,  
 And the spell were broken that seems  
 To reign in a world of dreams  
 Where vainly the dreamer's feet make forward  
 And vainly the fool his gleams.

The sea-forsaken forlorn deep-wrinkled  
Salt slanting stretches of sand  
That slope to the seaward hand,  
Were they fain of the ripples that flashed,  
twinkled  
And laughed as they struck the strand

As bells on the reins of the fairies ring  
The ripples that kissed them rang.  
The light from the sundown spring,  
And the sweetest of songs that the world may  
sing  
Was theirs when the fall . . .

Now no light is in heaven; and now  
Not a note of the sea wind's tune  
Rings hither: the bleak sky's boon  
Gives hardly sight of a grey sun's boon  
A sun more sad than the moon.

More sad than a moon that clouds beleaguer  
And storm is a scourge to smite,  
The sick sun's shadowlike light

Grows faint as the clouds and the waves wax  
eager,  
And withers away from sight.

The day's heart cowers, and the night's heart  
quickens

Full ten would the day be dead  
As the steel-pointed spear in his stead:  
The earth's sad heart is the sea of the suns  
And the sun's smiles for dread.

O a life of the range of time, whose breath  
Is broken as the man's heart's flame  
And his life but a truce for strife,  
Who knows so truly the shadow of death  
May he not be light of life?

For the storm and the sun and the darkness  
beyond

But an hour from the suns to be,  
But a strange swift passage, that we  
May rejoice, who have mourned not to-day,  
to-morrow,  
In the sun and the wind and the sea.

## BY THE WAYSIDE.

SUMMER's face was rosiest, skies and woods  
were mellow,  
Earth had heaven to friend, and heaven had  
earth to fellow,  
When we met where wooded hills and  
meadows meet.  
Autumn's face is pale, and all her late leaves  
yellow,  
Now that here again we greet.

Now with years when I was eight or nine  
December,  
For and to go with love, the kind old  
true friend  
As above the sweet small twain whose  
eyes remember  
Ten, and fill with April's light this pale  
November,  
Though the dark year's glass run low.

Like a rose whose joy of life her silence utters  
When the birds are loud, and low the lulled  
wind mutters,  
Grave and silent shines the boy nigh three  
years old.  
Wise and sweet his smile, that falters not nor  
flutters,  
Glow, and turns the gloom to gold.

Like the new-born sun's that strikes the dark  
and slays it,

So that even for love of light it smiles and  
dies,

Laughs the boy's blithe face whose fair fourth  
year arrays it

All with light of life and mirth that stirs and  
saves it

And fulfils the deep wild eyes.

Wide and warm with glowing laughter's ex-  
pression

Full of warm heart's gladness of salute and salutation.

Flash my taller friend's quick eyebeams,  
charged with gleam

But with softer still and sweeter salutation  
Shine my smaller friend's on me.

Little arms flung round my bending neck,  
that yoke it

Fast in tender bondage, draw my face  
down too

Toward the flower-soft face whose dumb deep  
smiles invoke it,

Dumb, but love can read the radiant eyes  
that wait for me

Blue as June's mid heaven is blue.

How may men find refuge, how should hearts    Grace beyond man's merit, love that laughs,  
     be shieken;  
 From the weapons thus by little children    Even the sin of being no more a child, nor  
     woe'd;    worth  
     When they lift such eyes as light this    Trust and love that lavish gifts above man's  
     lustre;  
 Eyes that woke love sleeping unawares, and    To the glance of eyes and lips the sweetest  
     vision;  
     Love for love, a gift of grace,    For a heaven and kind as earth?

## NIGHT.

## I.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIOVANNI STROZZI.

NIGHT, whom in sleep so sweet I find,  
 may'st see  
 Sleeping, as I    A child, and I as I  
 In infancy, and    as I, as I  
 like us.  
 Then dost thou? Awake here she will    to thee.

## II.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI.

Sleep likes me well, and better yet to know  
 While shame and grief  
 Must be,  
 To feel not, nor to see:  
 Then, lest thou wake me: ah, speak

## IN TIME OF MOURNING.

'RETURN!' we dare not say,  
 Would it were so;  
 Love dries not out, nor  
 Return.  
 O hearts that strain and burn,  
 As eyes fast fix'd the world  
 Bow down, lie still, and learn.

The heart that healed all hearts of pain  
 No funeral rites inurn:  
 It lives, while the stars remain,  
 Return.  
 May, 1885.

## THE INTERLUERS.

## I.

Days dawn on us that make us feel  
 Something  
 When heaven and earth  
 Meet  
 Meet the gods.

Lie't had not all been quiet and  
 Had it  
 Had it  
 His peace.

Had it not left her word thus  
 Had it  
 Had it  
 Had it

## II.

As the cold air and finer  
 When love looks the darkness, and  
 The night—

The gift they give of all these golden hours,  
Whose urn  
Pours forth reverberate rays or shadowing showers  
In turn--

The years live, work, sigh, smile, and die,  
with all  
They cherish;  
The soul endures, though dreams that fed it  
fall  
And perish.

Clouds, beams, and winds that make the live  
day's track  
Seem living  
What were they did no spirit give them  
back  
Thanksgiving?

III.

Dead air, dead fire, dead shapes and shadows,  
telling  
Time nought;  
Man gives them sense and soul by song, and  
dwelling  
In thought.

In human thought their being endures, their  
power  
Abides:  
Else were their life a thing that each light  
hour  
Derides.

IV.  
In human thought have all things habitation;  
Our days  
Laugh, lower, and lighten past, and find no  
station  
That stays.

But thought and faith are mightier things  
than time  
Can wrong,  
Made splendid once with speech, or made  
sublime  
By song.

Remembrance, though the tide of change that  
rolls  
Wax hoary,  
Gives earth and heaven, for song's sake and  
the soul's,  
Their glory.

July 16th, 1885.

THE RECALL.

RETURN, they cry, ere yet your day  
set, and the sky grow stern:  
Return, strayed souls, while yet ye may  
Return.  
But heavens beyond us yearn;  
In heights of heaven above the sway  
Of stars that eyes discern.

Those whose wings from shoreward  
stretch  
Makes toward her viewless bourne  
Though trustless faith and unfaith say,  
Return.

BY TWILIGHT

If we dream that desire of the distance above us  
is fettered by fear of the shadows that  
seem,  
We wake, to be nought, but to hate or to  
love us  
If we dream.

That we deemed of them better than terror  
may deem.

It links on the soul, and the stars as they  
glow  
No menace or mourning, with tongues to  
reprove us

But if hope may not lure us, if fear may not  
move us,  
Thought lightens the darkness wherein the  
supreme  
Pure presence of death shall assure us, and  
prove us  
If we dream.

## A BABY'S EPITAPH.

<p>April made me winter bid the flowers bloom,  <small>and I</small>          But as Maytime was my claim, I might as  <small>well</small>          have as the month of June, and so you see          it is you that are wrong.</p>	<p>April made me smile, and laid me here,  <small>and I</small>          But I brought you wrong.</p>
<p>Yet at his door I have belied my love,  <small>month</small>          And the whole world has seen me wrong.</p>	<p>A girl, calling from your brawling world, me  <small>and I</small>          And forbade me here to  <small>be</small>          And weep not here          And your child.</p>

## ON THE DEATH OF DR HENRY TAYLOR.

Forty years and five times day the golden star	That was born and made flesh in Antioch
Risen and lived for thirty days of your old world	He died for us just before us and austere,
Since first the child's cry of pain was heard	He died for us with his own wage, all sublime
He, who now lives to be a teacher here	With no fault that takes no talent from charge of time
Light shed from song is stablished in a sphere	For his man's night of manhood, Strong and sage,
Serenely, as summer song, a stream compelled	Clad and armed with reverence of remem- bering hearts,
	He, with love with our night departing age, For the light of peace and fame departs,

IN MEMORY OF JOHN WILLIAM INCHBOLD.

FAREWELL: how should not such as thou fare well,	The fire that burns up down to bring forth well,
Though we fare ill that leave thee that live,	Woe, father of thy spirit: how shouldst that live,
And know, whate'er the days of life dwell	Thou shalt die for whom the sun and dwell
May give us, thee again, the give?	Thou shalt die: the darkness holds not give?
Peace rest, and sleep are they know, of life And all we dream of, that is not	Peace rest, and sleep are they looked upon the light, and And all we dream of, that is not
When breath of life was taught to them mouth	When breath of life was taught to them mouth
We think the change is other than mouth	We think the change is other than mouth
The road of sleep set on thine, and thou Sorrow, and rest, though the heart is not	The road of sleep set on thine, and thou Sorrow, and rest, though the heart is not
High noon, and of water, Nether Nether, the children of the world, and mouth	High noon, and of water, Nether Nether, the children of the world, and mouth
	High noon, and of water, Nether Nether, the children of the world, and mouth





The head in life and the hollows and the waves,  
 For all our love, forget us; where I am  
 Thou art not; deeper sleeps the shadow on  
 graves  
 Than in the sunless life that once we  
 swam.

Thou hast swum too soon the sea of death;  
 for us  
 'Tis soon, but if truth bless love's blind  
 belief  
 Faith, born of hope in life and memory, says not  
 thus;  
 And joy for thee for me should mean not  
 grief.

And joy for thee, if ever sail of man  
 Four joy in change and life of ampler  
 birth  
 Than here pens in the spirit for a span,  
 Must be the life that doubt calls death  
 on earth.

For if, beyond the shadow and the sleep,  
 A place there be for souls without a stain,  
 Where peace is perfect, and delight more deep  
 Than seas or skies that change and shine  
 again,

There none of all unsullied souls that live  
 May hold a surer station; none may lend  
 More light to hope's or memory's lamp, nor  
 give  
 More joy than thine to those that called  
 thee friend.

Yea, joy from sorrow's barren womb is born  
 When faith begets on grief the godlike child;  
 As midnight yearns with starry sense of morn  
 In Arctic summers, though the sea wax  
 wild,

So love, whose name is memory, thrills at  
 heart,  
 Remembering and rejoicing in thee, now  
 Alive where love may dream not what thou  
 art  
 But knows that higher than hope or love  
 art thou.

'Whatever heaven, if heaven at all may be,  
 Await the sacred souls of good men dead,  
 There, now we mourn who loved him here, is  
 he.'

So, sweet and stern of speech, the Roman  
 said,  
 Erect in grief, in trust erect, and gave  
 His deathless dead a deathless life even  
 here  
 Where day bears down on day as wave on  
 wave  
 And not man's smile fades faster than  
 his tear.

Albeit this gift be given not me to give,  
 Nor power be mine to break time's silent  
 spell,  
 Not less shall love that dies not while I live  
 Bid thee, beloved in life and death, fare-  
 well.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

NEW YEAR, be good to Eng'land. Bid her  
 name  
 Stand strong as of old on all the sea;  
 Make strong her faith, her hope, her love;  
 Bind fast her homeborn foes with links of  
 love  
 More strong than iron and more keen than  
 sword  
 So shall her name be great and free  
 as of old.

Who was the light that lightened freedom be,  
 For all false tongues, in all men's eyes the  
 same.

O last born child of Time, earth's eldest  
 child,  
 God, undisrowned of godhead, who for  
 all  
 Begots all good and evil things that  
 be,  
 Bid thou, his new-begotten son, be loved  
 Of hearts that hope and fear not, make  
 thy name  
 Be thou with such light as history bids  
 thee give.

Jan. 1, 1889.

## TO SIR RICHARD F. BURTON.

CONCEIT OF THE SUN.

TAN-NIGHTS.

TOWARD the sun seek ye, ye poets, when ye write,  
 Eastward, with laughter and tempestuous  
 Cloud, rain, and splendour, and the orient  
 And triumph. All that glorious orient  
 Of the dusk. Our twilight land  
 Trembles; but all the heaven is all one  
 Whence laughing love dissolves her frosts  
 And from the world are  
 are.

## NELL GWYN.

heart, that no taint of the throne or the Praise be with thee yet from a hag-ridden  
 old touch with us a man that is  
 On Lady of Play thou wast; and to  
 All the world, whose sons are the sons of the  
 Give thanks, and will hear not if  
 When the name of the friend of her sailors is  
 And the lover she cannot but love—by the  
 The name was the last on the lips  
 of King Charles.

## CALIBAN ON ARIEL.

*'Tis better to be a slave than to be a free man.*

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil him-  
 Upon thy wicked dam, the witch whose  
 Is, I feel sure, not the sun her eyes  
 Though hell's hot sea-worms breed no loathlier  
 Men cry not shame upon thee, seeing thy  
 So perfect: they but bid thee—'Hag-  
 seed, hence!'

## THE WEARY WEDDING.

O DAWGHTER, why do ye laugh and weep, One with another?	And what will ye give your sister Kate? One with another.
For woe to wake and for will to sleep, Mother, my mother.	Earth's door and hell's gate, Mother, my mother.
For tears are dry when the springs are dead, One with another.	And what will ye give your brother Will? One with another.
For tears are dry when the springs are dead, Mother, my mother.	Life's grief and world's ill, Mother, my mother.
Too long have your tears run down like rain, One with another.	And what will ye give your brother Hugh? One with another.
For a long love lost and a sweet love slain, Mother, my mother.	A bed of turf to turn into, Mother, my mother.
Too long have your tears dripped down like One with another.	And what will ye give your brother John? One with another.
For a long day that my sire and my brethren Mother, my mother.	The dust of death to feed upon, Mother, my mother.
Let past things perish and dead griefs lie, One with another.	And what will ye give your bauld bridegroom? One with another.
O Lady would I ween not, and fain would I die, Mother, my mother.	A barren bed and an empty room, Mother, my mother.
Fair gifts we give ye, to laugh and live, One with another.	And what will ye give your bridegroom's friend? One with another.
But sair and strange are the gifts I give, Mother, my mother.	A weary foot to the weary end, Mother, my mother.
And what will ye give for your father's love? One with another.	And what will ye give your blithe bridesmaid? One with another.
Fruits fall few and thorns enough, Mother, my mother.	Grief to sew and sorrow to braid, Mother, my mother.
And what will ye give for your mother's sake? One with another.	And what will ye drink the day ye're wed? One with another.
Tears to brew and tares to bake, Mother, my mother.	But ae drink of the wae well-head, Mother, my mother.
And what will ye give your sister Jean? One with another.	And whatten a water is that to draw? One with another.
A life and a full tale and a tale to wean, Mother, my mother.	We maun draw thereof a', we maun drink thereof a', Mother, my mother.
And what will ye give your sister Nell? One with another.	And what shall ye pu' where the well rinsdeep? One with another.
The end of life and beginning of hell, Mother, my mother.	Green herb of death fine flower of sleep, Mother, my mother.

Are there any fishes that swim therein?

One with another.

For white fish grace, and the red fish sin.

Mother, my mother.

Are there any birds that sing thereby?

One with another.

When they come thither they sing till they die.

Mother, my mother.

Are there any draw-buckets to that well-head?

One with another.

For a wee well-bucket hangs low by a thread.

Mother, my mother.

What whatten a thread is that to spin?

One with another.

For green for grace, and it's black for sin.

Mother, my mother.

What will ye strew on your bride-chamber floor?

One with another.

For one strewing and no more.

Mother, my mother.

What whatten a strewing shall that one be?

One with another.

For the dust of earth and sand of the sea.

Mother, my mother.

What will ye take to build your bed?

One with another.

For sin and shame and the bones of the dead.

Mother, my mother.

What will ye wear for your wedding gown?

One with another.

For green for the green and dust for the brown.

Mother, my mother.

What will ye wear for your wedding lace?

One with another.

For a heart and a hidden face.

Mother, my mother.

What will ye wear for a wreath to your head?

One with another.

For the white and blood for the red.

Mother, my mother.

And what will ye wear for your wedding gown?

One with another.

A weary thought for a weary thing.

Mother, my mother.

And what shall the climes and the bell-ropes ring?

One with another.

A weary time on a weary day.

Mother, my mother.

And what shall be sung for your wedding song?

One with another.

A weary word of a weary wrong.

Mother, my mother.

The world's way with me runs back,

One with another.

Wedded in white and buried in black.

Mother, my mother.

The world's day and the world's night,

One with another.

Wedded in black and buried in white.

Mother, my mother.

The world's bliss and the world's teen,

One with another.

It's red for white and it's black for green.

Mother, my mother.

The world's will and the world's way,

One with another.

It's sighing for night and crying for day.

Mother, my mother.

The world's good and the world's worth,

One with another.

It's earth to flesh and it's flesh to earth.

Mother, my mother.

\* \* \* \* \*

When she came out at the kirkyard gate,

(One with another)

The bridegroom's mother was there in wait

(Mother, my mother.)

O mother, where is my great green bed,

(One with another)

Silk at the foot and gold at the head,

Mother, my mother?

Yea, it is ready, the silk and the gold,  
 (One with another.)  
 But hie it well that I be not cold,  
 Mother, my mother.

She laid her cheek to the velvet and vair,  
 (One with another.)  
 She lent her arms up under her hair,  
 (Mother, my mother.)

Her gold hair fell through her arms full  
 (One with another.)  
 Lord God, bring me out of woe!  
 (Mother, my mother.)

Her gold hair fell in the gray reeds gone,  
 (One with another.)  
 Lord God, bring me out of teen!  
 (Mother, my mother.)

\* \* \* \* \*

O mother, where is my lady gone?  
 (One with another.)  
 In the bride-chamber she makes sore moan:  
 (Mother, my mother.)

Her hair falls over the velvet and vair,  
 (One with another.)

Her great soft tears fall over her hair,  
 (Mother, my mother.)

When he came into the bride's chamber,  
 (One with another.)

Her hands were like pale yellow amber,  
 (Mother, my mother.)

Her tears made specks in the velvet and  
 (One with another.)

The seeds of the reeds made specks in her  
 (Mother, my mother.)

He kissed her under the gold on her head;  
 (One with another.)

The lids of her eyes were like cold lead,  
 (Mother, my mother.)

He kissed her under the fall of her chin;  
 (One with another.)

There was right little blood therein,  
 (Mother, my mother.)

He kissed her under her shoulder sweet,  
 (One with another.)

Her throat was weak, with little heat,  
 (Mother, my mother.)

He kissed her down by her breast flowers red,  
 (One with another.)

They were like river flowers dead,  
 (Mother, my mother.)

What ails you now o' your weeping, wife?  
 (One with another.)

It ails me sair o' my very life,  
 (Mother, my mother.)

What ails you now o' your weary ways?  
 (One with another.)

It ails me sair o' my long life days,  
 (Mother, my mother.)

Nay, ye are young, ye are over fair,  
 (One with another.)

Though I be young, what needs ye care,  
 (Mother, my mother.)

Nay, ye are fair, ye are over sweet,  
 (One with another.)

Though I be fair, what needs ye greet?  
 (Mother, my mother.)

Nay, ye are mine while I hold my life,  
 (One with another.)

O fool, wha' ye marry the worm for a wife,  
 (Mother, my mother.)

Nay, ye are mine while I have my breath,  
 (One with another.)

O fool, will ye marry the dust o' the earth?  
 (Mother, my mother.)

Yea, ye are mine, we are handfast wed,  
 (One with another.)

Nay, I am no man's; nay, I am dead,  
 (Mother, my mother.)

## THE WINDS.

I weary fa' the east wind,  
And weary fa' the west;  
For I were under the waa' waves wide  
I wot weel wad I rest.

I weary fa' the north wind,  
And weary fa' the south;  
For I were o'er my good lord's head  
Or ever he kissed my mouth.

I weary fa' the windward rock,  
And weary fa' the lee;  
For I were o'er the waa' waves wide  
I wot weel wad I rest.

I weary fa' ye, man, ye are  
And weary fa' the sea;  
For I wot ye ha'e taken an hundred men,  
And let my auld lord be.

## A LYKE-WAKE SONG.

I r of face, full of pride,  
Ye down by a dead man's side.

Ye sing songs a' the day;  
Ye down at night in the red worm's way.

Proud ye were a' day long;  
Ye be but lean at evensong.

Ye had gowd kells on your hair;  
Nae man kens what ye were.

Ye set scorn by the silken stuff;  
Now the grave is clean enough.

Ye set scorn by the rulis ring;  
Now the worm is a sif sweet thing.

Fine gold and blithe fair face,  
Ye are come to a grimly place.

Gold hair and glad grey een,  
Nae man kens if ye have been.

## A REIVER'S NECK-VERSE.

Some die singing, and some die swithering,  
And some die a' the day;  
Some die singing, and some die praying,  
And I wot sae winna we, my dear,  
And I wot sae winna we.

Some die sailing, and some die wailing,  
And some die fair and free;  
Some die fighting, and some die fighting,  
But I wot sae winna we, my dear,  
But I wot sae winna we.

Some die laughing, and some die quaffing,  
And some die high on tree;  
Some die spinning, and some die sinning,  
But faggot and fire for ye, my dear,  
Faggot and fire for ye.

Some die weening, and some die sleeping,  
And some die a' the day;  
Some die weening, and some die sleeping,  
And I wot sae winna we, my dear,  
And I wot sae winna we.

## THE WITCH-MOTHER.

Where will ye gang to and where will ye  
Sleep,  
Against the night begins?  
For I wot it is made wi' cauld sorrows,  
My sheets are lined wi' sins.

And a sair grief sitting at my foot,  
And a sair grief at my head;  
And dyle to lay me my high pillows,  
And teen till I be dead.







## A JACOBITE'S FAREWELL.

16

THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 A SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL;  
 THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 THINE SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL.

FOR I THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL;  
 FOR I THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL.

O THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 A SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL;  
 O THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 A SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL.

O THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL;  
 O THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL.

## A JACOBITE'S EXILE.

17

THE WEARY SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL;  
 THE WEARY SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL.

FOR I THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL;  
 FOR I THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL.

O THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL;  
 O THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL.

O THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL;  
 O THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL.

O THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL;  
 O THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL.

AND I THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL;  
 AND I THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL.

STRANGE SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL;  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL;  
 STRANGE SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL;  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL.

FOR I THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL;  
 FOR I THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL.

O THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL;  
 O THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL.

O THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL;  
 O THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL.

O THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL;  
 O THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL.

AND I THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL;  
 AND I THINE SCOTCH LANDS TO MEARY GLEN,  
 WRITING SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL.

Aikenshaw the sun blinks braw,  
 The light comes nigh me and I nae  
 The light wi' me I wadna gie  
 But I'd be thereon again.

On Keilder side the wind blaws wide;  
 The wind blaws nae hunting-horn  
 The wind blaws nae horn as the winds that  
 The wind blaws nae horn as the winds that

On the black shore, with the herds  
 The wind blaws nae horn as the winds that  
 The wind blaws nae horn as the winds that

I may not see nor hear;  
 Far far and far the blithe burns are,  
 And strange is a' thing near.

The light there lightens, the day there bright-  
 The light there lightens, the day there bright-

The loud wind there lives free;  
 Nae light comes nigh me or wind blows by me  
 That I wad hear or see.

But O gin I were there again,  
 The light there lightens, the day there bright-  
 The light there lightens, the day there bright-  
 The light there lightens, the day there bright-

The light there lightens, the day there bright-  
 The light there lightens, the day there bright-  
 The light there lightens, the day there bright-  
 The light there lightens, the day there bright-

### THE TYNESIDE WIDOW.

But a' mony a man loves land and life,  
 But a' mony a man loves land and life;  
 But a' mony a man loves fair women,  
 But a' mony a man loves fair women;

But a' mony a man loves me, my love,  
 But a' mony a man loves me, my love;  
 But a' mony a man loves me, my love,  
 But a' mony a man loves me, my love;

But a' mony a man loves me, my love,  
 But a' mony a man loves me, my love;  
 But a' mony a man loves me, my love,  
 But a' mony a man loves me, my love;

But a' mony a man loves me, my love,  
 But a' mony a man loves me, my love;  
 But a' mony a man loves me, my love,  
 But a' mony a man loves me, my love;

But a' mony a man loves me, my love,  
 But a' mony a man loves me, my love;  
 But a' mony a man loves me, my love,  
 But a' mony a man loves me, my love;

Good times wi' you, ye bauld riders,  
 By the hieland and the lee;  
 And by the leeland and by the hieland  
 It's weary times wi' me, my love,  
 It's weary times wi' me.

Good days wi' you, ye good sailors,  
 Sail in and out the sea;  
 And by the beaches and by the reaches  
 It's heavy days wi' me, my love,  
 It's heavy days wi' me.

I had his kiss upon my mouth,  
 His bairn upon my knee;  
 I would my soul and body were twain,  
 And the bairn and the kiss wi' me, my love,  
 And the bairn and the kiss wi' me.

The bairn down in the mools, my dear,  
 O soft and soft lies she;  
 I would the mools were ower my head,  
 And the young bairn fast wi' me, my love,  
 And the young bairn fast wi' me.

The father under the faem, my dear,  
 O sound and sound sleeps he;  
 I would the faem were ower my face,  
 And the father lay by me, my love,  
 And the father lay by me.

I would the fairs were ower my face,  
Or the roads on my feet,  
And walk my time with a lover,  
But sae my time w'd I o'er my love,  
But sae my time w'd I nae.

I would the roads were met in my  
mouth,  
The sand fair in my eye,  
And the land w'd be the water over,  
To feed fu' sweet on me, my love,  
To feed fu' sweet on me.

My life is sealed with a seal of love,  
And locked with love for a key:

Ait I be wairg and I wake lang,  
But ye'd be the thought for me, my love,  
But ye'd be the thought for me.

We were wot kin of love, my dear,  
O'er a d fain were we,  
It is weel with a' the weary world,  
But O, sae weel w'd me, my love,  
But O, sae weel w'd me.

We were nane ower mony to sleep, my dear,  
I wot we were but three;  
And never a bed in the weary world  
For my bairn and my dear and me, my love,  
For my bairn and my dear and me.

#### DEDICATION.

The years are many, the changes more,  
Since wind and sun on the wild sweet  
shore

Where Jovous Gard stands stark by the  
sea  
With faces bright as in years of yore

Shone, swept, and smoothed, and laughed for  
glee

More deep than a man's or a chud's may be.  
On a day when's summer was wild and glad,  
And the guests of the wind and the sun were  
we.

The light that lightens from seasons clad  
With darkness, was it glad or sad?

Not still that glad should it shine, mescer's  
On eyes yet fair of the joys they had.

For joy was there with us; joy that gleams  
And murmurs yet in the world of dreams

Where thought holds fast, as a constant  
warder

The days when I rode by moors and streams,

Reining my rhymes into buoyant order  
Through honied leagues of the northland  
order.

Though thought or memory fade, and prove  
A faithless keeper, a thriftless boarder,

One landmark never can change remove,  
One love can the years efface not. Love,  
More strong than death, more than doubt may  
be.

Treads down their strength's, and abides  
above.

Yea, change and death are his servants, we,  
When love of the dead links fast, though free.

May smile as they that beheld the dove  
Bear home her signal across the sea.

# SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDES.

## DEDICATION.

TO EDWARD JOH'N TRELAWNY.

*A sea-mew on a sea-king's crest alight'n,  
As the north sea-wind caught and strained and curled  
The ocean-birds that bat'tled on the main,  
From field to given full of the storm's whirl,  
Might find such brief but joyful life at sea-land  
For songs on ruck with foam, with foam bearded,  
As these my songs require at yours on land,  
That durst not save for love's free sake require,  
Being lightly born between the foam and sand,  
But reared by hope and memory and desire  
Of lives that were and life that is to be,  
Even such as fether he set on fire with fire  
When, as you were, that might be seen in fire,  
Was in your eyes as clear in ours his eye,  
Once, ere the flame received him from the sea.*







And clothed with glory and an ivory crown,  
 And a crown of yellow marble set  
 With precious stones to madness, fledge has even for  
 flight.

So, clothed with love and tear that love  
 Had made great,  
 And clothed with hope and hate,  
 He set fast foot upon the spring, 'twere I ways  
 To let pass and praise.

And one dim dawn between the winter and  
 the spring,  
 A sharp harsh wind harrying heaven and  
 earth.

And a little April that had borne his birth  
 And waited on her sunniest shower-struck  
 flowers.

And his tears and laughter for the dew-dropt  
 flowers  
 Had made a dew-drop, by the sea  
 And met him lovelier than all men may be,  
 And he smiled, with God's eyes; and in their  
 light.

And he that drew men's own to mar their  
 sight,  
 And of all eyes drawn toward him: and his  
 mouth

And he the very rose of all men's youth,  
 And the rose of all the rose-bees in the world,  
 And he that drew the curls were snakes that  
 curled,

And he like his tongue a serpent's, and his voice  
 As death, and bids rejoice.

And then he spake no word, seeming as dumb,  
 A dumb thing mild and hurtless; nor at first  
 His bowed eyes seemed any light to  
 come,

Nor has meek lips for blood or tears to thirst:  
 And he one blind and mute in mid sweet wise  
 Seeking for pity or piteous lips and eyes,  
 And strayed with faint bare lily-lovely feet  
 And less, and flowerlike sweet:

And might man see, not having word heretofore,  
 And he of all goats was the great goat Love.

And seeing him lovely and like a little child,  
 It well might weep for wonder that it smiled  
 And was so fearful, and fearful, with soft speech  
 And with bespoken softly; but there fell  
 And the sweet lips no sweet word audible  
 And ear or thought might reach:  
 No sound to make the dim cold silence glad,

No breath to throw the hard harsh air with  
 flight.

Only the saddest smile of all things sweet,  
 Only the sweetest smile of all things sad.

And he that was the death of the green way  
 Till April dying made free the world for May;  
 And on his gable suddenly Love's face turned,  
 And in his blind eyes burned  
 Hard light and heat of laughter; and like  
 flame

That opens in a mountain's yawning mouth  
 To hear and sear the sunlight from the south,  
 His mute mouth opened, and he first word

Knowest thou me now by name?  
 And all his stature waxed immovable,  
 And he that drew the lightning from heaven and lightning  
 fell:

And a stacher stood he then a tower that stands  
 And drenches with its darkness the desert sands  
 When on the sky leans to:

And with a voice that still, like the wind, he said:  
 'I am he that was thy lord before thy birth,  
 I am he that is thy lord till thou turn earth:  
 I make the night more dark, and all the morrow  
 Dark as the night whose darkness was my  
 breath:

O fool, my name is sorrow;  
 Thou fool, my name is death.'

And he that heard spake not, and looked  
 right on

Again, and Love was gone.  
 Through many a night toward many a  
 wearier day

His spirit bore him back down his way,  
 Through many a day toward many a wearier  
 night

His soul sustained his sorrows in her sight,  
 And earth was bitterer, and heaven, and even  
 the sea

And what even he  
 And the wind helped not, and the sun was  
 dumb;

And with too long stress of grief to be  
 His heart grew sore and numb.

And one bright eve ere summer in autumn  
 At starry dawn standing on a grey sea-bank  
 He felt the wind fitfully shift and heave  
 As toward a stormier eve;  
 And all the wan wide sea shuddered; and  
 earth





And help in her was none left.

Then many a midnight, rainy and cold  
Even,

He mother, pining for her child,  
Saw no other way to find him, save  
To search for him through the world where things live.

With tears of blood through the days,  
He sought.

When for a crown her forehead was laid,  
He sought.

Then, when with him he found her,  
He sought.

And when he found her, he sought her,  
He sought.

And when he found her, he sought her,  
He sought.

And when he found her, he sought her,  
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He sought.

## ON THE CLIFFS

ἡμερόφωτος ἀηδὼν.

SALVO.

[illegible]







Can heal or hurt or lull or change again  
The singing soul that makes his soul sublime  
Who hears the far fall of its fire-fledged rhyme  
Fill darkness as with bright and burning rain  
Till all the live gloom inly glows, and light  
Seems with the sound to cleave the core of  
night.

The singing soul that moves thee, and that  
moved  
When thou wast woman, and their songs divine  
Who mixed for Grecian mouths heaven's lyric  
same

Fell dumb, fell down reproved  
Before one sovereign Lesbian song of thine.  
That soul, though love and life had fain held  
fast,

Wind-winged with fiery music, rose and past  
Through the indrawn hollow of earth and  
heaven and hell.

As through some strait sea-shell  
The wide sea's immemorial song,—the sea  
That sings and breathes in strange men's ears  
of thee

How in her barren bride-bed, void and vast,  
Even thy soul sang itself to sleep at last.

To sleep? Ah, then, what song is this, that  
here

Makes all the night one ear,  
One ear fulfilled with mad with music, one  
Heart kindling as the heart of heaven, to hear  
A song more fiery than the awakening sun  
Sings, when his song sets fire  
To the air and clouds that build the dead  
night's pyre?

*O thou of diverse-coloured wing! O Deathless,  
God's daughter subtle-soul!*—lo,  
now,

Now to the song above all songs, in flight  
Higher than the day-star's height, [night!  
And sweet as sound the moving wings of  
*Thou of the diverse-coloured seat*—behold,  
Her very song of old!—

*O deathless, O God's daughter subtle-soul!*  
That same cry through this lossage overhead  
Rings round reiterated,

Palpitates as the last palpitated,  
The last that panted through her lips and died  
Not down this grey north sea's half sapped  
cliff-side

That crumbles toward the coastline, year by  
year

More near the sands and near;  
The last loud lyric fiery cry she cried, [here.  
Heard once on heights Leucadian,—heard not

Not here; for this that fires our northland  
This is the song that made [night,  
Love fearful, even the heart of love afraid,  
With the great [ish of its great delight.  
No swan-song, far-fluttering half-drawn  
breath,

No word that love of love's sweet nature saith,  
No edge that tills the narrowing lids of death,  
No healing hymn of peace-prevented strife,—  
This is her song of life.

*I let it that,—hark, one tenderer note than  
ad—*

*Attis, of old time, one—*one low long fall,  
Sighing—one long low lovely loveless call,  
Dying—one pause in song so flamelike fast—  
*Attis, long since in old time overpast—*

One soft first pause and last.  
One,—then the old rage of rapture's fieriest  
rain

Storms all the music-maddened night again.

*Child of God, close crafts-woman, I beseech thee  
Did not ache nor as any break nor master,  
Lady, my [bit—*

O thou her mistress, might her cry not reach  
thee?

Our Lady of all men's loves, could Love go  
past her,

Pass, and not hear it?

She hears not as she heard not; hears not me,  
O treble-natured mystery,—how should she  
Hear, or give ear?—who heard and heard not  
thee;

Heard, and went past, and heard not; but all  
time

Hears all that all the ravin of his years  
Hath cast not wholly out of all men's ears  
And dulled to death with deep dense funeral  
chime

Of their reiterate rhyme.

And now of all songs uttering all her praise,  
All hers who had thy praise and did thee  
wrong,

Abides one song yet of her lyric days,  
Thine only, this thy song.

O soul triune, woman and god and bird,  
Man, man at least has heard.  
All ages call thee conqueror, and thy cry  
The mightiest as the least beneath the sky  
Whose heart was ever set to song, or stirred  
With wind of mounting music blown more high  
Than wildest wing may fly,  
Hath heard or hears,—even Æschylus as I.  
But when thy name was woman, and thy word

Human,—then haply, surely then meseems  
This thy bird's note was heard on earth of  
none,

Of none save only in dreams.

In all the world then surely was but one  
Song; as in heaven at highest one sceptred sun  
Regent, on earth here surely without fail  
One only, one imperious nightingale.  
Tomb was the field, the woodland mute, the  
lawn

Silent; the hill was tongueless as the vale  
Even when the last fair waif of cloud that felt  
Its heart beneath the coloring moonrays melt,  
At high midnoon of midnight halt withdrawn,  
Bared all the sudden deep divine moon-awn.  
Then, unsaluted by her twin-born tune,  
That latter timeless morning of the moon  
Rose past its hour of moonrise; clouds gave  
way

To the old reconquering ray,  
But no song answering made it more than day;  
No cry of song by night  
Shot fire into the cloud-constraining light.  
One only, one Eolian island heard  
Thrill, but through no bird's throat,  
In one strange manlike maiden's godlike note,  
The song of all these as a single bird.  
Till the sea's portal was as funeral gate  
For that sole singer in all time's ageless date  
Sungled and signed for so triumphal fate,  
All nightingales but one in all the world  
All her sweet life were silent; only then,  
When her life's wing of womanhood was furled,  
Their cry, this cry of thine was heard again,  
As of me now, of any born of men.

Through sleepless clear spring nights filled full  
of thee,  
Rekindled here, thy ruling song has thrilled  
The deep dark air and subtle tender sea  
And breathless hearts with one bright sound  
fulfilled.

Or at midnoon to me  
Swimming, and birds about my happier head  
Skimming, one smooth soft way by water and  
air,

To these my bright born brethren and to me

Hath not the clear wind borne or seemed to  
bear

A song wherein all earth and heaven and sea  
Were molten in one music made of thee  
To enforce us, O our sister of the shore,  
Look once in heart back landward and adore:  
For songless were we sea-mews, yet had we  
More joy than all things joyful of thee—more,  
Haply, than all things happiest; nay, save thee  
In thy strong rapture of imperious joy  
Too high for heart of sea-borne bird or boy,  
What living things were happiest if not we?  
But knowing not love nor change nor wrath  
nor wrong,

No more we knew of song.

Song, and the secrets of it, and their might,  
What blessings curse it and what curses bless,  
I know them since my spirit had first in sight,  
Clear as thy song's words or the live sun's  
light,

The small dark body's Lesbian loveliness  
That held the fire eternal; eye and ear  
Were as a god's to see, a god's to hear,  
Through all his hours of daily and nightly  
chime,

The sundering of the two-edged spear of time:  
The spear that pierces even the sevenfold  
shields

Of mightiest Memory, mother of all songs  
made,

And wastes all songs as roseleaves kissed and  
frayed

As here the harvest of the foam-flowered fields;  
But thine the spear may waste not that be  
wields

Since first the God whose soul is man's live  
breath,

The sun whose face hath our sun's face for  
shade,

Put all the light of life and love and death  
Too strong for life, but not for love too strong,  
Where pain makes peace with pleasure in thy  
song,

And in thine heart, where love and song make  
strife,

Fire everlasting of eternal life.





All around it stretched and spun,  
Laughs, reckless of rough tide and raging ell;  
The loveliest thing that shines against the

O flower of all wind flowers and sea-flowers  
Made lovelier by love of the sea  
Than thy golden own field-flowers, or the  
flowers

Like foam of the sea-facing tree!  
No foot but the sea-mew's there settles  
On the spikes of thine anthers like horns,  
With snow-colored spray for thy petals,  
Black rocks for thy thorns.

Was it here, in the waste of his waters,  
That the lordly north wind, when his love  
On the fairest of many king's daughters  
Bore down for a spoil from above,  
Chose forth of all farthest far islands,  
As a haven to harbor her head,  
Of all lowlands on earth and all highlands,  
His bride-worthy bed?

Or haply, my sea-flower, he found thee  
Made fast as with anchors to land,  
And broke, that his waves might be round  
thee,  
Thy fetters like rivets of sand?  
Or far by the blast of him drifted  
Thy blossom of beauty was borne,  
As a lark by the heart in her lifted  
To mix with the morn?

By what rapture of rage, by what vision  
Of a heavenlier heaven than above,  
Did he move to devise thy divison  
For the land as a rest for his love?  
A nest when his wings would remeasure  
The ways were of old they would be,  
A bribe-bed upbuilt for his pleasure  
By sea-rock and sea?

For of midmost inland May  
More might flowers the hawthorn, or  
More sweet  
Said gold of the earth for wander-  
ing feet:

For on no northland way  
Crowds the close whin-bloom closer, set like  
thee

With thorns about forfangs of sea-rock shown  
Through blithe Eps of the bitter brine to lo:  
Nor blithe-her landward comes the sea-wind  
blown,  
Nor blithe-her leaps the land-wind back to sea:

Nor louder springs the living song of birds  
To shame our sweetest words.  
And in the narrowest of thine hollowest hold  
For joy thine aspens quiver as though for cold,  
And many a self-lit flower-illumin'd tree  
Outlaughes with snow-bright or with rose-bright  
glee

The laughter of the fields whose laugh is gold,  
Yea, even from depth to height,  
Even thine own beauty with its own delight.  
Fills thine heart in thee an hundredfold  
Beyond the larger hearts of islands bright  
With less intense contraction of desire  
Self-satiate, centred in its own deep fire;  
Of shores not self-enchanted and entranced  
By heavenly severance from all shadow of mirth  
Or mourning upon earth;  
As thou, by no similitude enhanced,  
By no fair foil made fairer, but alone  
Fair as could be no beauty save thine own,  
And wondrous as no world-beholden wonder:  
Throned, with the world's most perilous sea  
for the ne,  
And praised from all its choral throats of  
thine.

Yet one praise hast thou, holier  
Then praise of theirs may be,  
To exalt thee, wert thou lowlier  
Than all that take the sea  
With shores whence waves ebb slower  
Than these fall off from thee:

That One, whose name gives glory,  
One man whose life makes light,  
One crowned and throned in story  
Above all empire's height,  
Came where thy straits were hoary,  
To hold thee fast in sight;

With hollowing eyes to hold thee,  
With rapturous heart to read,  
To encompass and enfold thee  
With love whence all men feed,  
To brighten and behold thee,  
Who is mightiest of man's seed:  
More strong than strong disaster,  
For fate and fear too strong;  
Earth's friend, whose eyes look past her,  
Whose hands would purge of wrong;  
Our lord, our light, our master,  
Whose word sums up all song.

Be it April or September  
That plays his perfect part,  
Burn June or blow December,

Thou canst not in thine heart  
But rapturously remember,  
All heavenlike as thou art,

Whose footfall made thee fairer,  
Whose passage more divine,  
Whose hand, our thunder-bearer,  
Held fire that bade thee shine  
With sober glory and terror  
Than thrills the sun's own shine.

Who knows how then his godlike hand did gaze  
Turned haply from the cold of natural days  
And homeward hunger for the clear French  
clime,

Toward English earth, whereunder now the  
Accursed

Rots, in the hate of all men's hearts inhearsed,  
A carrion ranker to the sense of time  
For that sepulchral gift of stone and lime  
By royal grace laid on it, less of weight  
Than the load laid by fate,  
Fate, misbegotten child of his own crime,  
Son of as foul a bastard-bearing birth  
As even his own earth;

Let's heavy than the load of cursing piled  
By loyal grace of all souls undimmed  
On one man's head, whose recking so I may be  
rotten

The loathed live corpse on earth once misbe-  
gotten?

But when our Master's homeless feet were here,  
France yet was foul with joy more foul than  
fear,

And slavery chosen, more vile by choice of  
chance

Than dull damnation of inheritance  
From Russian year to year.

Alas fair mother of men, alas my France,  
What ailed thee so to fall, that wert so dear  
For all men's sake to all men, in such trance,  
Plague-stricken? Had the very Gods, that  
saw

Thy glory lighten on us for a law,  
Thy gospel go before us for a guide,  
Had these waxed envious of our love and awe  
Or was it less their envy than thy pride  
That buried thy breast for the obscene culture-  
claw,

High priestess, by whose mouth Love prophesied

That fate should yet mean freedom? Howso-  
ever,

That hour, the helper of men's hearts, we  
praise,

Which let's out of man's book of after days  
The name above all names abhorred for ever,  
And His name shall we praise not, whom these  
flowers,

These rocks and ravening waters bound for  
girth

Round this wild starry spanlong plot of earth,  
Beheld, the mightier for those heavier hours  
That bowed his heart not down

Nor marred one crowning blossom of his  
crown?

For surely, might we say,  
Even from the dark deep sea-gate that makes  
way

Through channelled darkness for the darkling  
day

Hardly to let men's faltering footfall win

The sunless passage in,  
Where breaks a world of flower against the sun,  
A small sweet world of wave-encompassed  
waters,

Kept from the wearier landward world asunder  
With violence of wild waters, and with thunder  
Of many winds as one,

To where the keen sea-current grinds and frets  
The black bright sheer twin flameless Altarlets  
That lack no live blood-sacrifice they crave

Of blow-reck and the shrine-subservient wave,  
Haven for priest the storm-wind, and for choir  
Of clouds and clouds whose prayers and  
noise are fire,

All the isle acclaimed him coming; she, the  
beast

Of all things loveliest that the sea's love hides  
From strange men's insult, walled about with  
tides

That led strange guests back from her flower-  
crown feast,

Set all her fields aflower, her flowers aflame,  
To applaud him that he came.

Nor surely flashed not something of delight  
Through that steep strait of rock whose twin  
cliffed height

Links rag with rag reiterate, land with land,  
P'v one sheer thread of narrowing precipice  
Lament, that binds and sunders

Abyss from hollower imminent abyss  
And willer isle with island, blind for bliss

Of set that lightens an l of wind that thunders;  
Nor peiled not surely back from deep to steep  
Reverberate acclamation, steep to deep

Inveterately reclaiming and replying  
Praise, and response applaudive; nor the sea,  
Nor all the sea-wind's crying,

Knew not the song her sister, even as she

# THE GARDEN OF CYMODOCE.

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Thundering, or like her confluent spring-tides  
 brightening,  
 And like her darkness-lightening;  
 The song that moved about him silent, now  
 Both soundless wings reloaded and  
 On that Promethean brow,  
 Then quivering as for flight that wakes the  
 world,

From the roots of the rocks underlying the  
 gulfs that engird it around  
 Was the isle not enkindled with light of him  
 landing, or thrilled not with sound?  
 Yet, surely the sea like a harper laid hand on  
 the shore as a lyre,  
 As the lyre in his own for a birthright of old  
 that was given of his sire,  
 And the hand of the child was put forth on  
 the chords yet alive and aflame  
 From the land of the God that had wrought it  
 in heaven; and the hand was the same,  
 And the tongue of the child spake, singing;  
 and never a note that he sang,  
 But the strings made answer unstricken, as  
 though for the God they rang,  
 And the eyes of the child shone, lightening;  
 and touched as by life at his nod,  
 They shuddered with music, and quickened as  
 though from the glance of the God,  
 So trembled the heart of the hills and the  
 rocks to receive him, and yearned  
 With delicious delight of his presence and love  
 that beholding him burned,  
 Yet, down through the mighty twin hollows  
 where never the sunlight shall be,  
 Deep sunk under imminent earth, and subdued  
 to the stress of the sea,  
 That feel when the dim week changes by change  
 of their tides in the dark,  
 As the wave sinks under within them, reluctant,  
 removed from its mark,  
 Even there in the terror of twilight in bloom  
 with its blossoms ablaze,  
 Did a sense of him touch not the gleam of their  
 flowers with a fierier flush?  
 Though the sun they behold not for ever, yet  
 knew they not over them One  
 Whose soul was the soul of the morning, whose  
 song was the song of the sun?  
 But the secrets inviolate of sunlight in hollows  
 untrodden of day,  
 Shall he dream what are these who behold  
 not? or he that hath seen, shall he say?  
 Is the path is for passage of sea-crews; and  
 he that hath glided and leapt

Over sea-grass and sea-rock, alighting as one  
 from a citadel crest  
 That his toemen beleaguer, descending by  
 darkness and stealth, at the last  
 Peers under, and all is as hollow to hellward,  
 agape and aghast,  
 But aloft and afar in the darkness a tremulous  
 color subsides  
 From the crimson high crest of the purple-  
 peaked roof to the soft-colored sides  
 That brighten as ever they widen till downward  
 the level is won  
 Of the soundless and colorless water that  
 knows not the sense of the sun:  
 From the crown of the culminant arch to the  
 floor of the lab'let abloom,  
 One infinite blossom of blossoms innumerable  
 aflush through the gloom,  
 All under the deeps of the darkness are glim-  
 mering; all over impends  
 An immeasurable infinite flower of the dark  
 that dilates and descends,  
 That exults and expands in its breathless and  
 blind efflorescence of heart  
 As it motions and flows to the wave-watch,  
 and breathes not, and hearlens apart,  
 As a beaker inverse at a feast on Olympus, ex-  
 hausted of wine,  
 But inlaid as with rose from the lips of Dione  
 that left it divine:  
 From the lips everliving of laughter and love  
 everlasting, that have  
 In the cleft of his heart who shall kiss them a  
 snake to corrode it and cleave,  
 So glimmer is the gleam into glory, the glory  
 r coils into gloom  
 That the eye of the sun could not kindle, the  
 lip not of Love could relume,  
 So darkens reverted the cup that the kiss of her  
 mouth set on fire:  
 So blackens a brand in his eyeshot as moulder  
 awhile from the pyre,  
 From the beam from beneath and without it  
 refrangent again from the wave  
 Strikes up through the portal a ghostly reverse  
 on the dome of the cave,  
 On the depth of the dome ever darkling and  
 dim to the crown of its arc:  
 That the sun-soft and tapestry, endless for ever,  
 may soften the dark,  
 But within through the side-seen archway  
 aglimmer again from the right  
 Is the seal of the sea's tide set on the mouth  
 of the mystery of night,  
 And the seal on the seventh day breaks but a  
 little, that by its mean



# BIRTHDAY ODE.

## BIRTHDAY ODE

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL OF VICTOR HUGO, FEBRUARY 26, 1880.

SPRING, born in heaven ere many a spring-  
time flown, *epic. 1.*

Lead spring that sawest on earth

A babe of deathless birth,

A flower of rosier flowerage than thine own,

A glory of goodlier godhead; even this day,

That floods the mist of February with May,

And strikes death dead with sunlight, and the  
breath

Whereby the deadly doers are done to death,

That in day's despite

Would crown the imperial night,

And in deep hate of insubmissive spring

Re-throne the royal winter for a king,

This day that casts the days of darkness down

Low as a broken crown,

Recall thee from the gulf of deeds and days,

Deathless and dead, to hear us whom we praise.

A light of many lights about thine head,

That manifold and one, *anti. 1.*

Is molten in a sun,

A sun of divers beams incorporated,

Compact of confluent aureoles, each more fair

Than man, save only at highest of man, may

wear,

So didst thou rise, when this our grey-grown

age

Had trod two paces of his pilgrimage,

Two paces through the gloom

From his fierce father's tomb,

Led by cross lights of lightnings, and the

flame

That burned in darkness round one darkling

name;

So didst thou rise, nor knewest thy glory, O

thou

Kept upon us now,

Thy glory given thee for a grace to give,

And take the praise of all men's hearts that

live.

First in the dewy ray *epic. 1.*

Ere dawn be slain of day

Thy fresh crowned lilies of dis-crowned kings'

prime

Sprang splendid as of old

With moonlight-coloured gold

And rays refract from the old-world heaven of

thine

Pale with proud light of stars decreased

In westward wane reluctant from the con-

quering east.

But even between their golden olden bloom

Strange flowers of wildwood glory, *tr. 2.*

With frost and moonshine hoary,

Thrust up the new growths of their green-

leaved gloom,

Red buds of bellad blossom, where the dew

Blushed as with bloodlike passion, and its hue

Was as the life and love of hearts on flame,

And fire from forth of each live chalice came:

Young sprays of elder song,

Stem straight and petal strong,

Bright foliage with dark frondage overlaid,

And light the lovelier for its lordlier shade;

And morn and even made loud in woodland

lone

With cheer of clarions blown,

And through the tourney's clash as a clarion's

cheer

Laugh to laugh echoing, tear washed off by

tear.

Then eastward far past northland lea and

lawn *ant. 2.*

Beneath a heavier light

Of stormier day and night

Began the music of the heaven of dawn,

Bright sound of battle along the Grecian

waves,

Loud light of thunder above the Mediar

graves,

New strife, new song on Æschylean seas,

Canaris risen above Themistocles;

Old glory of warrior ghosts

Shed fresh on filial host,

With dewfall redder than the dews of day,

And earth-born lightnings out of bloodbright

spray;

Then through the flushed grey gloom on

shadowy sheaves

Low flights of falling leaves;

And choirs of birds transfiguring as they

throng

All the world's twilight and the soul's to song.

Voices more dimly deep *ep. 2.*

Than the inmost heart of sleep,

And tenderer than the rose-mouthed morning

lips;

And in the heart of the cold and  
The winnows were a-wind;  
The seeds from the low  
Lupine  
Lupine and lupine and lupine  
And in the heart of the cold and

But oh! the glory of the low and  
Lupine  
Lupine and lupine and lupine  
Who shall we winnows and lupine  
And in the heart of the cold and  
Lupine  
For so the prophet of the low and  
Exalted over the low and lupine  
For so the prophet of the low and  
The twin sons of the low and lupine  
Lupine

Hark, on the hall-wind, clasp  
For all men's hearts and lupine  
Sound like the heart of the low and  
For all men's hearts and lupine  
With trump and timpani and lupine  
From the low and lupine  
The crying of the low and lupine  
Whose heart is the low and lupine  
Wind

Between the low and lupine  
What mightiest heart of the low and  
Gave with the low and lupine  
Mix their strong heart with the low and  
Before the storm-lust of the low and  
The marriage music of the low and  
For two made one may not face me by  
death

One man at the blasting of its breath;  
Clashed with heart's flame and lupine  
And strange new man of the low and  
For the lightness on the low and lupine  
Pace as the lightning of love's and lupine  
Wiles and patient over the low and  
And where to fall and lupine  
Keen expiation whets with the low and  
A father's wrong to smite a father's head

Borgia, supreme from birth  
As loveliest born on earth

She is the low and lupine  
She is the low and lupine  
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In special strength bifform  
Stand the twin sons of storm  
Transfigured by transmission of one hand  
That gives the new barn time  
Their semblance more sublime  
Than once it lightened over each man's land;

There Freedom's winged and w.  
mouthed ho.  
And here our high Dictator, in his son dis-  
crowned.

What strong-limbed shapes of kindred throng  
round these

Before, between, behind,  
Sons born of one man's mind,  
Fet at his hand, and festered round his knees?  
Fear takes the spirit in thralldom at his nod,  
And pity makes it as the spirit of God,  
As his own soul that from her throne above  
Sheds on all souls of men her showers of love,  
On all earth's evil and pain  
Pours mercy forth as rain  
And comfort as the dewfall on dry land;  
And feeds with pity from a faultless hand  
All by their own fault stricken, all cast out  
By all men's scorn or doubt,  
Or with their own hands wounded, or by fate  
Brought into bondage of men's fear or hate.

In violence of strange visions north and south  
Confronted, east and west,  
With frozen or fiery breast,  
Eyes fixed or fevered, pale or bloodred mouth,  
Kept watch about his dawn-enkindled dreams:  
But ere high noon a light of nearer beams  
Made his young heaven of manhood more be-  
nign,  
And love made soft his lips with spiritual wine,  
And left them fired, and fed  
With sacramental bread,  
And sweet with honey of tenderer words than  
tears  
To feed men's hopes and fortify men's fears,  
And strong to silence with benignant breath  
The lips that doom to death,  
And swift with speech like fire in fiery lands  
To melt the steel's edge in the headsman's  
hands.

Higher than they rose of old,  
New builded now, behold,  
The live great likeness of Our Lady's  
towers;  
And round them like a dove  
Wounded, and sick with love,  
One fair ghost moving, crowned with fateful  
flowers,  
Watched yet with eyes of bloodred lust  
And eyes of love's heart broken and unbroken  
trust.

But sadder always under shadowier skies,  
More pale and sad and clear  
Waxing away, drawn more near,  
The face of Day lit with Love's own eyes;  
Till the awful hands that culled in rosier  
hours

From fairy-footed fields of wild old flowers  
And gorgeous woods of Rhineland, green and  
hoary.

Young children's chaplets of enchanted story,  
The great kind hands that showed  
I side its homeward road,  
And, as his helper made his foeman God,  
Of pity and mercy wrought themselves a rod,  
And opened for Napoleon's wondering kin  
France, and bade enter in,  
And threw for all the doors of refuge wide,  
Took to them lightning in the thunder-tide.

For storm on earth above had risen from under,  
Out of the hollow of hell,  
Such storm as never fell  
From darkest deeps of heaven distract with  
thunder;

A cloud of cursing, past all shape of thought,  
More foul than foulest dreams, and overtraught  
With all obscene things and obscure of birth  
That ever made infection of man's earth;  
Having all hell for cloak  
Wrapped round it as a smoke  
And in its womb such offspring so defiled  
As earth bare never for her loathliest child,  
Rose, brooded, reddened, broke, and with its  
breath

Put France to poisonous death;  
Yea, far as heaven's red laboring eye could  
glance,  
France was not, save in men cast forth of  
France.

Then,—while the plague-sore grew  
Two darkling decades through,  
And rankled in the festering flesh of time,—  
Where darkness binds and frees  
The wildest of wild seas  
In fierce mutations of the unslumbering  
clime,  
There, sleepless too, o'er shuddering wrong  
One hand appointed shook the reddening  
scourge of song.

And through the lightnings of the apparent  
word  
Dividing shame's dense night  
Sounds lovelier than the light



And light more sweet than song from night's  
 own bird  
 Mixed each their hearts with other, till the  
 gloom  
 Was glorious as with all the stars in gloom,  
 Numerous as with all the spheres in chime  
 Heard for through flowering heaven: the sea,  
 sublime  
 Once only with its own  
 Old wine's and waters' tone,  
 Sad only or glad with its own glory, and crown-  
 ed  
 With its own light, and thirled with its own  
 sound,  
 Learn now their song, more sweet than heav-  
 en's may be,  
 Who pass away by sea;  
 The song that takes of old love's land farewell,  
 With pulse of plangent water like a knell,  
 And louder ever and louder and yet more loud  
 Till night be shamed of morn  
 Kings the Black Huntsman's horn  
 Through darkening deeps beneath the covering  
 cloud,  
 Till all the wild beasts of the darkness hear;  
 Till the Czar quakes, till Austria cower for fear,  
 Till the king breathe not, till the priest war-pale,  
 Till spies and slayers on seats of judgment  
 quail,  
 Till mure and cowl bow down  
 And crumble as a crown,  
 Till Cesar driven to the lair and hounded  
 Pope  
 Red breathless and drop heartless out of hope,  
 And one the uncleanest kinless beast of all  
 Lower than his fortune fall;  
 The wolfish waif of casual empire, born  
 To turn all hate and horror cold with scorn.  
     Yea, even at night's full noon  
     Light's birth-song brake in tune,  
     Spake, witnessing that with us one must be,  
     God; naming so by name  
     That priests have brought to shame  
     The strength whose scourge sounds on the  
     smitten sea;  
     The mystery manifold of might  
 Which bids the wind give back to night the  
 things of night.  
  
 Even God, the unknown of all time; force  
 or thought,  
 Nature or fate or will,  
 Clothed round with ocean and ill,  
 Aided and repelled in all things and of  
 nought,  
 Hooded and helmed with mystery, girt and  
 clad  
 With light and darkness, unapparent God,  
 Him the high prophet o'er his wild work  
 found  
 Bound indivisible ever and immanent  
 At hidden heart of truth,  
 In forms of age and youth  
 Transformed and transient ever; masked and  
 crowned,  
 From all bonds loosened and with all things  
 bound,  
 Diverse and one with all things; love and  
 hate,  
 Earth and the starry state  
 Of heaven immeasurable, and years that flee  
 As clouds and winds and rays across the  
 sea  
 But higher than stars and deeper than the  
 waves  
 Of day and night and morrow  
 That roll for all time, sorrow  
 Keeps ageless watch over perpetual graves,  
 From dawn to morning of the soul in flower,  
 Through toils and dreams and visions, to meet  
 him  
 When all the deeps were opened, and one  
 doom  
 Took two sweet lives to embrace them and en-  
 tangle,  
 The strong song plies its wing  
 That makes the darkness ring  
 And the deep light reverberate sound as deep;  
 Song soft as flowers or grass more soft than  
 sleep,  
 Song bright as heaven above the mounting  
 bird,  
 Song like a god's tear heard  
 Falling, fulfilled of life and death and light,  
 And all the stars and all the shadow of night.  
  
 Till, when its flight hath past  
 Time's loftiest mark and last,  
 The goal where good kills evil with a kiss  
 And Darkness in God's sight  
 Grows as his brother Light,  
 And heaven and hell one heart whence all  
 the abyss  
 Throbs with love's music; from his  
 trance  
 Love waking leads it home to her who stayed  
 in France.  
  
 But now from all the world-old winds of the  
 air

# BIRTHDAY ODE.

329

On blast of record rings

And of all the rings

Of rustling wings and fires that hear  
Toward north and south sonorous, east and west,

Loath of the dark wherein its records rest

The story told of the ages, writ nor sung

By man's hand ever nor by mortal tongue

Talk godlike with desire,

One tongue of man took fire,

One hand did hold upon the lightning, one

Leapt up to bear time witness what the sun

Heaven on, and what the moon and stars of

Heaven lost not light :

From dawn to dusk what ways man wander-  
ing trod

From through the twilight of the gods to God,

From dawn of man and woman twain and one,

From earliest dews imperled

From dawn of all the world

From dawn with aureole of the sun,

From dawn that saw Christ's tears and hallowing

From dawn

For love's sake in the lips of death,

As years as waves whose heart was fire,

As years as years

From dawn and the ravage of Norman Rome ;

From dawn and the crescent's horn

From dawn while than man ;

From dawn whose lives were flights of eagles'

From dawn

And lives like snakes' lives of engendering

From dawn

At fall the ravin of all the swords that reap

Lives cast as sheaves on heap

From all the billowing harvest-fields of fight ;

From all the fields of love-songs lovelier than the

From dawn

The grim thrones of the east

Set for death's riotous feast

From dawn the bright land where darkling cen-  
turies wait,

And servile slaughter, mute,

Feels power with fresh red mud,

Glitter and groan with mortal foot of fate ;

And throne and cup and lamp's bright

breath

Dear witness to their lord of only night and

death.

And freedom by live empire lies defiled,

And murder at his feet

Flashed with wine and meat,

With offering of an old man and a child,

With holy body and blood, inexorable

Communion in the sacrament of hell.

Till, rocking from their monstrous eu-  
charist,

The lips wax cold that murdered where they

kissed,

And loathed in mid feast

Till as a slaughtered beast

Headless, and ease men's hungering hearts of

feast

Let a God were none in heaven, to see nor hear,

And purge his own pollution with the flood

From on his black, base blood

From a found healing, poisonous as it poured ;

And on the clouds the archangel cleanse his

feast

As at the word unutterable that made

On day and night division,

From vision on to vision,

From dream to dream, from darkness into

shade,

From sunshine into sunlight, moves and lives

The steersman's eye, the helming hand the

feast

Life to the wheels and wings that whirl along

The immeasurable impulse of the sphere of

feast

Through all the eternal years,

Beyond all stars and spheres,

Beyond the washing of the waves of time,

Beyond all heights where no thought else may

climb,

Beyond the darkling dust of suns that were,

From height and depth of air ;

And in the abyss whence all things move that

feast

Finds only living Love, the sovereign star.

Nor less the weight and worth

Found even of love on earth

To wash all stain of tears and sins away,

On dying to be alive

That living knew not it,

In the winged shape of song with death to

play :

To warn young children with its wings,

And try with fire the heart elect for godlike

things.

For all worst wants of all most miserable

With divine hands to deal

All balms and herbs that heal,

Among all woes whereunder poor men dwell



yet the Lordliest, give yet more strong  
 com'ants, uttered it in song,  
 forth itself in rain  
 like springing rain

For its procreant bears and shower  
 fed

For wine and sacramental bread ;  
 itself as it gives life and light,  
 of right ;

The dearest gift our hearts have seen, to be  
 Ours, like the sun gives glory to the sea.

For Father and Master and Lord,

thou hast the sword for sword,

the spirit and the hearts for throne ;

As in past years thou hast

now my subject song,

thy crowned head made humble but thine  
 own ;

it on thy day of worldly birth

thanks for all thou hast past thanks  
 of all on earth.

TRISTRAM OF LYONESSE.

## PRELUDE.

## PRISIRAM AND LEBELT.

LOVE, that is first and best of all things made,  
 The light that has the key of all things laid,  
 The spirit that for men and women breathes,  
 The souls of all men and all women breathes,  
 One fiery raiment with which all things glow,  
 And lights of sunny gold the world and all  
 thought,  
 And alway through new and old things shining,  
 Shines the divine world's body and its life  
 through,  
 The body spiritual of all things made,  
 That is to worldly men the life of all things,  
 Love, that is a light of life and of all things,  
 And spirit within the soul, whence life is born;  
 Love, that keeps all the choir of lives in  
 chime;  
 Love, that is blood within the veins of all things,  
 That wrought the whole world with the life of  
 of hand,  
 Shaping the breadth of sea, the height of land,  
 And with the pulse and the motion of the heart  
 Through the great heart of the earth stretching  
 life and death,  
 The sweet twain clouds that make the life of  
 time live  
 Through day and night of this world's life,  
 Through sorrow and through gladness of stress  
 and strife,  
 And ebb and flow of dying death and life;  
 Love, that sounds loud of light to all men's  
 ears,  
 Whence all men's eyes take fire from sparks  
 of tears,  
 That binds on all men's faces the wings  
 of wings;  
 Love, that is root and heart of all things made,  
 Love, that the whole world's life is all things  
 down,  
 The whole world's fiery force, not burn down;  
 Love, that what time his own hands guard  
 his head  
 The whole world's wrath and strength shall  
 not strike dead;  
 Love, that if once his own hands make his  
 grave  
 The whole world's pity and sorrow shall not  
 save;  
 Love, that for very life shall not be sold,  
 Nor bought nor bound with iron nor with  
 gold;  
 Love, that heaven, could love bid heaven  
 farewell,  
 Would turn to fruitless and unflowering hell;  
 So sweet that hell, to hell could love be given,  
 Would turn to splendid and sonorous heaven;  
 Love that is fire within thee and light above,  
 And lives by grace of nothing but of love;  
 Through many and lovely thoughts and much  
 desire  
 Led these twain, to the life of tears and fire;  
 Through many and lovely days and much de-  
 light  
 Led these twain to the lifeless life of night.  
 Yes, but what then? albeit all this were  
 but a dream,  
 And I, lone mote soul, in left it ruinous,  
 And I, lone love as eyeless men lead men,  
 Through chance by chance to deathward—  
 Ah, what then?  
 Hath love not likewise led them further yet,  
 On through the years where memories rise  
 and die,  
 Some large as suns, some moon-like warm  
 and pale,  
 Some starry-sighted, some through clouds  
 that sail  
 Seen, some through spectral float of  
 time,  
 Each with the blush of its own special bloom

On the fair face of its own coloured light,  
Distinguishable in all the host of night,  
Divisible from all the radiant rest  
And separable in splendour? Hath the best  
Light of love's all, of all that burn and move,  
A better heaven than heaven is? Hath not  
love

Made for all these their sweet particular air  
To mine in, their own beams and names  
beat,

Their ways to wander and their wards to  
keep,

Till story and song and glory and all things  
sleep?

Hath he not plucked from death of lovers  
dead

Their musical soft memories, and kept red

The rose of their remembrance in men's eyes,

The sunsets of their stories in his skies,

The blush of their dead blood in lips that  
speak

Of their dead lives, and in the listener's  
cheek

That trembles with the kindling pity lit

In gracious hearts for some sweet fever-fit.

A fiery pity enkindled of pure thought

By tales that make their hearts out of nought,

The faithless faith that lives without belief

Is light life through, the griefless ghost of  
grief?

Yea, as warm night refashions the sere bl

In storm-struck petal or in sun-struck bud,

With tender hours and tempering dew to cure

The hunger and thirst of day's distemperance

And ravin of the dry discolouring hours,

Hath he not bid relume their flameless flow-  
ers

With summer fire and heat of laming song,

And bid the short-lived things, long dead,  
live long,

And thought remake their wan funereal  
fumes,

And the sweet shining signs of women's  
names

That mark the months out and the weeks  
anew

He moves in changeless change of seasons  
through

To fill the days up of his dateless year

Flame from Queen Helen to Queen Guene-  
vere?

For first of all the sphyry signs whereby  
Love severs light from darkness, and most

high,  
In the white front of January there glows

The rose-red sign of Helen like a rose:

And gold-eyed is the shore flower shelterless

Whom the sharp-breathed sea blows bitter-  
ness,

A storm-star that the seafarers of love  
Strain their wind-wearied eyes for glimpses

of,  
Shoots keen through February's grey frost

and lamp  
The lamplike star of Hero for a lamp;

The torch that Marlowe sang into our skies  
With mouth of gold, and mourning in his

eyes;  
And in clear March across the rough blue sea

The signal sapphire of Aleyone  
Makes bright the blown brows of the wind-

for year;  
And hiding like a sunbeam-smitten tear

Full ere it fall, the fair next sign in sight  
Burns opal-wise with April-coloured light

When air is quick with song and rain and  
flame,

My birth-month star that in love's heaven  
hath name

Iseult, a light of blossom and beam and  
shower

My singing sign that makes the song-tree  
flower;

Next like a pale and burning pearl beyond  
The rose-white sphere of flower-named Rosa-

mond  
Signs the sweet head of Maytime; and for

June  
Flares like an angered and storm-reddening

moon  
Her signal sphere, whose Carthaginian pyre

Shadowed her traitor's flying sail with fire;

Next, glittering as the wine-bright jacinth-  
stone,

A star south-risen that first to music shone,  
The keen girl-star of golden Juliet bears

Light northward to the month whose fore-  
head wears

Her name for flower upon it, and his trees  
Mix their deep English song with Veronese;

And like an awful sovereign chrysolite  
Burning, the supreme fire that blinds the

night,  
The hot gold head of Venus kissed by Mars,

A sun flower among small sphered flowers of  
stars,

The light of Cleopatra fills and burns  
The hollow of heaven whence ardent August

yearns;  
And fixed and shining as the sister-shed

Sweet tears for Phaethon disorbed and dead,  
The pale bright autumnal sunset-coined  
sphere,

That through September rose the widening  
year

As love sees change through sorrow, hath to  
time

Francesca's face the star that waters flame  
The embers of the harvest overgone

Is Laila's, sign of love in Babylon,  
Set in the golden girdle of sweet signs

A blood-bright ruby; last ~~see~~ one light  
shines

An eastern wonder of sphery chrysopras,  
The star that made men mad, Angelica's;

And latest named and loofhest, with a round  
Of swords and hups in heaven that ring it  
round,

Last love-light and last love-song of the  
year's,

Gleams like a glorious emerald Guenevere's.  
These are the signs wherethrough the year  
sees move,

Full of the sun, the sun-god which is love,  
A fiery body blood-red from the heart

Outward, with fire-white wings made wide  
apart,

That close not and uncloze not, but upright  
Steered without wind by their own light and  
might

Sweep through the flameless fire of air that  
rings

From heaven to heaven with thunder of  
wheels and wings

And antiphones of motion moulded rhyme  
Through spaces out of space and timeless  
time.

So shine above dead chance and conquered  
change

The spher'd signs and leave without their  
range

Doubt and desire, and hope with fear for  
wife,

Pale pains, and pleasures long worn out of  
life.

Yea, even the shadows of them spiritless,  
Through the dim door of sleep that seem to  
press

Forms without form, a piteous people and  
blind

Men and no men, whose lamentable kind  
The shadow of death and shadow of life com-  
p'd

Through confoundings of heaven and false-  
faced hell,

Through dreams of light and dreams of dark-  
ness test

Or waves unavigable, are these so lost?  
Shape that wax pale and shift in swift strange  
wile,

Void faces with unspectative eyes,  
Dim things that gaze and glare, dead mouths  
that move,

Featurless heads dis-crowned of hate and  
love,

Mockeries and masks of motion and mute  
breath,

Leavings of life, the superfluous of death—  
If these things and no more than these things  
be

Left when man ends or changes, who can see?  
Or who can say with what more subtle sense

Their subtler natures taste in air less dense  
A life less thick and palpable than ours,

Warmed with faint fires and sweetened with  
dead flowers

And measured by low music? how time fares  
In that wan time-forgotten world of theirs,

Their pale poor world too deep for sun or star  
To live in, where the eyes of Helen are,

And hers who made as God's own eyes to shine  
The eyes that met them of the Florentine,

Wherein the godhead thence transfigured lit  
All time for all men with the shadow of it?

Ah, and these too felt on them as God's  
grace

The pity and glory of this man's breathing  
face;

For these too, these my lovers, these my  
twain,

Saw Dante, saw God visible by pain,  
With lips that thundered and with feet that  
trod

Before men's eyes incognisable God;  
Saw love and wrath and light and night and  
fire

Live with one life and at one mouth respire,  
And in one golden sound their whole soul  
heard

Sounding, one sweet immitigable word.  
They have the night who had like us the  
day;

We, whom day binds, shall have the night as  
they.

We, from the fetters of the light unbound,  
Hedded of our wound of living, shall sleep  
sound.

All gifts but one the jealous God may keep  
From our soul's longing, one he cannot—  
sleep.

This, though he grudge all other grace to  
prayer,

This grace his closed hand cannot choose but  
spare.

This, though his ear be sealed to all that live,  
Be it lightly given or lothly, God must give.

We, as the men whose name on earth is none,  
We too shall surely pass out of the sun ;

Out of the sound and eyeless light of things,  
Wide as the stretch of life's time-wandering

wings,  
Wide as the naked world and shadowless,

And long-lived as the world's own weariness.  
Is too, when all the fires of time are cold,

The heights shall hide us and the depths shall  
hold.

'Tis too, when all the tears of time are dry,  
The night shall lighten from her tearless eye.

Blind is the day and eyeless all its light,  
But the large unbewildered eye of night

Hath sense and speculation ; and the sheer  
Limitless length of lifeless life and clear,

The timeless space wherein the brief worlds  
move

Clothed with light life and fruitful with light  
love,

With hopes that threaten, and with fears that  
cease,

Past fear and hope, hath in it only peace.

Yet of these lives inlaid with hopes and  
fears.

Spun fine as fire and jewelled thick with tears,

These lives made out of loves that long since  
were,

Lives wrought as ours of earth and burnir  
air,

Fugitive flame and water of secret springs,  
And clothed with joys and sorrows as with

wings,  
Some yet are good, if aught be good, to save

Some while from washing wreck and wreck-  
ing wave.

Was such not theirs, the twain I take, and  
give

Out of my life to let their dead life live  
Some days of mine, and blow my living

breath  
Between dead lips forgotten even of death ?

So many and many of old have given my  
twain

Love and life song and honey-parted pain,  
Whose root is sweetness and whose fruit is

sweet,  
So many and with such joy have tracked their

feet,  
What should I do to follow ? yet I too,

I have the heart to follow, many or few  
Be the feet gone before me ; for the way,

Rose-red with remnant roses of the day  
Westward, and eastward white with stars that

break,  
Between the green and foam is fair to take

For any sail the sea-wind steers for me  
From morning into morning, sea to sea.

## I.

## THE SAILING OF THE SWALLOW.

ABOUT the middle music of the spring  
Came from the castled shore of Ireland's king

A fair ship stoutly sailing, eastward bound  
And south by Wales and all its wonders round

To the loud rocks and ringing reaches home  
That take the wild wrath of the Cornish foam.

Past Lyonesse unswallowed of the tides  
And high C. . . that now the steep sea hides

To the wit . . . ed heights and gusty bays  
Of sheer . . . fair with famous days.

Above the . . . ild swallow shone,

Wrought with straight wings and eyes of glit-  
tering stone

As flying sunward oversea, to bear  
Green summer with it through the singing air.

And on the deck between the rowers at dawn,  
As the bright sail with brightening wind was

drawn,  
Sat with full face against the strengthening

light  
Isult, more fair than foam or dawn was

white.



Her gaze was clear and love-sweet, ringing of,  
 And her lips were soft and sweet of love;  
 Past thought and speech her maiden motions  
 Were,  
 And a more gentle smile than with her lips  
 The very violet in the field was;  
 As if light and love were in her eyes,  
 And she were the moonbeams;  
 Moonbeams from moonbeams; white her eyes  
 Like stars;  
 As snow-sun-stricken that a day with sun,  
 And through the fire of the sun's heat  
 Of deep  
 Luminous lashes thick as dreams in sleep  
 Shone as the sea's depth swallowing up the  
 sky's  
 The springs of unimaginable eyes,  
 As the world's sunlight could be placed  
 through  
 With the moon's light in the sea's blue,  
 And her eyes were clear and bright  
 Ocean as clear and bright as the  
 Under the green grass and the  
 So gloved their fingers as the  
 As the anemone and the grey, the  
 With many a difference and deep interchange  
 Inexplicable green in uniform;  
 Now as the sun's sapphire swells toward  
 storm  
 Formless, their latter beauty grey and old,  
 And now are with the sun's heat  
 Her flower soft lips were meek and passion-  
 ate,  
 For love upon them like a shadow  
 Placed, a force of vision of sweet things,  
 A dream with eyes that shut and plumes  
 wings  
 That knew not what man's love or life should  
 be,  
 Nor had the sight nor heart to hope or see  
 What thing should be, but childlike satis-  
 fact  
 With the heart its virgin vigil in soft pride  
 And the heart's expectation and the glad  
 Clear cheeks and throat and tender tenders  
 had  
 Such mildness as if a rose's blood  
 Be in the heart of a meadow,  
 Between the small heart and the white way  
 led  
 Heavenward, and the light foot to slender  
 had  
 The whole fair face like a white way  
 shone  
 Moving, and what her light hand leant upon  
 Gave a soft-scented; her warm arms began  
 to round and ripen for delight of man  
 That they should clasp and circle: her fresh  
 had  
 Like the lilies of reflowering lands  
 Whose small firstlings, crown and star and  
 place,  
 Placed down to the empire of that sovereign  
 them,  
 One softness, and from her face there  
 was  
 A light as of a God content;  
 Now when, more swift and keen than love or  
 shame,  
 Some flash of blood, light as the laugh of  
 flame,  
 Broke it with sudden beam and shining  
 speech,  
 As dream by dream shot through her eyes,  
 and each  
 Outshone the last that lightened, and not  
 one  
 Showed her such things as should be borne  
 and done,  
 Though hard against her shone the sunlike  
 face  
 That in all change and wreck of time and  
 place  
 Should be the star of her sweet living soul,  
 Nor had love made it as his written scroll  
 For evil will and good to read in yet;  
 But smooth and mighty, without scar or fret,  
 Ere it and light and love the faceless brow  
 As the clear flower that tops the topmost  
 bog  
 Ere it dropped before the perfect leaf;  
 And nothing save his name he had of grief,  
 The name his mother, dying as he was born,  
 Made out of sorrow in very sorrow's scorn,  
 And set it on him smiling in her sight,  
 Tristram; who now, clothed with sweet youth  
 and might,  
 As a glad witness wore that later name,  
 The second symbol of his will for time,  
 The name and fall of fortune was his youth  
 Ere the heart's bloom had left his cheek un-  
 smooth  
 And in his face a hard hip of strong joy  
 And light of heart no chance could curb or  
 day  
 Lightened, and all that warmed them at his  
 face  
 Loved them as larks that kindle as they rise  
 To light their turn to music love the blue  
 strong skies.

So like the morning through the morning  
 moved  
 In him, a light to look on and be loved.  
 Song sprang between his lips and hands, and  
 shone  
 aging, and strengthened and sank down  
 thereon  
 As a bird settles to the second flight,  
 Then from beneath his harping hands with  
 might  
 Lapt, and made way and had its fill and  
 died,  
 And all whose hearts were fed upon it lighted  
 silent, and in them all the fire of tears  
 Burned as wine drunken not with lips but  
 ears.  
 And gazing on his fervent hands that made  
 the night of music all their souls obeyed  
 With trembling strong subservience of delight,  
 Full many a maid that had him once in sight  
 Thought in the secret rapture of her heart  
 How dark onset had these hands borne  
 part  
 How oft, and were so young and sweet of  
 skill;  
 And those red lips whereon the song burned  
 still,  
 What words and cries of battle had they flung  
 About the swing and shriek of swords, so  
 young;  
 And eyes as glad as summer, what strange  
 youth  
 Fed them so full of happy heart and truth,  
 That had seen sway from side to sundering  
 side  
 The steel flow of that terrible springtide  
 That the moon rules not, but the fire and  
 light  
 Of men's hearts mixed in the mid mirth of  
 fight.  
 Before the joy and love of him they had  
 While thought more amorous in them and  
 more glad  
 For his fame's sake remembered, and his  
 youth  
 Gave his fame flowerlike fragrance and soft  
 growth  
 As a rose requickening, when he stood  
 In their eye, a flower of faultless blood.  
 And that sad queen to whom his life was  
 death,  
 As a plucked leaf of summer in November,  
 As a ruin on a sea-coast, and the  
 Of that life's joy that makes the star's life  
 glow.

Made their love sadder toward him and more  
 strong,  
 And in mid change of time and fight and song  
 Chance cast him westward on the low sweet  
 strand  
 Where songs are sung of the old green Irish  
 land,  
 And the sky loves it, and the sea loves best,  
 And as a bird is taken to man's breast  
 The sweet-souled land where sorrow sweet-  
 est sings  
 Is wrapt round with them as with hands and  
 wings  
 And taken to the sea's heart as a flower.  
 There in the luck and light of his good hour  
 Came to the king's court like a noteless man  
 Tristram, and while some half a season ran  
 Abode before him harping in his hall,  
 And taught sweet craft of new things musical  
 To the dear maiden mouth and innocent  
 hands  
 That for his sake are famous in all lands.  
 Yet was not love between them, for their fate  
 Lay wrapt in its appointed hour at wait,  
 And had no flower to show yet, and no sting.  
 But once being vexed with some past wound  
 the king  
 Bade give him comfort of sweet baths, and  
 then  
 Should Iseult watch him as his handmaiden,  
 For his more honour in men's sight, and ease  
 The hurts he had with holy remedies  
 Made by her mother's magic in strange hours  
 Out of live roots and life-compelling flowers.  
 And finding by the wound's shape in his  
 side  
 This was the knight by whom their strength  
 had died  
 And all their might in one man overthrown  
 Had left their shame in sight of all men  
 shown,  
 She would have slain him swordless with his  
 sword;  
 Yet seemed he to her so great and fair a lord  
 She heaved up hand and smote not; then said  
 he,  
 Laughing—'What comfort shall this dead  
 man be,  
 Damsel? what hurt is for my blood to heal?  
 But set your hand not near the toothed steel  
 Let the fang strike it.'—'Yea, the fang,' she  
 said,  
 But not once the more serpent dead  
 That stung my uncle for his slayer art thou,  
 And halt my mother's heart is bloodless now

Through thee, that mad'st the veins of all her  
 kin  
 Bleed in his wounds whose veins through thee  
 ran thin.  
 Yet thought she how their hot chief's violent  
 heart  
 Had flung the fierce word forth upon their  
 part  
 Which bade to battle the best knight that  
 stood  
 On Arthur's, and so dying of his wild mood  
 Had set upon his conqueror's flesh the seal  
 Of his mishallowed and anointed steel,  
 Whereof the venom and enchanted might  
 Made the sign burn here branded in her sight.  
 These things she stood recasting, and her soul  
 Subsiding till its wound of wrath were whole  
 Grew smooth again, as though still softening  
 stole  
 Through all its tempered passion; nor might  
 hate  
 Keep high the fire against him lit of late;  
 But softly from his smiling sight she passed.  
 And peace thereafter made between them fast  
 Made peace between two kingdoms, when he  
 went  
 Home with hands reconciled and heart con-  
 tent,  
 To bring fair truce 'twixt Cornwall's wild  
 bright strand  
 And the long wrangling wars of that loud  
 land.  
 And when full peace was struck betwixt them  
 twain  
 Forth must he fare by those green straits  
 again,  
 And bring back Iseult for a plighted bride  
 And set to reign at Mark his uncle's side.  
 So now with feast made and all triumphs done  
 They sailed between the moonfall and the sun  
 Under the spent stars eastward; but the queen  
 Out of wise heart and subtle love had seen  
 Such things as might be, dark as in a glass,  
 And lest some doom of these should come to  
 pass  
 Bethought her with her secret soul alone  
 To work some charm for marriage unison  
 And strike the heart of Iseult to her lord  
 With power compulsive more than stroke of  
 sword.  
 Therefore with marvellous herbs and spells  
 she wrought  
 To win the very wonder of her thought,  
 And brewed it with her secret hands and  
 blest  
 And drew and gave out of her secret breast  
 To one her chosen and Iseult's handmaiden  
 Brangwain, and bade her hide from sight of  
 men  
 This marvel covered in a golden cup,  
 So covering in her heart the counsel up  
 As in the gold the wondrous wine lay close;  
 And when the last shout with the last cup rose  
 About the bride and bridegroom bound to bed,  
 Then should this one word of her will be said  
 To her new-married maiden child, that she  
 Should drink with Mark this draught in unity,  
 And no lip touch it for her sake but theirs;  
 For with long love and consecrating prayers  
 The wine was hallowed for their mouths to  
 pledge;  
 And if a drop fell from the beaker's edge  
 That drop should Iseult hold as dear as  
 blood  
 Shed from her mother's heart to do her good.  
 And having drunk they twain should be one  
 heart  
 Who were one flesh till fleshly death should  
 part—  
 Death, who parts all. So Brangwain swore,  
 and kept  
 The hid thing by her while she waked or  
 slept.  
 And now they sat to see the sun again  
 Whose light of eye had looked on no such  
 twain  
 Since Galahault in the rose-time of the year  
 Brought Launcelet first to sight of Guene-  
 vere.  
 And Tristram caught her changing eyes  
 and said:  
 'As this day raises daylight from the dead  
 Might not this face the light of a dead man?'  
 And Iseult, gazing where the sea was wan  
 Out of the sun's way, said: 'I pray you not  
 Praise me, but tell me there in Camelot,  
 Saying the queen, who hath most name of  
 fair—  
 I would I were a man and dwelling there,  
 That I might win me better praise than  
 yours,  
 Even such as you have; for your praise en-  
 dures.  
 But with great deeds ye wring from mouths  
 of men,  
 But ours—for shame, where is it? Tell me  
 then.  
 Since woman may not wear a better here,  
 Who of this praise hath most save Guene-  
 vere?'

And Tristram, lightening with a laugh  
held in—  
'scarcely a little praise is this to win,  
A poor praise and a little! but of these  
Helpless, whom love serves only with bowed  
knees,

'Each poor woman fairer face hath none  
But lifts her eyes alive against the sun  
Of Arthur's isle, whom the north sea  
call

Mistress of isles; so yet majestic  
Above the crowns on younger heads she  
moves,  
Outlightening with her eyes late-born  
loves.'

'Ah,' said Iseult, 'is she more tall than I?  
Look, I am tall;' and struck the mast hard  
by,

With utmost upward reach of her bright  
hand;

'And look, fair lord, now, when I rise and  
stand,

How high with feet uplifted I can touch  
Standing straight up; could this queen do  
thus much?

Nay, over tall she must be then, like me;  
Less fair than lesser women. May this be,  
That still she stands the second stateliest  
there,

so more than many so much younger fair,  
she, born when yet the king your lord was  
not,

And has the third knight after Launcelot  
And after you to serve her? nay, sir, then  
God made her for a godlike sign to men.'

'Ay,' Tristram answered, 'for a sign, a  
sign—

Would God it were not! for no planets shine  
With half such fearful forecast of men's fate  
As a fair face so more unfortunate.'

Then with a smile that lit not on her brows  
But moved upon her red mouth tremulous  
Light as a sea-bird's motion oversea.

'Aen,' quoth Iseult, 'the happier hap for me,  
th no such face to bring men no such fate.  
t her might all we women born too late  
raise for good hap, who so enskied above  
Not more in age excels us than man's love.'

There came a glooming light on Tristram's  
face  
Answering: 'God keep you better in his  
grace

Than to sit down beside her in men's sight.  
For if men be not blind whom God gives  
light

And lie not in whose lips he bids truth live,  
Great grief shall she be given, and greater give,  
For Merlin witnessed of her years ago  
That she should work woe and should suffer  
woe

Beyond the race of women; and in truth  
Her face, a spell that I know, no age nor  
youth,

Like youth being soft, and softer eyed than  
age,

With lips that mock the doom her eyes  
presage,

Hath on it such a light of cloud and fire.

With charm and change of keen or dim  
sire,

And over all a fearless look of fear  
Hung like a veil across its changing cheer,  
Made up of fierce foreknowledge and sharp  
scorn,

That it were better she had not been born.  
For not love's self can help a face which  
hath

Such insubmissive anguish of wan wrath,  
Blind prescience and self-contemptuous hate  
Of her own soul and heavy-footed fate,  
Writ broad upon its beauty: none the less  
Its fire of bright and burning bitterness  
Takes with as quick a flame the sense of men  
As any sunbeam, nor is quenched again  
With any drop of dewfall; yea, I think  
No herb of force or blood-compelling drink  
Would heal a heart that ever it made hot.

Ay, and men too that greatly love her not,  
Seeing the great love of her and Lamoracke,  
Make no great marvel, nor look strangely  
back

When with his gaze about her she goes by  
Pale as a breathless and star-quickening sky  
Between moonrise and sunset, and moves out  
Clothed with the passion of his eyes about  
As night with all her stars, yet night is black;  
And she, clothed warm with love of Lamoracke,

Girt with his worship as with girdling gold,  
Seems all at heart unhungred and acold,  
Seems sad at heart and loveless of the light,  
As night, star-clothed or naked, is but night.'

And with her sweet eyes sunken, and the  
mirth

Dead in their look as earth lies dead in earth  
That reigned on earth and triumphed, Iseult  
said:

'Is it her shame of something done and dead  
Or fear of something to be born and done  
That so in her soul's eye puts out the sun?'



Most like a lover's filled with great love's  
 grace  
 Her glance takes fire and gives; the quick  
 light shone  
 And shivered like spread wings of angels  
 blown  
 The sun's breath before him; and a low  
 sweet gale shook all the foam-flowers of thin  
 now  
 Into rain-fall of sea-roses shed  
 Leaf by wild leaf on that green garden-bed  
 Which tempests till and sea-winds turn and  
 plough:  
 For rosy and fiery round the running prow  
 The flakes and feathers of the spray,  
 Bloomed like blossoms, cast by God away  
 To mate on the ardent water; swift the  
 moon  
 Gathered to westward as a face in swoon  
 Death-stricken by glad tidings: and the  
 height  
 Gloried and the centre quivered with de-  
 light  
 And the depth quailed with passion as of  
 love,  
 Till like the heart of some new-mated dove  
 A light, and wave seemed full of burning  
 rest,  
 With motion as of one God's beating breast.  
 And her heart sprang in Isult, and she  
 drew  
 With all her spirit and life the sunrise through,  
 And through her lips the keen triumphant air  
 Scented, sweeter than land-roses were,  
 And through her eyes the whole rejoicing  
 east  
 Satisfied, and all the heaven at feast  
 Spread for the morning; and the imperious  
 mirth  
 Of wind and light that moved upon the earth,  
 Making the spring, and all the fruitful might  
 And strong regeneration of delight  
 That swells the seedling leaf and sapling man,  
 To be the first life in the first world began  
 To burn and burgeon through void limbs and  
 veins,  
 And the first love with sharp sweet procreant  
 pains  
 To pierce and bring forth roses; yea, she felt  
 Through her own soul the sovereign morning  
 melt,  
 And all the sacred passion of the sun;  
 And as the young clouds flamed and were un-  
 done  
 About him coming, touched and burnt away

In rosy ruin and yellow spoil of day,  
 The sweet veil of her body and corporal sense  
 Felt the dawn also cleave it, and incense  
 With light from inward and with effluent heat  
 The kindling soul through fleshly hands and  
 feet.  
 And as the august great blossom of the dawn  
 Burst, and the full sun scarce from sea with-  
 drawn  
 Seemed on the fiery water a flower afloat,  
 So as a fire the mighty morning smote  
 Throughout her, and incensed with the influ-  
 ent hour  
 Her whole soul's great mystical red flower  
 Burst, and the bud of her sweet spirit broke  
 Rose-fashion, and the strong spring at a  
 stroke  
 Thrilled, and was cloven, and from the full  
 sheath came  
 The whole rose of the woman red as flame:  
 And all her Mayday blood as from a swoon  
 Flushed, and May rose up in her and was  
 June.  
 So for a space her heart as heavenward  
 burned:  
 Then with half summer in her eyes she  
 turned,  
 And on her lips were April yet, and smiled,  
 As though the spirit and sense unreconciled  
 Shrank laughing back, and would not ere its  
 hour  
 Let life put forth the irrevocable flower.  
 And the soft speech between them grew  
 again  
 With questionings and records of what men  
 Rose mightiest, and what names for love or  
 fight  
 Shone starriest overhead of queen or knight.  
 There Tristram spake of many a noble thing,  
 High feast and storm of tourney round the  
 king,  
 Strange quest by perilous lands of marsh and  
 brake,  
 And circling woods branch-knotted like a  
 snake,  
 And places pale with sins that they had seen  
 Where was no life of red fruit or of green  
 But all was as a dead face wan and dun;  
 And bowers of evil builders whence the sun  
 Turns silent, and the moon holds hardly  
 light  
 Above them through the sick and star-crossed  
 night;  
 And of their hands through whom such holds  
 lay waste,









[illegible]

Mercy!—The soft moonlight would have shined  
Like a benignant smile on all our heads;  
And I could have said to my friends:  
“Behold the beautiful things that I have found!”  
Then, as the hour advanced, that I might go for  
The perfume of the flowers and the wine,  
A sudden darkness came upon me in the night,  
As if the light had been extinguished; then the  
darkness seemed to lead her where she had  
Never seen before, and there she lay.  
There was no breath of wind, nor sound of thing  
But the soft gleam of some dim Asian  
Lamp might be taken from some waste place of  
And carried thence to here in harmless hands.  
And I scullt, laughing—“Other lords that  
Lead—and their men feast after them; but  
Ourselves pass—the best wine back to  
Fill us full, and live of all men least  
Feed after them and fun to fare so well  
To mine handmaid and your squire it  
Will be a bright thing to us in a  
While.”  
And we might be yet full of their swift  
Thoughts, but wist not though they dug a  
Deep furrows of gold, and drank, and  
Slept, and after a deep plot kingly  
Their life changed in them, for they  
Died.  
That if it be death so to drink and fare  
As men who change and are not themselves again  
Were.  
And shuddering with eyes full of fear and  
And heart-strung with a serpentine desire  
He turned round with horror in his eyes  
They burned upon him shining in such  
A way as midway in the midnight fixed.  
Then Gildscult was the cup, and she that  
Nor other land there needed, nor sweet  
Speech  
For each thought theirs together; each on each

Hung with strange eyes and hovered as a bird	And they saw dark, though still the unsunken sun
Wounded, and each mouth trembled for a word,	Far through fine rain shot fire into the south ;
Their heads neared, and their hands were drawn in one,	And their four lips became one burning mouth.

## II.

## THE QUEEN'S PLEASANCE.

Out of the night arose the second day, And saw the ships low break the shore- ward spray, As the sun's heart of gold and fire began To sail the sea of heaven unsailed of man, And the soft waves of sacred air to break Round the prow launched into the morning's lake, They saw the sign of their sea-travel done. Ah, was not something seen of yester-sun, When the sweet light that lightened all the skies Saw nothing fairer than one maiden's eyes, That whatever might time's year may be To-day's sun nor to-morrow's moon shall see? Not while she lives, not when he comes to die Shall she look sunward with that sinless eye. Yet fairer now than song may show them stand Tristram and Iseult, hand in amorous hand, Soul-satisfied, their eyes made great and bright With all the love of all the long night ; With all its hopes yet living in their ear No mortal nor a made of thoughts and tear, But such a song, past all chance of man's thought, A longing grows go and knows it not, No night do they saw nor heard but what the night Held fast and seal upon their sense and sight, Sound of past pulses beating, fire of amorous light, Enough and overmuch, and never yet ough, though love still hungering feed and tort, For all the deep of night which dawn must erase, For all their eyes were dimmer than with tears	And dizzier from diviner sounds their ears Than though from choral thunders of the quivering spheres, They heard not how the landward waters rang, Nor saw where high into the morning sprang, Riven from the shore and bastioned with the sea, Toward summits where the north wind's nest might be, A wave-walled palace with its eastern gate Full of the surprise now and wide cut, And on the mighty-moulded stair that clomb Sheer from the fierce lip of the lapping foam The knights of Mark that stood before the wall. So with loud joy and storm of festival They brought the bride in up the towery That rose again t the rising front of day, Stair based on stair, between the rocks un- hewn, To those strange halls wherethrough the tidal tune Rang loud or lower from soft or strengthen- ing sea, Tower-shouldering tower, to windward and to lee, With change of floors and stories, flight on flight, That clomb and curled up to the crowning height Whence men might see wide east and west in one And on one sea-waned moon and mounting sun, And severed from the sea-rock's base, where land Some worn walls yet, they saw the broken strand, The beachless cliff that in the sheer sea dips, The sleepless shore inexorable to ships,
--	--

And the straight causeway's spare gaunt spine  
Between  
The unspanned walls and naked mainland's  
Green.

On the mid stairs, between the light and dark.  
Beside the main tower's portal stood King  
Mark,

Crowned : and his face was as the face of one  
Long time athirst and hungering for the sun  
The barren thrall of bitter bonds, who now  
Looks here to feel its blessing on his brow.  
A swart lean man, but kinglike still of guise,  
With black streaked beard and cold unquiet  
Eyes,

Thin-mouthed, gaunt-cheeked, wan as a  
Morning moon,  
Though hardly time on his worn hair had  
Grown

The thin first ashes from a sparing hand :  
A little fire there burnt upon the brand,  
And way-worn seemed he with life's way-  
Faring.

Between shade and sunlight stood the king,  
And his face changed nor yearned not toward  
His bride ;

Divided between mild hope and patient pride,  
He what gift of rare or lesser worth

His day might bring to all his days on earth.  
That at the glory of her when she came

His heart endured not : very fear and shame  
Of him, to take her by the hand and kiss,

He both were molten in the burning bliss,  
And with a thin flame flushing his cold face

He led her silent to the bridal place.  
There were they wed and hallowed of the  
Priest ;

And all the loud time of the marriage feast  
He thought within three hearts was as a fire,

Where craft and faith took counsel with desire.  
When the feast had made a glorious end

They gave the new queen for her maids to  
Tend

The lawn of bride-night and thereafter bring  
The marriage music to the bridegroom king.

By device of craft between them laid  
The young went Brangwain delicately, and

They fled  
And this thing even for love's sake might  
Not be,

Without sound or light or eye to see  
The night come in to bride-bed : and he  
Laughed,

One that wist not well of wise love's craft,  
He bade all bridal things be as she would

And of his gentleness he gat not good ;

For clothed and covered with the nuptial dark  
Soft like a bride came Brangwain to King  
Mark,

And to the queen came Tristram ; and the  
Night

Fled, and ere danger of detective light  
From the king sleeping Brangwain slid away,

And where had lain her handmaid Isolt lay.  
And the king waking saw beside his head

That face yet passion-coloured, amorous red  
From lips not his, and all that strange hair

Shed

Across the tissued pillows, fold on fold,  
Innumerable, incomparable, all gold,

To fire men's eyes with wonder, and with love  
Men's hearts ; so shone its flowering crown

Above

The brows enwound with that imperial wreath,  
And framed with fragrant radiance round the

Face beneath.

And the king marvelled, seeing with sudden  
Start

Her very glory, and said out of his heart ;  
' What have I done of good for God to bless

That all this he should give me, tress on tress,  
All this great wealth and wondrous ? Was it

This

That in mine arms I had all night to kiss,  
And mix with me this beauty ? this that seems

More fair than heaven doth in some tired  
Saint's dreams,

Being part of that same heaven ? yea, more,  
For he,

Though loved of God so, yet but seems to see,  
But to me sinful such great grace is given

That in mine hands I hold this part of heaven  
Not to mine eyes lent merely. Doth God

Make

Such things so godlike for man's mortal sake ?  
Have I not sinned, that in this fleshly life

Have made of her a mere man's very wife ?'  
So the king mused and murmured ; and

She heard

The faint sound trembling of each breathless  
Word

And laughed into the covering of her hair.  
And many a day for many a month as fair

Slid over them like music ; and as bright  
Burned with love's offerings many a secret

Night.

And many a dawn to many a fiery noon  
Blew prelude, when the horn's heart-kindling

Tune  
Lit the live woods with sovereign sound of  
Mirth

Before the mightiest huntsman hailed on earth  
Lord of its lordliest pleasure, where he rode  
Hard by her rein whose peerless presence  
glowed

Not as that white queen's of the virgin hunt  
Once, whose crown-crescent braves the night-  
wind's brant.

But with the sun for frontlet of a queenlier  
front.

For where the flashing of her face was turned  
As lightning was the fiery light that burned  
From eyes and brows enkindled more with  
speed

And rapture of the running of her steed  
Than once with only beauty; and her mouth  
Was as a rose athirst that pants for drouth  
Even while it laughs for pleasure of desire,  
And all her heart was as a leaping fire.

Yet once more they took of woodland  
ways

Than came of all those flushed and fiery days  
When the foul air was mad with life and  
sound,

Through many a dense green mile, of horn  
and hound

Before the king's hunt going along the wind,  
And ere the timely leaves were changed or  
thinned.

Even in mid maze of summer. For the  
knight

Forth was once ridden toward some frontier  
night

Against the wild folk of the Christless lands  
That war with evil and intermittent hands  
Against the king's north border; and there

A secret, hidden, and of unknown name,  
Some shadowy, secret spot

For a meeting of a noble as guest  
In the arms of a mistress with a king.

Now, were there man could sound or sweet  
speak

So that he could say of all that he saw on earth  
A thing so brave, being full of wit and  
truth

For a secret love, and a secret dark,  
For a secret and a secret work

Mark,  
By all that men can know or dream of  
long

For the first time, and the first time,  
And the first time, and the first time

And the first time, and the first time,  
And the first time, and the first time

And the first time, and the first time,  
And the first time, and the first time

And the first time, and the first time,  
And the first time, and the first time

And the first time, and the first time,  
And the first time, and the first time

Laughed out in lightnings of triumphant  
light

As the grim harper spake: 'O king, I crave  
No gift of man that king may give to slave,  
But this thy crowned queen only, this thy  
wife,

Whom yet unseen I loved, and set my life  
On this poor chance to compass, even as here,  
Being fairer famed than all save Guenevere.'

Then as the noise of seaward storm that  
mocks

With roaring laughter from reverberate rocks  
The cry from ships near shipwreck, harsh  
and high

Rose all the wrath and wonder in one cry  
Through all the long roof's hollow depth and  
length

That hearts of strong men kindled in their  
strength

May speak in laughter lion-like, and cease,  
Being wearied: only two men held their  
peace

And each glared hard on other; but King  
Mark

Spake first of these: 'Man, though thy craft  
be dark

And thy mind evil that begat this thing,  
Yet stands the word once plighted of a king  
Fast; and albeit less evil it were for me  
To give my life up than my wife, or be

A landless man crowned only with a curse,  
Yet this in God's and all men's sight were

worse,  
To live soul-shamed, a man of broken troth,  
Abhorred of men as I abhor mine oath

Which yet I may forswear not.' And he  
bowed

His head and wept; and all men wept aloud,  
save one, that heard him weeping; but the  
queen

Wept not, and sterner yet than eyes had  
seen

For she ever looked upon her queenly state  
So, rose, and in her eyes her heart was great

And full of wrath, and manifest and scorn  
More strong than anguish to go thence for-

ward

And men's countenance and her natural right  
And the first time, and the first time

And the first time, and the first time,  
And the first time, and the first time

And the first time, and the first time,  
And the first time, and the first time

And the first time, and the first time,  
And the first time, and the first time

And the first time, and the first time,  
And the first time, and the first time

And the first time, and the first time,  
And the first time, and the first time

That can make lewd men royal; and his heart

Yearned on her, it perchance with amorous art

And soothfast skill of very love he might  
For courtesy find favor in her sight  
And comfort of her mercies: for he wist  
More grace might come of that sweet mouth  
unkissed

Than joy for violence done it, that should make

His name abhorred for shame's disloyal sake,  
And in the stormy starlight clouds were  
thinned

And thickened by short gusts of changing wind

That panted like a sick man's fitful breath:  
And like a moan of lions hurt to death

Came the sea's hollow noise along the night.  
But ere its gloom from aught but foam had  
he

They fled, being aware: and the knight  
As reverently forbore her where she lay

As one that watched his sister's sleep till day,  
Nor durst he kiss or touch her hand or hair

For love and shamefast pity, seeing how fair  
she slept, and fenceless from the fitful air.

And shame at heart stung nigh to death desire,

But grief at heart burned in him like a fire  
For hers and his own sorrowing sake, that  
had

Such grace for guerdon as makes glad men  
sad,

To have their will and want it. And the day  
Sprang: and afar along the wild waste way

They heard the pulse and press of hurrying  
horse-hoofs play:

And like the rushing of a ravenous flame  
Whose wings make tempest of the darkness,  
came

Upon them headlong as in thunder borne  
forth of the darkness of the labouring morn

Tristram: and up forthright upon his steed  
leapt, as one blithe of battle, Palamede,

And mightily with shock of horse and man  
they lashed together: and fair that fight  
began

As fair came up that sunrise: to and fro,  
With knees nigh staggered and four heads  
bent low

From each quick shock of spears on either  
side,

Reeled the strong steeds heavily, haggard-  
eyed

And heartened high with passion of their  
pride

As sheer the stout spears shocked again, and  
flew

Sharp-splintering: then, his sword as each  
knight drew.

They flashed and foined full royally, so long  
That but to see so fair a strife and strong

A man might well have given out of his life.  
One year's void space forlorn of love or strife.

As when a bright north-easter, great of heart,  
Scattering the strengths of squadrons, hurls  
apart

Ship from ship labouring violently, in such  
toil

As earns but ruin—with even so strong recoil  
Back were the steeds hurled from the spear  
shock, fain

And foiled of triumph: then with tightened  
rein

And stroke of spur, inveterate, either knight  
Broe in again upon his foe with might.

Heart-hungry for the better, that feared not  
fight

And all athirst of mastery, that full soon  
The jarring notes of that tempestuous fight

Fell, and its raggedy music made of hands  
Contending, clamorous through the loud waste  
lands,

Broke at once off: and shattered from his  
steed

Fell, as a mainmast ruining, Palamede,  
Stunned: and those lovers left him where he  
lay,

And lightly through green lawns they rode  
aw

There was a bower beyond the  
fair

Than ever summer dews on lilies  
red full with rest and rapture till the loom  
Had wrought a roof as for a hall or house

Than aught save love might breathe in:  
fairer far

Than keeps the sweet light back of moon at a  
star

From high kings' chambers: there might  
love and sleep

Divide for joy the darkling hours, and keep  
With amorous alternation of sweet strife

The soft and secret play of death and life  
Made smooth for pleasure's feet to rest and  
run

Even from the moon dawn to the kindling  
Made bright for passion's feet to run and  
rest

Between the morning's and the morning's  
 First;  
 Where I rely though for happy land lie  
 down;  
 It may forget the land that wove its crown;  
 We're lonely though her joyous limbs be laid  
 That may forget the month that moonlight  
 made,  
 And neither ere sweet night had slain sweet  
 day,  
 I - it and Tristram took their wandering  
 way,  
 And rested, and refreshed their hearts with  
 cheer  
 by hunters' fashion of the wood; and here  
 doth sweet rest seemed, while this night be,  
 the full  
 And tale of all world's yeariness farewell  
 claim reign of all world's lordship queen and  
 king  
 Nor here could time for three moons' change  
 bring  
 sorrow nor thought of sorrow; but sweet  
 earth  
 Fostered them like her babes of eldest birth,  
 Keen, two in pathless woods and cherished  
 well.  
 And the sun sprang above the sea and fell,  
 And the stars rose and sunk upon the sea;  
 And outwile-like, in forest wise and free,  
 The rising and the setting of their lights  
 Found these two men dwelling all those days  
 and nights,  
 And under the change of sun and star and  
 moon  
 They laughed and fell the chaplets woven of  
 June,  
 And fair through ferns of the deepening  
 sky  
 But could pass the hours that lit July,  
 And each day drew them out of heaven  
 away,  
 And each night crown'd them with the crown  
 of love,  
 Nor till the night of August overhead  
 Weighed on the world was yet one roach of  
 shed  
 of all their joy's warm coronal, nor aught  
 touched them in passing ever with a thought  
 that ever this might end on any day;  
 Or any night not love them where they lay;  
 But his clabbling tide of barren breath  
 and all report and rumour held of death,  
 And a false bit the legend bear-unpearled  
 that such a thing as change was in the world.

And can bright song upon his lips that came,  
 Mocking the powers of change and death by  
 time,  
 Did smother their bitter godhead, and denied  
 time, though clothed round with ruin as  
 kings with pride,  
 To blot the glad lie out of love; and she  
 Drank lightly deep of his philosophy  
 In that warm wine of amorous words which is  
 sweet with all truths of all philosophies.  
 For still he wist all subtle ways of song,  
 And in his soul the secret eye was strong  
 That burns in meditation, till bright words  
 Break flamelike forth as notes from fiedgling,  
 birds  
 That feel their old speed through them of the  
 spring  
 So faced they night and day as queen and  
 king  
 Crowned of a kingdom wide as day and night,  
 Nor ever could be swept or swam in sight  
 Across the darkling depths of their delight  
 Whose stars no skill might number, nor  
 man's art  
 Sound the deep stories of its heavenly heart  
 Till, even for wonder that such life should  
 live,  
 Desires and dreams of what death's self  
 might give  
 Would touch with tears and laughter and  
 with speech  
 The lips and eyes of passion, fain to reach,  
 Beyond all bourne of time or trembling sense,  
 The verge of love's last possible eminence,  
 Out of the heaven that storm nor shadow  
 mends,  
 Deep from the starry depth beyond the stars,  
 A yearning ardour without scope or name  
 Fell on them, and the bright night's breath  
 of flame  
 Set fire into their kisses; and like fire  
 The lightning lightened on the leaves, as  
 higher  
 Night's heart beat on toward midnight. Far  
 and fain  
 Some whiles the soft rush of rejoicing rain  
 Soaked the darkness, and from steep to steep  
 Of heaven they saw the sweet short lightning  
 leap  
 And laugh its heart out in a thousand smiles,  
 When the clear sads for miles of glimmering  
 miles  
 Banded as though down a stream on abroad  
 astray,  
 Or, lowering out of heaven all heaven's array

Had paven instead the waters : fain and far  
Somewhiles the burning love of star for star  
pake words that love might wellnigh seem  
to hear

In such deep hours a turned light to fear  
Sweet as delight's self : so they lay  
Unmoved once, nor watched along the fiery  
day

the shine of summer daisies palpitate and  
play.

And in the night her voice ; her swooning  
eyes

show not if night or light were in the skies ;  
And so her beauty sheer the moon-dawn shed  
the light as on a thing as white and dead ;

Only with stress of soft fierce hands she prest  
between the throbbing life-soms of her breast  
his aident face, and through his hair her  
breath

Was quivering as when life is hard on death ;  
And with strong trembling fingers she strained  
fast

her head into her bosom ; till at last,  
late with sweetness of that burning bed,

his eyes afire with tears, he raised his head  
And laughed into her lips ; and all his heart

looked hers ; then face from face fell, and  
apart

Each hung on each with panting lips, and felt  
sense into sense and spirit in spirit melt.

' Hast thou no sword ? I would not live  
this day ;

O love, this night and we must pass away,  
It must die soon, and let not us die late.'

' Take then my sword and slay me ; nay,  
but wait

Thill day be risen ; what, wouldst thou think  
to die

Before the light take hold upon the sky ?

' Yea, love ; for how shall we have peace,  
being twain,

this very night of love's most rapture  
reign ?

Live thou and have thy day, and year by year  
be great, but what shall I be ? Slay me here ;  
Let me die not when love lies dead, but now  
Strike through my heart : nay, sweet, what  
heart hast thou ?

' It too much I ask thee, and spend my  
breath

In asking ? nay, thou knowest it is but death.  
Hast thou true heart to love me, thou  
wouldst give

This : but for hate's sake thou wilt let me  
live.'

Here he caught up her lips with his, and  
marred

The wild prayer silent in her heart that  
prayed

and strained her to him till all her faint  
breath sank

And her bright light limbs palpitated and  
shrank

And rose and fluctuated as flowers in rain  
That bend them and they tremble and rise

again  
And heave and straighten and quiver all  
through with bliss

And turn afresh their mouths up for a kiss,  
Amorous, athirst of that sweet influent love ;

So, hungering toward his hovering lips above,  
Her red-rose mouth yearned silent, and her  
eyes

Closed, and flashed after, as though by Jove's  
darkest skies

The divine heartbeats of the deep life-light  
Make open and shut the gates of the ether  
night.

Long lay they still, subdued with love, nor  
knew

If cloud or light changed colour as it came,  
If star or moon beheld them ; if above

the heaven of night waxed fiery with the  
love,

Or earth beneath were moved at heart and  
root

To burn as they, to burn and bring forth fruit  
Unseasonable for love's sake ; if tall trees

Bowed, and close flowers yearned open, and  
the breeze

Failed and fell silent as a flame that fails ;  
And all that hour unheard the nightingales

Clamoured, and all the woodland soul was  
stirred,

And depth and height were one great song  
unheard,

As though the world caught music and took  
fire

From the instant heart alone of their desire  
So sped their night of needs between  
them : so,

For all fears past and shadows, shined  
snow,

That one pure hour all-golded where they lay  
Made their life perfect and their darkness day

And warmer waved its harvest yet to reap,  
Fill in the lovely fight of love and sleep

At length had sleep the mastery ; and the dark  
Was lit with soft live gleams they might not  
mark,





First, and the first-fledged branches of it  
 wave,  
 Then with one heart's love seek one bitter  
 grave.  
 From hills that first see bared the morning's  
 breast,  
 And heights the sun last yearns to from the  
 west,  
 All tend but toward the sea, all born most  
 high  
 strike downward, passing all things joyous  
 by,  
 Seek to it and cast their lives in it and die.  
 So strive all lives for death which all lives  
 win;  
 So sought her soul to my soul, and therein  
 Was poured and perished : O my love, and  
 mine  
 sought to thee and died of thee and died as  
 thine.  
 As the dawn loves the sunlight that must  
 cease  
 The dawn again may rise and pass in peace ;  
 Must die that she being dead may live  
 again,  
 To be by his new rising nearly slain.  
 So rolls the great wheel of the great world  
 round,  
 And no change in it and no fault is found,  
 And no true life of perdurable breath,  
 And surely no irrevocable death.  
 Day after day night comes that day may  
 break,  
 And day comes back for night's reiterate  
 sake.  
 Each into each dies, each of each is born :  
 Day past is night, shall night past not be  
 morn ?  
 Out of this moonless and faint-hearted night  
 That love yet lives in, shall there not be  
 light ?  
 Light strong as love, that love may live in  
 yet ?  
 Alas, but how shall foolish hope forget  
 How all these loving things that kill and die  
 Meet not but for a breath's space and pass  
 by ?  
 Night is kissed once of dawn and dies, and  
 day  
 But touches twilight and is rapt away  
 So may my love and her love meet once  
 more,  
 And meeting be divided as of yore.  
 Yea, surely as the day-star loves the sun  
 And when he hath risen is utterly undone,

So is my love of her and hers of me—  
 And its most sweetness bitter as the sea.  
 Would God yet dawn might see the sun and  
 die !  
 Three years had looked on earth and passed  
 it by  
 Since Tristram looked on Isult, when he  
 stood  
 So communing with dreams of evil and good,  
 And let all sad thoughts through his spirit  
 sweep  
 As leaves through air or tears through eyes  
 that weep  
 Or snowflakes through dark weather ; and his  
 soul,  
 That had seen all those sightless seasons roll  
 One after one, wave over weary wave,  
 Was in him as a corpse is in its grave.  
 Yet, for his heart was mighty, and his might  
 Through all the world as a great sound and  
 light.  
 The mood was rare upon him ; save that here  
 In the low sundawn of the lightening year  
 With all last year's toil and its triumph done  
 He could not choose but yearn for that set sun  
 Which at this season saw the firstborn kiss  
 That made his lady's mouth one fire with his.  
 Yet his great heart being greater than his  
 grief  
 Kept all the summer of his strength in leaf  
 And all the rose of his sweet spirit in flower ;  
 Still his soul fed upon the sovereign hour  
 That had been or that should be ; and once  
 more  
 He looked through drifted sea and drifting  
 shore  
 That crumbled in the wave-breach, and again  
 Spake sad and deep within himself : ' What  
 pain  
 Should make a man's soul wholly break and  
 die,  
 Sapped as weak sand by water ? How shall I  
 Be less than all less things are that endure  
 And strive and yield when time is ? Nay,  
 full sure  
 All these and we are parts of one same end ;  
 And if through fire or water we twain tend  
 To that sure life where both must be made one,  
 If one we be, what matter ? Thou, O sun,  
 The face of God, if God thou be not—nay,  
 What but God should I think thee, what  
 should say,  
 Seeing thee risen, but very God ?—should  
 I,  
 I fool, rebuke thee sovereign in thy sky,

And the sea and the air alive,  
 And the waves that  
 Beneath thy

Some spirit of impulse and some sense of  
 will

That steers them through the seas of good  
 and ill

To some incognizable and actual end,  
 Be it just or unjust, be it man or friend,

How should we make the subtle spirit to  
 swerve,

How teach the strong soul of the world to  
 serve,

The imperious will in time and space to spare  
 That give man life turn him to give man  
 place—

The conscious lost lose conscience of its  
 way,

The rule and reason fail from night and day,  
 The streams flow back toward whence the  
 spring began,

That's of thirst night war the lips of man?  
 Let the which I be, and sure strengths stand  
 man.

And evil or good and death or life endure,  
 Not alterable and rootless, but indeed  
 A very stem born of a very seed  
 That brings forth fruit in season: how should I  
 this

Die that was sown, and that not be whelms,  
 And the old fruit change that came of the  
 ancient root,

And he that planted I'd it not bear fruit,  
 And he that water'd smite his vine with  
 drouth

Because its grapes are bitter in our mouth  
 And he that kindled quench the sun with  
 night

Because its beams are fire against our soul,  
 And he that tuned untune the sounding  
 sphere

Because their song is thunder in our ears,  
 How should the skies change and the stars,  
 and time

Be of the large concord of the years that  
 change,

A sailing, as wave to wave beneath the  
 moon,

That draws them shoreward over a whole  
 rock's tone

For the instant foam's sake on one turning  
 wave—

For man's sake that in the sea have?

For if in life or death be aught of trust,  
 And if some unseen just God or unjust  
 Put soul into the body of natural things,  
 And in time's pauseless feet and world-wide  
 wings

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A sailing, as wave to wave beneath the  
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That draws them shoreward over a whole  
 rock's tone

For the instant foam's sake on one turning  
 wave—

For man's sake that in the sea have?

Could the law that knows not soon or late,  
For whom no time nor space is—how should

late,  
That is not good nor evil, wise nor mad,  
Nor just nor unjust, neither glad nor sad—

How should the one thing that hath being,  
The one  
That moves not as the stars move or the sun  
By shadow or shape that lives or dies

By the brightness of dead earth or living skies,  
By its own darkness and its proper light  
See it with other names than day or night,  
And its own soul of strength and spirit of  
breath

That it with other powers than life or death—  
How should it turn from its great way to give  
That must die a clearer space to live?

Why should the waters of the sea be cleft,  
The hills be molten to his right and left,  
That he from deep to deep might pass dry-  
shod,

O look between the viewless heights on  
God?

Hath he such eyes as when the shadows flee,  
He can look out with to salute the sea?

His hand as luminous as the morning's hand?  
Or here the right stands hath he feet to

stand?  
Will he then cry not when he bids it cease?  
That he may say that saith to the east wind,

Peace!

His breath mightier than the west wind's  
breath?

Does his heart know the things of life and  
death?

Can he then bring forth sunshine and give  
rain,

Or his weak will that dies and lives again  
Take one thing certain or bind one thing

fast,  
That as he willed it shall be at the last?

How should the storms of heaven and kindled  
lights

Fill all the depths of things and topless  
heights

And air and earth and fire and water change  
Their likeness, and the natural world grow

strange,  
And all the limits of their life undone

And cease count of time and conscience of the sun,  
And that it fall under which was fixed above,  
That man might have a larger hour for love?

So musing with close lips and lifted eyes  
That smiled with self-contempt to live so wise,

With silent heart so hungry now so long,  
So late grown clear, so miserably made  
strong,

About the wolds a banished man he went,  
The brown wolds bare and sad as banish-  
ment,

By wastes of fruitless flowerage, and grey  
downs

That felt the sea-wind shake their wild-flower  
crowns

As though fierce hands would pluck from  
some grey head

The spoils of majesty despised and dead,  
And till with crying and comfortless strange  
sound

Their hollow sides and heights of herbless  
ground.

Yet as he went fresh courage on him came,  
Full dawn rose too within him as a flame,

The heart of the ancient hills and his were  
one;

The winds took counsel with him, and the  
sun

Spoke comfort; in his ears the shout of birds  
Was as the sound of clear sweet-spirited  
words,

The noise of streams as laughter from above  
Of the old wild lands, and as a cry of love

Spring's trumpet-blast blown over moor and  
lea;

The skies were red as love is, and the sea  
Was as the floor of heaven for love to tread.

So went he as with light about his head,  
And in the joyous travail of the year

Grew April-hearted; since nor grief nor  
fear

Can master so a young man's blood so long  
That it shall move not to the mounting song

Of that sweet hour when earth replumes her  
wings

And with fair face and heart set heavenward  
sings

As an awakened angel unaware  
That feels his sleep fall from him, and his  
hair

By some new breath of wind and music  
stirred,

Till like the sole song of one heavenly bird  
Sounds all the singing of the host of heaven,

And all the glories of the sovereign Seven  
Are as one face of one incorporate light,

And as that host of singers in God's sight  
Might draw toward one that slumbered, and  
arouse

The lips quickened and rekindling brows,

so seen in the earthly host of all that's born,  
In sight of living and eyes of the born,  
All births of life or waits of death and scorn,  
To draw toward him that sorrowed, and set  
free.

From presage and from grace of all pains,  
The life that leapt and lightened in his veins,  
So with no sense of need nor smiles of gloom,  
But with exalted eyes and heart, he took  
His part of sun and moon.

For all things lost, of these good things he  
knew.

And the spring loved him dearly, and the  
heart of the

the better part of earth,  
A man born as at sunrise, one that knew  
No change of day or night, no change of  
love.

But wholly without fear of titful breath,  
The face of life witched by the face of death;  
And living took his fill of rest and strife,  
Of love and of hate, and fruit and seed of  
life.

And when his time to live in light was done,  
With unbent head would pass out of the sun;  
A spirit as morning, fair and clear and strong,  
Whose thought and work were as one harp  
and song.

Heard through the world as in a strange  
key of hall.

Some great poet's voice that sings of life and death,  
So seemed all things to love him, and his  
heart.

In all their joy of life to take such part,  
That with the live earth and the living sea  
He was as one that communed mutually,  
With naked heart to heart of friend to friend,  
And the star deepening at the sunset's end,  
And the moon fallen before the gate of day,  
As one sore wearied with a length of way,  
And the winds wandering, and the streams  
and lies.

As face of his fellows in his eyes,  
Not lacked there love where he was evermore  
Of man and woman, friend of sea or shore,  
Not measurable with weight of graven gold,  
Free as the sun's gift of the world to hold  
and day back to man's reconquering  
sight.

That loses but its lordship for a night,  
And now that after many a season spent  
In many ways and works of banishment,  
Tired of strange fights and many a fruitless

venture of quest and vigils under shield,

He came back to the straits of sundering sea  
That port of green and grey from grey Britanny,  
Where dwelt the high song's daughter of the  
sea.

For she, the lady, from her fair white hand,  
She looked on him and loved him, but being  
a

the stern, rustic, a seal upon her face,  
And in her heart, that none might hear its

see the sweet signet of humility,

And he, the man, a stranger in her sight,  
A hard, old man and weary, no such knight

As she had dreamed of, he stepped her bows in foam,  
Stepped her that imperial Iscult home,

This maiden with her sixteen years  
And her hopes that played

And he, the man, a stranger in her sight,  
A hard, old man and weary, no such knight

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Stepped her that imperial Iscult home,

This maiden with her sixteen years  
And her hopes that played

in her heart hovered the thoughts of things

That, that with lighter or with heavier wings  
Beat round her memory, till it burned  
With grief that brightened and with hope  
yearned,

aching him so great and sad, nor knowing  
what fate

He bowed and crowned a head so sad and  
cold.

Nor might she guess but little, first or last,  
Though all her heart so hung upon his part,  
Of what so bowed him for what sorrow's  
sake:

For scarce of aught at any time he spake  
That from his own land oversea had sent  
His lordly life to barren banishment.

Yet still or soft or keen remembrance clung  
Close round her of the least word from his  
tongue

That fell by chance of courtesy, to greet  
With grace of tender thanks her pity, sweet  
As running streams to men's woe-worn  
feet.

And when between strange words her name  
would fall

Suddenly straightway to that lure's recall  
As would his heart bound as the falconer's  
bird

'I tremble and bow down before the word,  
Isult'—and all the cloudlike world grew  
flame,

And all his heart flashed lightning at her  
name;

'Isult'—and all the wan waste weary skies  
shone as his queen's own love-enkindled eyes.  
And seeing the bright blood in his face leap  
up

As red wine mantling in a royal cup  
To hear the sudden sweetness of the sound  
Ring, but ere well his heart had time to  
bound

His cheek would change, and grief bow down  
his head,

'Haply,' the girl's heart, though she spake  
not, said,

'This name of mine was worn of one long  
dead,

Some sister that he loved—' and therewithal  
Would pity bring her heart more deep in  
thrall.

But once, when winds about the world made  
mirth,

And March held revel hard on April's birth  
Till air and sea were jubilant as earth,

Delight and doubt in sense and soul began  
And yearning of the maiden toward the  
Harping on high before her: for his word  
Was fire that kindled in her heart that long  
And always through the rhyme's  
came

The virginal soft burden of her mood,  
And ere the full song failed, her  
Joy strove within her till it  
And all her heart was as his harp's  
Swift music, made of hope whose  
sprang

Bright in the blood that kindled—

'Stars know not how we call them, nor may flower  
Know by what happy name the hovering birds  
Baptize their new-born heads with dew and  
flame:

And Love, adored of all time as of ours,  
Isult, knew thought for ages of his name

'With many tongues men called on him, but he  
Wist not which word of all might worthiest be  
To sound for ever in his ear the  
The heart of man can hardly reach his  
Isult, the radiance of his name,

'By many names men call I have, as the night  
By many a name calls many a starry light,  
Her several sovereigns of divided  
But day by one name only call I  
Isult, the sun that bids men praise his name

'In many a name of man his name soared high  
And song shone round it soaring, till the sky  
Rang rapture, and the world's fast-  
Trembled with sense of triumph, even as I,  
Isult, with sense of worship at thy name

'In many a name of woman smiled his power  
Incarnate, as all summer in a flower,  
Till winter bring forgetfulness or shame;  
But thine, the keystone of his topless tower  
Isult, is one with Love's own lordliest name

'Isult my love, Isult my queen—' crowned,  
In thee my death, in thee my life lies bound,  
Names are there yet that all men's hearts acclaim,  
But Love's own heart rings answer to the sound,  
Isult, that bids it bow before thy name

There ceased his voice yearning upon the  
word,

Struck with strong passion dumb: but  
that heard

Quailed to the heart, and trembled ere her  
eyes

Durst let the living light within them rise,  
And vearn on his for answer—yet at last,

Albeit not all her fear was overpast,  
Hope, kindling even the frost of fear apace



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

ANSI #1 ISO TEST CHART No. 1



1.0

2.8

2.5

3.2

2.2

3.6

2.0

4



1.1



1.25



1.4



1.6



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where he might take them sleeping ; how ere  
day

I seen the grim next morning all away  
But bound they brought him down a weary  
day

With forty knights about him, and their chief  
A traitor who for trust had given him grief,  
In the old hoar chapel, like a

in the sea-rocks, there to take  
doom :

How, seeing he needs must die, he bade them  
yet

Be think them if they durst for shame forget  
What deeds for Cornwall had he done, and  
brought

All their sake what rescue, when he  
fought

Take of the fierce foul Irish foe that came  
To take of them for tribute in their shame  
Three hundred heads of children ; whom in  
fight

His hand redeeming slew Moraunt the knight  
That none durst lift his eyes against, not one  
Had heart but he, who now had help of none,  
To take the battle ; whence great shame

To knighthood, yea, foul shame on all men  
there,

To see him die so shamefully : nor durst  
One man look up, nor one make answer

Save even the very traitor, who defied  
And would have slain him waxed in his pride  
But he, that saw the sword plucked forth to  
slay,

He leapt on his hands and wrenched their  
bonds away,

Tying those twain that he wot bound to  
between

Sadly to him, and kindling in his mien  
Shone lion-fashion forth with eye alight,

And lion-wise leapt on that kin-man knight  
And wrung forth of his iron hands with  
light

The sword that should have slain him we per-  
less

And smote him sheer down : then came all  
the press

All raging in upon him ; but he wrought  
So well for his deliverance as they fought

That ten strong knight rejoicingly be-  
And took no wound, nor wearied : then the  
crew

Waxed greater, and their cry on him ; but he  
Had won the chapel now above the sea

That chafed right under : then the heart in  
him

Sprang, seeing the low cliff clear to leap, and  
swim

Right out by the old blithe way the sea-mew  
takes

Across the bounding belt that breaks  
For ever, but the belt chain it makes

To be the breaker of the hand  
Time will unlink not even that hand

And by his own blow shall, once again  
Might he win forth into the green great main

Far on beyond, and there yield up his breath  
At least, with God's will, by no shameful

death,  
O happy, save his self, and come anew

Some long day later, ere sweet life were  
drawn

And as the sea-gull hovers high, and turns  
With eyes wherein the keen heart glittering

years  
Down toward the sweet green sea, whereon

the broad noon burns  
And suddenly, soul-stricken with delight,

Drops, and the glad wave gleams, and the  
light

Sees wing and wave confuse their fluttering  
white,

So Tri-tram one brief breathing-space apart  
Hung, and gazed down ; then with exulting

heart  
Hunged : and the fleet foam round a joyous

head  
He leapt, that shot under, and ere a shaft had

sped  
Rose again radiant, a rejoicing star,  
And high along the water-ways afar

Triumphed : and they deemed he needs must  
be

But Gouvernaille his squire, that watched  
hard by,

Sought where perchance a man might win  
ashore,

Striving, with strong limbs, labouring long  
and sore,

And there abode an hour : till as from fight  
Crowned with hard conquest won by master-

ing might,  
Hardly, but happier for the imperious toil,

Swam the knight in forth of the close waves'  
coil,

Sea-satiate, bruised with buffets of the brine,  
Laughing, and flushed as one atre with wine :

All this came hard upon him in a breath ;  
And how he marvelled in his heart that death



'Iseult?' and full of love and lovelier fear  
A virgin voice gave answer—'I am here.'  
And a pang rent his heart at root: but still,  
For spirit and flesh were vassals to his will,  
Strong faith held mastery on them: and the  
    breath  
Felt on his face did not his will to death,  
Nor glance nor lute-like voice nor flower-soft  
    touch  
Nor light so prevail upon it overmuch  
But constancy might less prevail than they,  
For all he looked and loved her as she lay  
Smiling; and soft as bird alights on bough  
He kissed her maiden mouth and blameless  
    brow,  
Once, and again his heart within him sighed:  
But all his young blood's yearning toward  
    his bride,

How hard soe'er it held his life awake  
For passion, and sweet nature's unforbidden  
    sake,  
And will that strove unwillingly with will  
    might not break,  
Fell silent as a wind abashed whose breath  
Dies out of heaven, suddenly done to death,  
When in between them on the dumb dune  
    air  
Floated the bright shade of a face more  
    fair  
Than hers that hard beside him shrunk and  
    smiled  
And wist of all no more than might a child,  
So had she all her heart's will, all she would,  
For love's sake that sufficed her, glad and  
    good,  
All night safe sleeping in her maidenhood,

V.

ISEULT AT TINTAGEL.

BUT that same night in Cornwall oversea  
Touched at Queen Iseult's hand, against her  
    knee,  
With keen kind eyes that read her whole  
    heart's pain  
Fast at wide watch lay Tristram's hound  
    Hodain,  
The goodliest and the mightiest born on earth,  
That many a forest day of fiery mirth  
Had plied his craft before them; and the  
    queen  
Fished him, even for those dim years be-  
    tween,  
More than of old in those bright months far  
    flown  
When ere a blast of Tristram's horn was  
    blown  
Each morning as the woods rekindled, ere  
Day gat full empire of the glimmering air,  
Delight of dawn would quicken him, and fire  
Spring and pant in his breath with bright  
    desire  
To be among the dewy ways on quest:  
But now perforce at restless-hearted rest

He chafed through days more barren than the  
    sand,  
Soothed hardly but soothed only with her  
    hand,  
Though fain to fawn thereon and follow, still  
With all his heart and all his loving will  
Desiring one divided from his sight,  
For whose lost sake dawn was as dawn of  
    night  
And noon as night's noon in his eyes was dark.  
But in the halls far under sat King Mark,  
Feasting, and full of cheer, with heart uplift,  
As on the night that harper gat his gift:  
And music revelled on the titful air,  
And songs came floated up the festal stair,  
And muffled roar of wassail, where the king  
Took heart from wine-cups and the quiring  
    string  
Till all his cold thin veins rejoiced and ran  
Strong as with lifeblood of a kinglier man.  
But the queen shut from sound her wearied  
    ears,  
Shut her sad eyes from sense of aught save  
    tears,

And weary, too, with soft nerve hands,  
and pale cheeks.

'O God, God! of woman, of a maid,  
O God, God! of thine own flesh and blood!

O very, very, so glad in heaven and sad  
On earth for earth's sake always: since thou art

Perfect, perfect, in nature of spirit and heart,  
Since thou art, for thy sake and thine bitter doom

But thou art perfect in nature's world,  
I that am to love and cannot hear or see  
On shadow or likeness or a sound of thee

Far off, all but with man's own speech and  
face  
Thou shine yet and thou speak yet, the very  
lothing thee—

An me! grace only said on souls that are  
Fit and fit forth, I shadow but thy star—  
Alas! to thee—men only given, to thee,

Lord, whom they love, dead's Godward, to thy  
knee—

I, can I drive thee, me-ward, can I seek,  
Who love thee not, to love me? seeing how  
weak,

Lord, all this little love I bear thee is,  
And how much more I bring love more than  
this,

My love that I have run with, that I bear  
Him sinning through me sinning? wilt thou  
care,

God, for this love, if love be any, alas,  
In me to give thee, though long since there  
was,

How long, when I too, Lord, was clean, even  
I,

That now am unclean till the day I die—  
Haply by burning, haply by fire, made  
A horror in all hearts of wife and maid,  
Hateful, not knowing it ever in these mine

eyes  
Shed any light of thine in any wise  
Or this were I've at all that I love thee?

And the night spake, and thunder'd on the  
sea,

Ravens aloft for ruin of his sea and all  
The nation of the men that's northward  
will

Bring respite out from all their deepening  
laughter,  
As the east wind glided up his godlike  
strength

And Lord! to have gain't the high-tower'd  
hill

The flock of the flock that know no fold.

The great white heads of slithering storm  
and the

Heart that in the head of wind or storming sea  
know not if night were and day or day were

And  
'Ve, though deep lips and tender lips  
thine,

Thine, cheek with r, brow red and blue,  
will I change as from the heart  
To a hundredth of heart and blood

Shall I more love thee, Lord, or I love  
less—

Alas! noble! though spirit and heart  
red,

shall I repent, Lord! O! shall I repent  
Nay, though thou slay me! for I love thee  
blest,

That as I loved him yet I love him more  
More than mine ever could love another,  
Though thy love save and my love save not  
me.

Blest am I beyond women even here,  
That beyond all born women is my love,  
And perfect my transgression: that above  
All offerings of all others is my love,

Who have chosen it only, and put away for  
this

Thee, and my soul's hope, Saviour, of the kiss  
Wherewith thy lips make welcome all thine  
own

When in them life and death are overthrown;  
The sinless lips that seal the death of sin.  
The kiss wherewith their dumb lips touched  
begin

Singing in heaven,  
'Where we shall never, Lord,  
Never stand up nor sing! for God above

Knows us, how too much more than God to  
me  
Thy sweet love is, my poor love is to thee!

Deir, dost thou see now, dost thou hear to-  
night,

sleeping, my waste wild speech, my face worn  
white,

—Speech once heard soft by thee, face once  
kissed red!

In such a dream as when men see their dead  
And know not if they know if dead these be?

Ah love, are thy days my days, and to thee  
Are all rights like my nights? do I see in  
Give thee? art thou soul-sick till I be  
done,

And weary till day rises? is thine heart  
Full of dead things as mine is? Nay, thou art

"Thou man's strength and praise and  
 "Thou woman, no queen, no loveless wife  
 "I would be shamed albeit she had not  
 "I swordlike was the sound of the iron  
 "The breaking battle was the sea.  
 "Nay, Lord, I pray thee let him love not  
 "Not any more, nor like me die,  
 "No more than such a thing as I  
 "Thou heart from me, lest my love to love  
 "I lose thee, and his fair soul refuse  
 "To the thy far heaven, and as I fell  
 "I be mixed with my soul and with  
 "I die rather, and only : let me be  
 "I of him so he be loved of thee,  
 "For I would not have him win me  
 "Thou  
 "Thy light and love in the night  
 "Thy sight in the unseen heart where I  
 "Haply, going alone, so thou on high  
 "Thou his soul and love him—Ah, Lord,  
 "Lord,  
 "Dost thou love as I love him? she that  
 "I poured  
 "In the adabaster broken at thy feet  
 "Contentment very precious, not so sweet  
 "It poured likewise forth before thee then  
 "In the rehallowed heart of Magdalen,  
 "A heart broken, yearning like the dove,  
 "Contentment very precious which is love  
 "Dost thou love God and God, and sinful  
 "He  
 "But indeed as surely she loved thee?  
 "But if not, then as we sinners can  
 "His love still in the old sad wise of man,  
 "A less love than my love, having had  
 "Though God love him he shall not be  
 "I  
 "With such love as my love, I wot well,  
 "Had not be disconsolate in hell:  
 "Only as souls for utter love's sake be  
 "And a little sad, perchance, for me—  
 "Happy, me more glad than God above,  
 "In the utmost hell whose fires consume not  
 "I  
 "In the waste ways emptied of the sun  
 "I could say—"Dear, thy place is void, and  
 "I  
 "Among angels for thee, with his face  
 "I led, saying, *O sister, how thy chosen*  
 "I

*Starts and sits that God made fair for thee!*  
*I heaven not shatter, and to thy brethren, no*  
*Farther than here on earth and life in hell?"*  
 And I—with me were all things then not  
 well?  
 Should I not answer—"O love, be well con-  
 tent,  
 Look on me, and behold if I repent."  
 This were more to me than an angel's wings.  
 Yea, many men pray God for many things,  
 But I pray that this only thing may I  
 And as a full field charging was the cry,  
 And as the cry of slain men was the wail.  
 "Yea, since I surely loved him, and he  
 sinned  
 Surely, though not as my sin his be black,  
 God, give him to me—God, God, give him  
 back!  
 For now how should we live in twain or die?  
 I am he indeed, thou knowest, and he is I.  
 Not man and woman several as we were,  
 But one thing with one life and death to bear,  
 How should one love his own soul overmuch?  
 And time is long since last I felt the touch,  
 The sweet touch of my lover, hand and  
 breath,  
 In such delight as puts delight to death,  
 Burn my soul through, till spirit and soul and  
 sense,  
 In the sharp grasp of the hour, with violence  
 Died, and again through pangs of violent  
 birth  
 Lived, and laughed out with refluent might of  
 mirth;  
 Laughed each on other and shuddered into  
 one,  
 As a cloud shuddering dies into the sun.  
 Ah, sense is that or spirit, soul or flesh,  
 That only love lulls or awakes afresh?  
 Ah, sweet is that or bitter, evil or good,  
 That very love allays not as he would?  
 Nay, truth is this or vanity, that gives  
 No love assurance when love dies or lives?  
 This that my spirit is wrung withal, and yet  
 No surelier knows if haply thine forget,  
 Thou that my spirit is wrung for, nor can say  
 Love is not in thee dead as yesterday?  
 Dost thou feel, thou, this heartbeat whence  
 my heart  
 Would send thee word what life is mine apart.  
 And know by keen response what life is  
 thine?  
 Dost thou not hear one cry of all of mine?  
 O Tristram's heart, have I no part in thee?  
 And all her soul was as the breaking sea,

And if her heart on hungered—the wind,  
Dost thou repent thee of the sin we  
stained?

Dost thou repent thee of the day and nights  
That knifed and bit thee, while thou wast their  
light?

The months that stretched us with their  
hours,

The ways that gathered of us in all their  
movements,

The dells that sang of us when their doves  
Dost thou repent thee of the way we all love?

Is thine heart changed, and dost we count  
thou grown

God's enemy now? Yet though my heart  
make none,

Fain would I a soul give thee, for thou art  
that

Be saved—yea, fain praise God, and know  
not how.

How should it know thanksgiving, nay, or  
learn

Aught of the love where with thine own should  
burn.

God's, that should eat out as an evil thing  
Mine? yea, what hand of prayer have I to  
cling.

What heart to prophesy, what spirit or sight  
To strain mine eyes toward incense light,

Who look but back on life where I sinned?

And all their past came wailing in the wind,  
And all their future thundered in the sea.

But if my soul might touch the time to be,  
It had might handle now or eye behold

My life and death ordained me from of old,  
The palpable, compact of blood and breath,

At this, present, naked, very death,  
Should I desire to know before the day

Those that I know not, nor is man that may?  
For haply, seeing, my heart would break for  
fear,

And my soul far less cast its load off here,  
Its load of life too bitter, love too sweet,

And fall down shamefaced and naked at thy feet,  
God, who wouldst take no pity of it, nor give

One hour back, one of all its hours to live  
Clothed with my mortal body, that once  
more.

Once, on this reach of barren beaten shore,  
This stormy strand of life, ere sail were set,

Had haply felt love's owns about it yet—  
Yea, ere death's bark put off to seaward,  
bright

With heavy a grief have bought me one de-  
light

That then should know me never. Al, what  
years

Would I endure not, filled up full with tears,  
Bitter like blood and dark as dread of death,

To win one amorous hour of mingling breath,  
One fire-eyed hour and sunnier than the  
sun,

For all these nights and days like nights but  
one?

O one hour of heaven born once, a storm  
birth,

For all these windy weary hours of earth,  
One, but one hour from birth of joy to death,

For all these hurrying hours of feverish  
breath

And I should lose this, having died and  
sinned?

And as man's anguish clamouring cried the  
wind,

And as God's anger answering rang the sea,  
And yet what life—Lord God, what life  
for me

Has thy strong wrath made ready? Dost  
thou think

How lips whose thirst hath only tears to  
drink

Grow grey for grief untimely? Dost thou  
know,

O happy God, how men wax weary of woe—  
Yea, for their wrong's sake that thine hand  
hath done

Come even to hate thy semblance in the sun?  
Turn back from dawn and noon and all thy  
light

To make their souls one with the soul of  
night?

Christ, if thou hear yet or have eyes to see,  
Thou that hadst pity, and hast no pity on me,  
Know'st thou no more, as in this life's sharp  
span,

What pain thou hadst on earth, what pain  
hath man?

Hast thou no care, that all we suffer yet?  
What help is ours of thee if thou forget?  
What profit have we though thy blood were  
given,

If we that sin bleed and be not forgiven?  
Not love but hate, thou bitter God and  
strange,

Whose heart as man's heart hath grown cold  
with change.

Not love but hate thou showest us that have  
sinned?

And like a world's cry shuddering was the  
wind,







only, with e'en I, that I had been  
 to be new, and so I was glad  
 lives linked else in woe; not that  
 ved the sweet heart of her love;  
 that my love and truth was true  
 I was  
 I that heart was keen against the  
 let thou believe my very lady, then  
 I that heart was keen against the  
 I that heart was keen against the  
 ere that day the hawk came to bat  
 e to bring his brother to the  
 t of that strange Iselt; and thereon  
 soon for Cornwall are these brethren  
 to that royal pleasance where the hunt  
 ever of old with Tristram's horn in front  
 the queen's horse bound; and there  
 of all her dames forth pranced  
 day before them, with a ringing rein  
 all golden-glad, the king's false bride Brang-  
 wain,  
 the queen's true handmaid ever; and on her  
 ncing, 'Be called for all time truth-teller,  
 O Tristram, of all true men's tongues alive,'  
 Ganah Ganhardine; 'For may my soul so  
 live  
 As yet mine eye drank never sight like this.'  
 'A' Tristram said, 'and she thou look'st  
 of goodness, that thou  
 left of wrath against me  
 handmaid? Nay,  
 than of gold  
 of all, above  
 past  
 praise or prayer of love;  
 I  
 some time with wine  
 Gan-  
 I his  
 went apart  
 and scarce  
 spak  
 saying how his  
 yal an Imail's sake  
 Was made  
 knight  
 Bade him, being kn  
 not that stood in  
 light,

Bear to Brangwain his ring, that she unseen  
 Might give in token privily to the queen  
 And send swift word where and when noon or  
 ean  
 They twain might yet be no more twain  
 ean  
 ved that same night, under the stars that  
 rolled  
 Over their warm deep wildwood nights of old  
 Whose hours for grains of sand shed sparks  
 ean  
 Such way was made anew for them de-are  
 By secret wile of sickness feigned, to keep  
 The long far off her vigils or her sleep,  
 ean  
 the queen's pavilion midway set  
 By hammering moondawn were those lover  
 met,  
 And Ganhardine of Brangwain gat him grace  
 ved in some passionate soft inter-space  
 Between two swells of passion, when their  
 lips  
 Breathed, and made room for such brief speech  
 lips  
 From tongues athirst with draughts of amor-  
 ean  
 That leaves them thirstier than  
 ean  
 Was counsel taken how to fly, and where  
 Find covert from the wide world's ravening  
 air  
 That hunts with storm the feet of nights and  
 days  
 Through strange thwart lines of life and  
 flowerless ways.  
 Then said Iselt: 'Lo, now the chance is  
 here  
 Fore-shown me late by word of Guenevere,  
 To give me comfort of thy rumoured wrong.  
 My traitor Tristram, when report was strong  
 Of me forsaken and thine heart estranged  
 Nor should her sweet soul toward me yet be  
 changed  
 Nor all her love lie barren, if mine hand  
 Crave harvest of it from the flowering land.  
 See therefore if this counsel please thee not,  
 That we take horse in haste for Camelot  
 And seek the friendship of her plighted troth  
 Which love shall be full fain to lend, nor loth  
 Shall my love to take it.' So next night  
 The many stars laughed round their  
 light,  
 Flaming far with laughter made of light  
 The chanting deeps of heaven: and in brief  
 space  
 At Camelot their long love gat them grace



When the sun sprang on the sea,  
 And the day-spring cast and, and the day  
 Shone in them untimely, such delight  
 Took yet of the clear cold breath and  
 Light  
 Goes before the morning, and such grace  
 Breathless in them through their whole  
 Life's space  
 As in many with their dawn that do  
 Slaves in pulseless hearts and flameless  
 Eyes  
 Light to lighten and no tear to weep  
 Youth's high joy that time has cast on  
 Deep,  
 Thus old grace and height of joy they had  
 No jot all that made them glad  
 Filled their springs of spirit with such fit  
 All delight fed in them all desire;  
 No whit less than in their first keen crime  
 Spring's breath blew through all their  
 Summer time,  
 In their skies would unlike Love con-  
 tain  
 Clear April colours with hot August hues,  
 In their hearts one light of sun and moon  
 Signed, and the morning died not of the  
 Noon;  
 In might of life was in them, and so high  
 Their heart of love rose higher than fate  
 Could fly.  
 And many a large delight of hawk and hound  
 The great glad land that knows no bourne or  
 Bound,  
 Gave the wind's own and the outer-sea-bank's,  
 Gave  
 Their days for comfort; many a long blithe  
 Gave  
 And their blithe bark between the bare  
 Bald rocks  
 Deep, steep, and still, save for the swift free  
 Flocks  
 Shepherded, uncompassed, unconfined,  
 It when blown foam keeps all the loud air  
 Blind  
 With the wind's thrice graph, and par-  
 take  
 The joy of blasts that rave, waves that break,  
 Round and all below their morning  
 Wings,  
 A hanging cloud that round the cliff's edge  
 Clings  
 On each bleak bluff breaking the strenuous  
 Tides  
 That rings reverberate mirth when storm be-  
 strides

With all their  
 Raining, where the sudden rain  
 With sharp thick flight of hillside  
 Where  
 On some strait rock's ledge in the in-  
 mure air  
 Erect against the cliff's sheer sunlight  
 Blue as the clear north heaven, clothed with  
 With light  
 Stood neck to bended neck and  
 With heads fast hidden under  
 Flowers on one flowering almonde-branch in  
 Spring  
 Three herons deep asleep against the sun,  
 Each with one bright foot downward poised  
 And  
 Wing-hidden hard by the bright head, a pal-  
 Still as fair shapes fixed on some wondrous  
 Wall  
 Of minster-tisle or cloister-close or hall  
 To take even time's eye prisoner with delight.  
 Or, satisfied with joy of sound, not  
 They sat and communed of things past; what  
 State  
 King Arthur, yet unwearied up on by fate,  
 Held high in hall at Camelot, like one  
 Whose lordly life was as the morning sun  
 That climbs and pauses on the point of noon,  
 Sovereign; how royal rang the tourney's tone  
 Through Tristram's three days' triumph, spear  
 To spear;  
 When Isolt shone enthroned by Guenevere.  
 Rose against rose, the highest adored on earth,  
 Imperial; yet with subtle notes of mirth  
 Would she bemock her praises, and bemoan  
 Her glory by that splendour overthrown  
 Which lightened from her sister's eyes late;  
 Saying how by night a little light seems  
 Great,  
 But less than least of all things, very nought,  
 When dawn undoes the web that darkness  
 Brought;  
 How like a tower of ivory well designed  
 By subtlest hand sub-serving subtlest mind,  
 Ivory with flower of rose incarnadined  
 And kindling with some God therein revealed,  
 A light for grief to look on and be healed,  
 Stood Guenevere, and all beholding her  
 Were heartstruck even as earth at midsum-  
 mer  
 With burning wonder, hardly to be borne,  
 So was that amorous glorious lady born,

A fiery memory for all storied years :  
Nor might men call her sisters crowned her  
peers.

Her sister queens, put all by her to scorn ;  
She had such eyes as are not made to mourn ;  
But in her own a gleaming ghost of tears  
Shone, and their glance was slower than  
Guenevere's.

And fitfuller with fancies grown of grief ;  
Shamed as a Mayflower shames an autumn  
leaf

Full well she wist it could not choose but be  
If in that other's eyeshot standing she  
Should lift her looks up ever ; wherewithal  
Like fires whose light fills heaven with festi-  
val

Flamed her eyes full on Tristram's ; and he  
laughed.

Answering, ' What wile of sweet child-hearted  
craft

That children forge for children, to beguile  
Eyes known of them not witless of the wile  
But fain to seem for sport's sake self-deceived.  
Wilt thou find out now not to be believed ?  
Or how shall I trust more than ouphe or elf  
Thy truth to me-ward, who believst thyself ?'

' Nor elf nor ouphe or aught of airier kind,'  
Quoth she, ' though made of moonbeams  
moist and blind.

Is light if weighed with man's winged weight-  
less mind.

Though thou keep somehow troth with me,  
God wot,

When thou didst wed, I doubt, thou thought-  
est not

So charily to keep it.' ' Nay,' said he,

' Yet am not I rebukable by thee

As Lancelot, erring, held me ere he wist

No mouth save thine of mine was ever kissed

Save as a sister's only, since we twain

Drank first the draught assigned our lips to  
drain

That Fate and Love with darkling hands  
commit

Pour'd, and no power to part them came  
betwixt,

But either's will, howbeit they seem at strife,  
Was toward us one, as death itself and life

Are one sole doom toward all men, nor may  
one

Behold not darkness, who beholds the sun '

' Ah, then,' she said, ' what word is this  
men fear

Of Merlin, how some doom too strange to  
fear

Was cast but late about him over-sea,  
Sweet recreant, in thy bridal Brittany ?  
Is not his life sealed fast on him with sleep,  
By witchcraft of his own and love's, to keep  
Till earth be fire and ashes ?'

' Surely,' said  
Her lover, ' not as one alive or dead

The great good wizard, well beloved and well  
Predestinate of heaven that casts out hell

For guerdon gentler far than all men's fate,  
Exempt alone of all predestinate,

Takes his strange rest at heart of slumber-law,  
More deep asleep in green Broceliande

Than shipwrecked sleepers in the soft green  
sea

Beneath the weight of wandering waves : but  
he

Hath for those roofing waters overhead  
Above him always all the summer spread

Or all the winter waiting : or the sweet  
Late leaves marked red with autumn's burn-  
ing feet,

Or withered with his weeping, round the sea  
Rain, and he sees not, nor may heed or hee

The witness of the winter : but in spring  
He hears above him all the winds on wing

Through the blue dawn between the brighten-  
ing fogs,

And on shut eyes and slumber-smitten brows  
Feels ambient change in the air and strength-  
ening sun.

And knows the soul that was his soul at one  
With the ardent world's, and in the spirit of  
earth

His spirit of life reborn to mightier birth  
And mixed with things of elder life than ours ;

With cries of birds, and kindling lamps of  
flowers,

And sweep and song of winds, and fruitful  
light

Of sunbeams, and the far faint breath of night,  
And waves and woods at morning : and in all,

Soft as at noon the slow sea's rise and fall,  
He hears in spirit a song that none but he

Hears from the mystic mouth of Nimue  
Shed like a consecration ; and his heart,

Hearing, is made for love's sake as a part  
Of that far singing, and the life thereof

Part of that life that feeds the world with  
love :

Yea, heart in heart is molten, he's and his  
Into the world's heart and the soul that is

Beyond our sense or vision ; and their breath  
Stirs the soft springs of deathless life and

death,

Death that bears life, and change that brings  
forth seed  
Of life to death and death to life indeed,  
As blood recircling through the unsounded  
veins

Of earth and heaven with all their joys and  
pains

And that when love shall laugh no more nor  
weep

As too, we too might hear that song and  
sleep

'Yea,' said Iscalt, 'some joy it were to be  
lost in the sun's light and the all-girdling sea,  
Mixed with the winds and woodlands, and to  
bear

Part in the large life of the quickening air,  
And the sweet earth's, our mother: yet to pass  
More fleet than mirrored faces from the glass  
Out of all pain and all delight, so far

That love should seem but as the furthest star  
Sunk deep in trembling heaven, scarce seen  
or known,

As a dead moon forgotten, once that shone  
where now the sun shines—nay, not all  
things yet.

Not all things always, dying, would I forget.'  
And Tristram answered amorously, and  
said:

'O heart that here art mine, O heavenliest  
head

That ever took men's worship here, which art  
Mine, how shall death put out the fire at  
heart,

Quench in men's eyes the head's remembered  
light

That time shall set but higher in more men's  
sight?

Think thou not much to die one earthly day,  
Being made not in their mould who pass away  
Nor who shall pass for ever.'

'Ah,' she said,  
'What shall it profit me, being praised and  
loved?

What profit have the flowers of all men's  
praise

What pleasure of our pleasure have the days  
That pour on us delight of life and mirth?

What fruit of all our joy on earth has earth?  
Not an I—nay, my lover, am I one

To take such part in heaven's enkindling sun  
And in the inviolate air and sacred sea

As clothes with grace that wondrous Nimue?  
For all her works are bounties, all her deeds

Lessings; her days are scrolls wherein love  
reads

The record of his mercies: heaven above  
Hath not more heavenly holiness of love  
Than earth beneath, wherever pass or pause  
Her feet that move not save by love's own  
laws,

In gentleness of godlike wayfaring  
To heal men's hearts as earth is healed by  
spring

Of all such woes as winter: what am I,  
Love, that have strength but to desire and  
die,

That have but grace to love and do thee  
wrong,

What am I that my name should live so long,  
Save as the star that crossed thy star-struck  
lot,

With hers whose light was life to Launcelot?  
Life gave she him, and strength, and fame  
to be

For ever: I, what gift can I give thee?  
Peril and sleepless watches, fearful breath

Of dread more bitter for my sake than death  
When death came nigh to call me by my name.

Exile, rebuke, remorse, and—O, not shame.  
Shame only, this I gave thee not, whom none

May give that worst thing ever—no, not one.  
Of all that hate, all hateful hearts that see

Darkness for light and hate where love should  
be,

None for my shame's sake may speak shame  
of thee,

And Tristram answering ere he kissed her,  
smiled:

'O very woman, god at once and child,  
What ails thee to desire of me once more

The assurance that thou hadst in heart before?  
For all this wild sweet waste of sweet vain

breath,  
Thou knowest I know thou hast given me  
life, not death.

The shadow of death, informed with shows  
of strife,

Was ere I won thee all I had of life.  
Light war, light love, light living, dreams in

sleep,  
Joy slight and light, not glad enough to weep,  
Filled up my foolish days with sound and

shine.  
Vision and gleam from strange men's cast on  
mine.

Reverberate light from eyes presaging thine  
That shed but shadowy moonlight where thy

face  
Now sheds forth sunshine in the deep same  
place,



Till all the sweet life of her blood was  
changed

And all her soul from all her past estranged  
And all her will with all itself at strife

And all her mind at war with all her life,  
Till the white-handed Iseult, maid and wife,

For a mourner that for mourning robes had on  
Anger and doubt and hate of things foregone

And that sweet spirit of old which made her  
sweet

Was parched with blasts of thought as flowers  
with heat

And withered as with wind of evil will ;  
Though slower than frosts or fires consume  
or kill

That bleak black wind vexed all her spirit  
still.

As ripples reddening in the roughening  
breath

Of the eager east when dawn does night to  
death,

So rose and stirred and kindled in her thought  
Three barren fluctuant fires that lit not aught,

But scorched her soul with yearning keen as  
hate

And dreams that left her wrath disconsolate,  
When change came first on that first heaven  
where all

Life's hours were flowers that dawn's light  
hand let fall,

The sun that smote her dewy cloud of days  
Wrought from its showery folds his rainbow's  
rays,

For love the red, for hope the gentle green,  
But yellow jealousy glared pale between.

Yet the sky grew heavier, and her head  
went flowerwise, chill with change and fancies  
fled,

So saw but love arch all her heaven across  
with red,

A burning bloom that seemed to breathe and  
beat

And waver only as flame with rapturous heat  
Wavers ; and all the world therewith smelt  
sweet,

As incense kindling from the rose-red flame ;  
And when that full flush waned, and love  
became

More fainter, though his fading horoscope  
from certitude of sight receded, hope

Yet her April-coloured light aloft  
As though to lure back love, a lamp salamine  
and soft

But soon that light paled as a leaf grows pale  
And fluttered leaf-like in the gathering gale

And melted even as dew-drops, whose brief  
shorn

The sun that gave the peaks of glittering  
green ;

Till harder shone 'twixt love and love, now  
cold

A sallow light like winter's sun, and  
The pale Strife flame of a day that  
that glows

More deep than love's green flame, and  
enkindle a rose ;

As though the sunflower's face were dark  
absorbed

The spirit and heart of a storm, the  
cloud

That since full hour of truth had  
bare

To let bright night be told by  
The glad green eyes of love far away

Watch with sweet thoughts, and death the death  
of day

Saw lonelier, as the night ever grows  
Sit fixed, it watch for that brief  
As darkness's face, and her eye to find  
Climb, till it died with night the  
peak

Where only of all a tiny mountain-lark  
Day seems to sing yet she is the  
And yielding heart that to the  
So, till her soul was clothed with night  
deed,

Rose the slow cloud of love, and  
And hardening heart, and her self  
Veiled heads of young eyes, and  
Dim thought on that first  
on dream.

Far off she saw, as if from  
The likeness of a dream, and  
And

Shine, and the finger of the  
side

Whose shadow from her seat cast  
bide,

Whose power and ghostly presence  
foit

Beside that unknown other  
She's then, clearer than the  
Rose on her eyes the staring  
And on her heart that heart of  
fate

Rose red with stern the  
late ;

And eyes and heart made  
swell

The first of sunset like the  
The first of sunset like the





dead, is it, whom their wrongdoing clothes  
 with shame,  
 That all who speak out tongues out at thy  
 name  
 Ask who hear mock mine? Make me thy  
 sword  
 that, if even thou shouldst forget, O Lord,  
 all of those that wrong me, I will not  
 forget  
 A hand, or my tongue may break  
 or smite them with thy power  
 hold,  
 I have nought on earth save thee for  
 hold,  
 I bid me not thou: I have nought but this to  
 have,  
 Make me thy mean to give them to the  
 grave,  
 sign that all men seeing may speak thee  
 just,  
 thy word which turns the strength of  
 dust,  
 y blast which burns up roses and thorns  
 with fire.  
 Lord, is this gift, this grace that I receive,  
 great a gift, Lord, for thy sake I give?  
 A I bid me bear thy part in mine?  
 But I whom scorn makes proud is at, I  
 might be  
 thy witness if I had sinning much at thee?  
 my life is as a burden ear  
 I took from the sheaf, dark days drive past  
 me here  
 Downtrodden, while I live, as piteous  
 heaves,  
 nothing more vile than Adam's name  
 leaves,  
 in these the sun and moon with  
 of  
 O thou my lord that hadst me to thy  
 set thou not fear at all, remembering me,  
 the love that bowed my whole soul down to  
 thee?  
 this so wholly not but for me to dread  
 on whose life walls between the  
 dead,  
 good, and warred about with wind and  
 dead,  
 at one should love and hate as I do  
 thee?  
 at one should live in all the world for  
 mortal as the hate that lives and  
 caught, is it nought, O husband, O my  
 knight,  
 O strong man, and indomitable in fight,  
 That one more weak than foam-bells on the  
 sea  
 Should have in heart such thoughts as I of  
 thee?  
 Thou art bound about with many strengths  
 for me?  
 What strength shall keep thee from my  
 strengthless hands?  
 Thou art girt about with goodly guards and  
 good  
 What loss to my fine thee thou hast de-  
 lost?  
 Thy good will will wisdom teach thee fear  
 of me  
 Thou art great of heart, shall this deliver  
 thee?  
 What wall so massive, what tower so  
 high,  
 Shall be thy surety that thou shouldst not  
 die?  
 If that which comes against thee be but  
 a  
 What shall I not give power to take thy part,  
 What shall I not strength to give, what strength  
 to defend?  
 If that which war against thee be my  
 heart?  
 Not iron, nor the might of force and  
 sword,  
 Nor edge of sword, nor sheltering weight of  
 shield,  
 Nor all thy force since all thy power be gone,  
 Nor all thy love, and heart, and last of man,  
 Nor, though his thousand hours with wood be  
 bound,  
 Shall God's love keep thee from the wrath of  
 God.  
 O son of sorrows, but thou saidst that  
 I  
 Happy, God love thee, God had not thy  
 part,  
 And had all these years endured thee, I see  
 the earth  
 For a sorrow would have been to be born on  
 earth?  
 So I may be with thee, my buckler over thee,  
 Shall he not have saved thee even from me?  
 Yes, but if yet he save thee while I live  
 for mine hands, he shall surely give,  
 For death at last bring darkness on thy  
 face  
 Call then on him, call not on me for grace,  
 Call not away one prayer, one suppliant  
 breath,  
 On me thou continue all this while with  
 death.  
 For I that was not and that was thy wife  
 Desire not but one hour of all thy life



And he pass forth a pilgrim, when there came  
A sound of summons in the high king's name  
For succour toward his vassal Tristram,  
King in wild Wales, now spoiled of all his  
power,

As Tristram's father ere his fair son's birth,  
By one the strongest of the sons of earth,  
Urgan, an iron-bulked giant moulded  
And Iseult in Tintagel as of old

That crowned with state and sorrow: for her  
lord

At Arthur's hand required her back restored,  
And willingly compelled against her will  
She yielded, saying within her own soul still  
Some season yet of soft or stormier breath  
Should haply give her life again or death.

For now nor quick nor dead nor bright nor  
dark

Were all her nights and days wherein King  
Mark

Held haggard watch upon her, and his eyes  
Were cloudier than the gale-drawn winter  
skies

That closed about the wan wild land and sea,  
And bitter toward him waxed her heart: but  
he

Was rent in twain betwixt his love and hate  
With pain and passion half compassionate:

That yearned and laboured to be quit of  
shame,

And could not: and his life grew smouldering  
flame,

And hers a cloud full-charged with storm and  
shower,

Though touched with trembling gleams of  
fire's bright flower

That flashed and faded on its fitful verge,  
As hope would strive with darkness and  
emerge

And sink, a swimmer strangled by the swal-  
lowing surge.

But Tristram by dense hills and deepening  
vales

Rode through the wild glad wastes of glorious  
Wales,

High-hearted with desire of happy fight  
And strong in soul with merrier sense of  
might

Than since the fair first years that hailed him  
knight:

For all his will was toward the war, so long  
Had love repressed and wrought his own  
wrong,

So far the triumph and so fair the prize  
Seemed now that kindled all his April days.

And he rode bright in dawn autumn, where his  
hair

Was made yet for strength toward love or  
battle,

Blithely waxed his hope toward battle, and high  
desire

To pluck once more as out of circling fire  
Fame, the broad flower whose breath makes  
death more sweet

Than roses crushed by love's receding feet,  
But all the lovely land wherein he went

The blast of ruin and ravenous war had rent;  
And black with fire the fields where home-  
roads were,

And foul with festering dead the high soft  
moor,

And loud with wail of women many a stream  
Whose own live song was like love's dooming  
drum.

Sped he all against the storm, wherefore and  
Wrath was d with pity, quickening all his  
will,

In Tristram's heart for every league he rode  
Though the wailing lark sobbed a curse he  
strode

With his a gleam a shadow: till one dawn,  
Above the green bloom of a gleaming lawn,

High on the strait steep windy Tintagel that  
spined

A gleam's deep mouth, he saw that shadow  
stand

Visible, sword on thigh and mace in hand  
Vast as the mid bulk of a roof-tree's beam,

So, sheer above the wild wolf-haunted stream,  
Dire as the face disfigured of a dream,

Rose Urgan: and his eyes were night and  
flame:

But like the fiery dawn were his that came  
Against him, lit with more sublime desire

Than lifts toward heaven the leaping heart of  
fire

And strong in vantage of his perilous place  
The huge high presence, red as earth's first  
face,

Reared like a reed the might up of his mace  
And smote: but lightly Tristram swerved  
and drew

Right in on him, whose well stroke only drove  
And red with blood, than the gleaming sword he  
sent forth a storm more cry than wind or sea

When rain and hail takes the tempest for her  
lord:

And all the gleam's throat seemed as hell's that  
roared:

But high like heaven's light over hell shone  
Tristram's sword,

Falling, and bright as storm shows God's bare  
 brand  
 Flashed as it shone out of the huge right  
 hand  
 Whose strength was as the shadow of death  
 on the world  
 And like the trunk of some green tree sawn  
 through  
 Reeled Urgan, as his left hand grasped and  
 drew  
 A-sted by sorrow, contempt, and anxiety  
 Raged the red sword of instant light, till  
 all  
 The cliffs were thrilled as by the clangorous  
 call  
 Of storm's blown trumpets from the cave of  
 night,  
 Clanging, and even as with a storm-wind's  
 might  
 On Tristran's helm that ever crashed, and  
 the knight  
 Fell, and his arms clashed, and a will cry  
 broke  
 From those that heard it, for his sake  
 Soul-stricken at that bulk of monitions  
 Luth  
 Sent forth again a cry more dire for myth  
 But ere the starlight arms were soiled of  
 earth  
 They flashed again, re-risen, and swift and  
 loud  
 Rang the strokes out as from reaching cloud,  
 So dense the dust wrought over them its  
 drifted shroud,  
 Strong strokes, with in the pit then battle  
 made,  
 Each hand a hammer, the right the shifting  
 shield  
 That clung about them hurdling as the swift  
 white waves  
 And each between the jointed carlet saw  
 red, north his foe's bright blood at each grim  
 blow  
 And made in hammered iron till again  
 the red put forth his might more strong for  
 pain  
 And clift the great knight's glittering shield  
 in twain,  
 Laughing for very wrath and thirst to kill,  
 A car's broad laugh of blind and wolfish  
 joy  
 And once again ere Tristran's lips drew  
 breath  
 Rang on, and swept as by the curse of  
 death.

That sunny should have touched and healed  
 them fast  
 Save that the sheer stroke sculled a side, and  
 passed  
 Frustrate, but answering Tristran's  
 anew,  
 And thrust the brute breast as with a glow-  
 through  
 Came with one cleaving stroke of perfect  
 right  
 And fell on the ever tall, long, upright,  
 And planged over the bridge, and fell, and  
 all  
 The cliffs reverberate from his monstrous  
 Rang, and the land by Tristran's grace  
 free  
 So with high kerlanthoum thence went he,  
 And southward, till his shrouding, and passing  
 The lone land's ending, to the held and last  
 Of eyes that look on English from the sea  
 And his heart mourned widow-land, knowing  
 how she  
 Whose heart with Luth was factually made for  
 Sat now fast bound, as though some charm  
 were cast  
 About her, such a bitter pace, toward  
 thence,  
 And yet might soul not break the bonds of  
 sense  
 And being forced to be very true and true  
 More than had this been even, and true  
 That was held to be true, and true, and  
 sweet light  
 The dim strait's darkness of the narrow  
 night  
 That shuts about men dying, and the soul  
 forth  
 To pierce its passage through, but neither  
 nor  
 Take for him, with other than they were  
 For all the northward, and the southward,  
 fair,  
 And off its iron, and the iron, and the  
 Blew summer, kind as Tristran's, and the bright  
 mouth  
 But winter breathed out of the humming  
 south,  
 Where, pale with wind, and watch, and  
 ship,  
 The lone wife Luth wait with ward and  
 Yet, calling where the shore would  
 ended  
 Of the most wide, sweet waves in all the world  
 His soul took comfort even for joy to see  
 The strong deep joy of living sun and sea,

The large deep love of living sea and land,  
 A past the lonely lion-guarded strand  
 Where that huge warder lifts his couchant  
 sides,  
 A leap, above the looper-hips of tides,  
 The light sail swept, and past the unsounded  
 caves  
 Unsearchable, wherein the pulse of waves  
 Throbs through perpetual darkness to and  
 fro,  
 And the blind night swims heavily below  
 While heavily the strong noon broods above,  
 Even to the very bay whence very Love,  
 strong daughter of the giant gods who  
 wrought  
 Sun, earth, and sea out of their procreant  
 thought,  
 Most meetly might have risen, and most  
 divine  
 Beheld and heard things round her sound  
 and shine  
 From floors of foam and gold to walls of  
 serpentine.  
 For splendid as the limbs of that supreme  
 incarnate beauty through men's visions gleam,  
 Whereof all fairest things are even but  
 shadow or dream,  
 And lovely like as Love's own heavenliest  
 face,  
 Gleams there and glows the presence and the  
 grace  
 Even of the mother of all, in perfect pride of  
 place.  
 For otherwhere beneath our world-wide sky  
 there may not be beheld of men that die  
 Aught else like this that dies not, nor may  
 stress  
 Of ages that bow down men's works make less  
 The exultant awe that clothes with power its  
 loveliness,  
 For who sets eye thereon soever knows  
 How since these rocks and waves first rolled  
 and rose  
 The marvel of their many-coloured might  
 Hath borne this record sensible to sight,  
 The witness and the symbol of their own  
 delight,  
 The gospel graven of life's most heavenly law,  
 Lay, brooding on its own still soul with awe,  
 A sense of godlike rest in godlike strife,  
 The sovereign conscience of the spirit of life.  
 Nor otherwhere on strand or mountain tower  
 Hath such fair beauty shining forth in flower  
 But on the imperial robe of such imperious  
 power.

For all the radiant rocks from depth to height  
 Burn with vast bloom of glories blossom  
 bright  
 As though the sun's own hand had thrilled  
 them through with light  
 And stained them through with splendour;  
 yet from thence  
 Such awe strikes rapture through the spirit of  
 sense  
 From all the inaccessible sea-wall's girth,  
 That exultation, bright at heart as mirth,  
 Bows deeper down before the beauty of earth  
 Than fear may bow down ever; nor shall one  
 Who meets at Alpine dawn the mountingsun  
 On heights too high for many a wing to climb  
 Be touched with sense of aught seen more  
 sublime  
 Than here smiles high and sweet in face of  
 heaven and time.  
 For here the flower of fire, the soft hoar bloom  
 Of springtide olive-woods, the warm green  
 gloom  
 Of clouded seas that swell and sound with  
 dawn of doom,  
 The keen thwart lightning and the wan grey  
 light  
 Of stormy sunrise crossed and vexed with  
 night,  
 Flash, loom, and laugh with divers hues in  
 one  
 From all the curved cliff's face, till day be done,  
 Against the sea's face and the gazing sun,  
 And whensoever a strong wave, high in hope,  
 Sweeps up some smooth slant breadth of  
 stone aslope,  
 That glowed with duskier fire of hues less  
 bright,  
 Swift as it sweeps back springs to sudden sight  
 The splendour of the moist rock's fervent  
 light,  
 Fresh as from dew of birth when time was  
 born  
 Out of the world-conceiving womb of morn.  
 All its quenched flames and darkling hues  
 divine  
 Leap into lastrous life and laugh and shine  
 And darken into swift and dim decline  
 For one brief breath's space till the next wave  
 can  
 Right up, and ripple down again, undone,  
 And leave it to be kissed and kindled of the  
 sun,  
 And all these things, bright as they shone  
 before  
 Man first set foot on earth or sail from shore,

Rose not less red than the rose in the garden,  
 When the sun shone down on the sea,  
 And string of sorrow was in his hand,  
 That hope might at most be a vain  
 He held his way to the shore,  
 'Whence he had been called to the sea,  
 Not every day would he have seen  
 Sail home to the land,  
 And all the world of the sea,  
 Past, and his heart would be all his own,  
 Or swelled but with the sea,  
 To sink with sorrow,  
 So surely seen the sea,  
 Assurance of a better life,  
 'Thou shalt not come again home, but thou die.'  
 And the wind moaned and the sea  
 Wailed and took heart and trembled,  
 Hear more of comfort in the speech,  
 More certitude in the word,  
 Than the only certitude of the sea,  
 And as the sense of the sea,  
 Of all things he had and seen,  
 That smote far off upon his ears or eyes,  
 Or memory mixed with the sea,  
 And fancies faint as ghostly,  
 So seemed his own life,  
 To shrink and tremble and moan,  
 Yet all his mind water, of the sea,  
 Lost heart not a whiff, he held not with light,  
 Seeing over all the sea,  
 Where ever the sea was,  
 Whose mind was a country, but was the sea,  
 For all the tides of the sea,  
 Felt its fair strength and freedom,  
 A mightier trust than time could change or  
 More strong than sorrow, more secure than  
 So came he, nor content nor all in distress,  
 Back to the grey old land of Merne's reed,  
 But ere six miles forth on shore he trod,  
 Before him stood a knight with feet unshod,  
 And kneeling called upon him, as on God

When the sun shone down on the sea,  
 And string of sorrow was in his hand,  
 That hope might at most be a vain  
 He held his way to the shore,  
 'Whence he had been called to the sea,  
 Not every day would he have seen  
 Sail home to the land,  
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 Past, and his heart would be all his own,  
 Or swelled but with the sea,  
 To sink with sorrow,  
 So surely seen the sea,  
 Assurance of a better life,  
 'Thou shalt not come again home, but thou die.'  
 And the wind moaned and the sea  
 Wailed and took heart and trembled,  
 Hear more of comfort in the speech,  
 More certitude in the word,  
 Than the only certitude of the sea,  
 And as the sense of the sea,  
 Of all things he had and seen,  
 That smote far off upon his ears or eyes,  
 Or memory mixed with the sea,  
 And fancies faint as ghostly,  
 So seemed his own life,  
 To shrink and tremble and moan,  
 Yet all his mind water, of the sea,  
 Lost heart not a whiff, he held not with light,  
 Seeing over all the sea,  
 Where ever the sea was,  
 Whose mind was a country, but was the sea,  
 For all the tides of the sea,  
 Felt its fair strength and freedom,  
 A mightier trust than time could change or  
 More strong than sorrow, more secure than  
 So came he, nor content nor all in distress,  
 Back to the grey old land of Merne's reed,  
 But ere six miles forth on shore he trod,  
 Before him stood a knight with feet unshod,  
 And kneeling called upon him, as on God

Yet only of him have all men beheld and praised.  
And all the lordly light of Earth's streams has been  
softened as the sun's in kindly summer  
day, then may God send me as evil a thing  
as when I gave ear not to such prayers," he said,  
"And make my place among the nameless  
dead."

3. I do the unrighteous griefs of good men  
4. I do.

I will not enter in nor rest  
 In mine own halls till this patent  
 Be lend ere noon to-morrow ; but do t

Canhardine, with tidings of the  
it bids me turn aside for one day

Or live dishonoured all my days of life,  
 To rectify me in brother's way;  
 I crave her pardon that for thee

And womanhood's, whose ban  
break

I keep the bands of bounden love  
I seek not her till two nights yet  
And this my quest accomplish

Let me to give this young man's angel  
 A crown on his wrongdoer's head his way

And Tristram with that woful knight

... by the seaside moorland was  
... between the quickening night and  
... day

the half the gathering started  
toward the  
toward his sister's

where she sat and gazed  
at the grey sea for the suns  
softly kissed her hand and

listiding of that quest for knighthood  
 And the white-handed Iscult, bowing  
 head,

'As God's on earth and far above the sun,

And doubts too dim to question or divine

Touched as with shade the spirit of Ganhar  
dine,  
Heaven: and scarce for half a doubtful

breath  
His bright light heart held half a thought of  
death

And knew not whence this darkling thought  
 Might come, of his sister's work; for she  
 Was ever as sweet and good as summer air,  
 And soft as dew when all the night is fair,  
 And graceful as the golden maiden moon  
 When darkness gives her blessing; so full

His mind was light again as leaping waves,  
Ner dreamed that hers was like a field of

500 m/s foot dare swerve to left of

and murmurs there at

where at morn their

the knightly name:  
a people's one

not as the sun  
flame and light :  
warm the wan

At the same time, the wind was a steady, windy light breeze, and the sun was shining brightly, and his ears

till dawn

lawn  
knot, and the pines are

                        autumn come  
                        er : but ere day  
                        the bounding

### h of the dark East, and

the waters as they shook  
buddling on aheap, and cast  
the great glad blast

passion, as a boy

He learns how to wrestle with the sea  
For pure heart and madness and large ecstasy,  
Up spring the right of Tristram; and his

Yielded for delight within him, and waxed  
whole

As a young child's with rapture of the hour  
That brought his spirit and all the world to  
flower,





Between him and the far sun's rising rim,  
 And like the sun his heart rejoiced in  
 And brightened with a broadening flame of  
 mirth;  
 And hardly seemed its life a part of earth,  
 The life kindled of a fiery birth  
 A passion of a new-begotten son  
 Between the live sea and the living sun.  
 Mightier grew the joy to meet full faced  
 Each wave, and mount with upward plunge,  
 And taste  
 The rapture of its rolling strength, and cross  
 The keeling crown of snows that flash and  
 toss  
 Like plumes in battle's blithest charge, and  
 thence  
 To catch the next with yet more strenuous  
 And as eyes the light beat hard and bade  
 The face turn west and shoreward through  
 the glad  
 Swift revel of the waters golden-clad,  
 And back with light reluctant heart he bore  
 Across the broad-backed rollers in to shore;  
 Strong-spirited for the chance and cheer of  
 fight,  
 And donned his arms again, and felt the  
 might  
 In all his limbs rejoice for strength, and  
 praised  
 God for such life as that whereon he gazed,  
 And wist not surely its joy was even as fleet  
 As that which laughed and lapsed against his  
 feet,  
 The bright thin grey foam-blossom, glad and  
 hoar,  
 That flings its flower along the flowerless  
 shore  
 On sand or shingle, and still with sweet  
 strange snows,  
 As where one great white storm-dishevelled  
 rose  
 May rain her wild leaves on a windy land,  
 Trees for long leagues the sounding slope of  
 strand,  
 And flower on flower falls flashing, and anew  
 A fresh light leaps up where the last flash  
 flew,  
 And cast its brief glad gleam of life away  
 To fade not flowerwise but as drops the day  
 Storm-smitten, when at once the dark devouring  
 Heaven and the sea and earth with all their  
 flowers;  
 None in heaven, on earth no rose to see,  
 But the white blown brief blossoms of the sea,

That make her green gloom starker than the  
 25  
 Dance yet before the tempest's tune, and as  
 And all these things he gazed upon, and  
 knew  
 How fair they shone, from earth's least flake  
 of snow  
 The world's half heavenly  
 Unwittingly, with rapture yet to come,  
 For the last time. The world's half heavenly  
 face,  
 The music of the silence of the place,  
 The confluence and the reflux of the sea,  
 The wind's note ringing over wold and lea,  
 Smote once more through him keen as to  
 that snare  
 Rang once more through him one reverberate  
 note,  
 That faded as he turned again and went,  
 Fulfilled by strenuous joy with strong content,  
 To take his last delight of labour done  
 That yet should be beholden of the sea  
 Or ever give man comfort of his hand.  
 Beside a wood's edge in the broken land  
 An hour at wait the twain together stood,  
 Till swift between the moorside and the  
 wood  
 Flashed the spears forward of the coming  
 train,  
 And seeing beside the strong chief spoiler's  
 rein  
 His wan love riding prisoner in the crew,  
 Forth with a cry the young man leapt, and  
 flew  
 Right on that felon sudden as a flame,  
 And hard at hand the mightier Tristram  
 came,  
 Bright as the sun and terrible as fire  
 And there had sword and spear their soul's  
 desire,  
 And blood that quenched the spear's thirst as  
 it poured  
 Slaked royally the hunger of the sword,  
 Till the fierce heart of steel could scarce  
 feel  
 Its greed and ravin of insatiate will.  
 For three the fiery spear of Tristram drove  
 Down to a point of theirs his harness clove  
 Or its own sheer mid shaft splintered in twain;  
 And his heart bounded in him, and was fain  
 As fire or wind that takes its fill by night  
 Of tempest and of triumph, so the knight  
 Rejoiced and ranged among them, great of  
 hand,  
 Till seven lay slain upon the heathery sand



The chord of change unchanging, shadow and light  
 Eternable as reverberate day from night ;  
 Fate, that of all things save the soul of man  
 Is bad and God since body and soul  
 Is man ;  
 Fate, that keeps all the tune of things :—  
 Chime ;  
 Fate, that breathes power upon the lips of  
 Fate ;  
 That smites and soothes with heavy and heal-  
 ing hand  
 All joys and sorrows born in life's dim land,  
 That may be found a shadow and a sorrow  
 In death  
 A life, no death, of life the tune with death,  
 Not of death's tune, a tune to be and live  
 In equal and lapse of time :—  
 Through silence and through sound :—  
 Peace  
 and strife,  
 Till birth and death be one in sight of life ;  
 Not heard and seen of no man's eyes or ears,  
 But to man shown through light of smiles or  
 tears,  
 And moved of no man's prayer to fold in  
 wings ;  
 Fate, that is night and light on worldly things ;  
 Fate, that is fire to burn and sea to drown,  
 Length to build up and thunder to cast  
 down ;  
 Fate, shield and screen for each man's life-  
 long head,  
 And sword at last or dart that strikes it dead ;  
 Fate, higher than heaven and deeper than the  
 grave,  
 That saves and spares not, spares and doth  
 not save ;  
 Fate, that in gods' wise is not bought and  
 sold  
 For prayer or price of penitence or gold ;  
 Whose law shall live when life bids earth fare-  
 well,  
 Whose justice hath for shadows heaven and  
 hell,  
 Whose judgment into no god's hand is given,  
 Nor is its doom not more than hell or heaven  
 Fate, that is pure of love and clean of life,  
 Being equal-eyed as nought may be but fate ;  
 Through many and weary days of toiled  
 and  
 Leads life to rest where tears no more take  
 Through many and weary dreams of quenched  
 Leads life through death past sense of day  
 and night.

Nor shall they feel or fear, whose date is  
 done,  
 Aught that made once more dark the living  
 sun  
 And bitterer in their breathing lips the breath  
 Than the dark dawn and bitter dust of death.  
 In all the land, with fragrance as of flowers,  
 That clothes the little live limbs of separate  
 hearts,  
 More sweet to savour and more clear to sight  
 Dawns on the soul death's undivided night.  
 No vigils has that perfect night to keep,  
 Nor fears its of vision shake that sleep,  
 Nor do they wake, and any place there be  
 Where from the soul may feel her wings beat free  
 Through air too clear and still for sound or  
 strife ;  
 If life were haply death, and death be life ;  
 If love with yet some lovelier laugh revive,  
 And song resume the light it bore alive,  
 And friendship, fount of all earth's gifts most  
 good,  
 Stand perfect in perpetual brotherhood ;  
 If aught indeed at all of all this be,  
 Though none might say nor any man might  
 see,  
 Might he that sees the shade thereof not say  
 This dream were trustier than the truth of  
 day.  
 Nor haply may not hope, with heart more  
 clear,  
 Burn deathward, and the doubtful soul take  
 cheer,  
 Seeing through the channelled darkness yearn  
 Whose eyebeams are not as the morning's are,  
 Transient, and subjugate of lordlier light,  
 But all unconquerable by noon or night,  
 Being kindled only of life's own inmost fire,  
 Truth, established and made sure by strong  
 desire,  
 Fountain of all things living, source and  
 seed,  
 Force that perforce transfigures dream to  
 deed,  
 And that begets on time, the body of death,  
 Eternity : nor may man's darkening breath,  
 Albeit it stain, disfigure or destroy  
 The glass wherein the soul sees life and joy  
 Only, with strength renewed and spirit of  
 youth,  
 And brighter than the sun the body of Truth  
 Eternal, unimaginable of man,  
 Whose very face not thought's own eyes may  
 scan,

But see far off his radiant feet at least,  
Trampling the head of Fear, the false high  
priest,  
Whose broken chalice foams with blood no  
more,  
And prostrate on that high priest's chancel  
floor,  
Bruised, overthrown, blind, maimed, with  
bloodless rod,  
The miscreation of his miscreant God,  
That sovereign shadow cast of souls that dwell  
In darkness and the prison-house of hell  
Whose walls are built of deadly dread, and  
bound  
The gates thereof with dreams as iron round,  
And all the bars thereof, each bar a  
wrought  
Of shadow forged like steel and tempered  
thought  
And words like swords and thunder-clouded  
creeds  
And faiths more dire than sin's most direful  
deeds:  
That shade accursed and worshipped, which  
hath made  
The soul of man that brought it forth a shade  
Black as the womb of darkness, void and vain,  
A throne for fear, a pasturage for pain,  
Impotent, abject, clothed upon with lies,  
A foul blind fume of words and prayers that  
rise,  
Aghast and harsh, abhorrent and abhorred,  
Fierce as its God, blood-saturate as its Lord;  
With loves and mercies on its lip that hiss  
Comfort, and kill compassion with a kiss  
And strike the world black with their blasting  
breath;  
That ghost whose coil of life is very death,  
And all its light of heaven and glory  
Fades, falls, fumes, withers by none but a  
spell  
But theirs whose eyes and ears have seen and  
heard  
Not the free naked, not the perfect word  
But the bright soul and feature that brought  
Of life which feeds the spirit and the soul  
Thrills the live light of all the suns that fall,  
And stirs the full-scaled springs of every soul,  
Three dim days through, three dimmed  
nights long,  
Perplexed and awn, oppressed at every gate,  
The strong man's soul now sealed round with  
pain,  
And all the springs of grief dried with its  
had him

Prisoner within the fleshy dungeon-dress  
Sore chafed and wasted with its weariness,  
And fain it would have found the star, and  
made  
Made this funereal prison-house of pain  
A watch-tower whence its eyes might sweep,  
and see  
If any place for any hope might be  
Beyond the helms and heavens of sleep and  
strife,  
Or any light at all of any life  
Beyond the dense false darkness woven above,  
And could not, lacking grace to look on love,  
And in the third night's dying hour he spake,  
Seeing scarce the souls that bound the day  
spring back  
And came the day-star burn above the sea:  
"O Ganharine, my Brother true to me,  
I charge thee by those nights and days we  
knew  
No great while since in England, by the dew  
That bathed those nights with blessing, and  
the fire  
That thrilled those days as music thrills a lyre,  
Do now for me perchance the last good deed  
That ever love may crave or life may need:  
Ere love lay life in ashes: take to thee  
My ship that shows aloft against the sea  
Carved on her stem the semblance of a swan,  
And ere the waves at even again wax wan  
Pass, if it may be, to my lady's land,  
And give this ring into her secret hand,  
And bid her think how hard on death I lie,  
And fain would look upon her face and die  
But as a merchant's laden be the bark  
With royal ware for fraughtage, that King  
Mord  
May take it all the cost of some costly thing;  
And when thou art thus glad to see the  
chose forth a cup, and put them on my ring,  
Where shall it only of one that may be seen,  
And bid her be glad of her own queen  
For earnst of her love, for the shall she  
Love, and love as I love, for the shall she  
For ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever,  
And what at my need in secret of her sight  
But make thee two sails, one like sea foam  
white  
To spread for signal that I am long for back,  
And bid her come not see the sea be black,  
That I may know or ever to make land  
That I may know or ever to make land  
Or that my lips may give the word, for hand  
And his heart quaked for grief in Ganhar  
dine.

hearing; and all his brother bade he swore  
sachly to do, and straight fare forth from  
shore.

But the white-handed Iscult hearkening heard  
 "And her heart waxed hot, and every word  
 That on seemed graven and printed in her  
 thought

With fire and molten iron wrought  
 And hard within her heavy heart she cursed  
 And her life was turned to fiery heat,  
 All her soul was hunger, and its life  
 Hope and life a blast of raging death.  
 Only in hope of evil was her life,  
 Bitter burned within the unchilded wife  
 Again lust for vengeance, and such hope  
 Bright in her now the fervent work of fate  
 In with a south-west wind the Swan  
 Forth,

I over wintering waters bore to north,  
 And round the wild land's windy westward  
 end  
 the blown channel bade her bright way  
 bend  
 on toward high Tintagel: where at dark  
 morning, fair welcome found they of King  
 Mark.

Gambardine with Brangwain as of old  
 and she took the cup of chiselled gold  
 on lay secret Tristram's trothplight ring,  
 bare it un beholden of the king  
 to her lady's hand, which hardly took  
 whereon a queen's eyes well might look,  
 grace forlorn of weary gentleness,  
 seeing, her life kept in her, keen to

1. The first of the symbols, and hence the  
 2. The first word of food whence, and its great  
 3. A young tree  
 4. The first of the symbols, and hence the  
 5. The first of the symbols, and hence the  
 6. The first of the symbols, and hence the  
 7. The first of the symbols, and hence the  
 8. The first of the symbols, and hence the  
 9. The first of the symbols, and hence the  
 10. The first of the symbols, and hence the

the wide wings of deep dove it fired,  
 as the green, deep-moulded to her  
 wall

to his lips, and came where yet the

and station her : whence by starlight she  
saw snow-bright sails, and took the glim-  
mering sea.

For all the long night long more keen and sore  
And's grief waxed in Tristram ever

He ever, always, hung his heart asway  
 'tween dim fear and clouded hope of day.

And still with face and heart at silent strife  
Beside him watched the maiden called his  
wife.

Patient, and spake not save when scarce he  
spake.

Marinating with a little salt and sport  
drinks

Speech that is full of the words thereof were sweet.

And hated I thrided her to the hands and feet,  
 I strong, for away back yester came  
 The passionate fair burden of her name,  
 Nor ever through the labouring lips astu  
 Came any word of any thought of me,  
 She toiled, I was strong, struggled and dung

Only to dream of you in Joyous Gard  
Or all to fight on in the Cornish strand,  
Or Merlin's holier sleep here hard at hand  
Wrapped round with deep soft spells in dim  
Broochlands.

And with such thirst as joy's drained wine-cup  
leaves

When fear to hope as hope to memory cleaves  
His soul desired the dewy sense of leaves,  
The soft green smell of thickets drenched with  
rain.

The hunt for knifing on the busy lawn  
As day's first hour made keen the spirit again  
That lured and spurred on quest his hound  
Hockey's.

The breeze, the bloom, the splendour and the  
open

But the fish, the sea, the inter and the bound,  
The pulse of wind, the passion of the sea,  
The rapture of the world, and then would he  
Sigh, as has on that fane worked, all be dead  
He only that his heavy heart be dead.

And I can be would have died or seen the sun,  
 Being sick, and that darkness over a fresh  
 Begone long, from out of spirit and flesh  
 And I can be would have died or seen the sun,  
 Being sick, and that darkness over a fresh

The Hooded Merganser whose cap is black, de-

And the wind slackened and again grew great.

Between the flowing and ebbing tides of fate  
That washeth then lacerating sands of weal and woe  
Through night and light and twilight to and fro

Now as a pulse of hope its heartbeat throbbed,  
Now like one stricken shrank and sank and  
sobbed.

Then, yearning as with child of death, put forth

A wail that filled the old temple with its tones  
With woful sound of wails, and wails, and wails,  
'So might the wail wail of the wailing wail  
And its wails wail wail wail wail wail wail

I would I knew she wail wail wail wail wail  
For surely I know wail wail wail wail wail  
Once knowing I know wail wail wail wail wail  
I knew not the wail wail wail wail wail wail  
breath

As I do. Nay, what wail wail wail wail wail  
The sole secret of wail wail wail wail wail  
sath

He lies not, wail wail wail wail wail wail  
That death wail wail wail wail wail wail  
were he

And all ways close I wail wail wail wail wail  
wail wail

Thine wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
Out of her wail wail wail wail wail wail  
'Fear not that wail wail wail wail wail wail  
death

Judgment' wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
he

Saving' wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
wail

For the wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
wail

Whom the wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
sath

Looked yet upon him wail wail wail wail wail  
heard

The wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
wail

Who sleep wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
breath

Takes always all the wail wail wail wail wail  
Through love wail wail wail wail wail wail wail

Love's heart wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
Love's word wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
dove

No kiss of love wail wail wail wail wail wail  
Nay, what wail wail wail wail wail wail wail

For, shall wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
Nor from the wail wail wail wail wail wail wail

As I know wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
Not rest wail wail wail wail wail wail wail

Unrest wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
Wail wail wail wail wail wail wail wail

He ever wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
He ever wail wail wail wail wail wail wail

Through love wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
white rose

white rose

The wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
The wail wail wail wail wail wail wail

A wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
wail

Wail wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
wail

Wail wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
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Wail wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
wail

Wail wail wail wail wail wail wail wail  
wail

Inwardly, wan with hurt no herb makes whole :  
 'Yea, surely, ye whose sin hath slain my soul,  
 Surely your own souls shall have peace in leath  
 'pass with benediction in their breath  
 'giving of mine their sin hath slain.'  
 And Tristram with sore yearning spake again,  
 'Yea, might this thing once be, how should I,  
 With all my soul made one thanksgiving, die,  
 'before what judgment-seat may be,  
 And cry, "Lord, now do all thou wilt with me."  
 Tell all thy fill of justice, work thy will ;  
 'all thy heart of wrath have all its fill,  
 My heart of suffering shall endure, and say,  
 'that thou gavest me living yesterday.'  
 'I'lls thee though thou curse me." Ay, and will  
 Might one cast down into the gulf of hell,  
 'considering to take heart and thank his fate—  
 'God, whose doom now scourges him with hate,  
 Once, in the will and whirling world above,  
 'thy kiss his dying lips with love,  
 'if this come not, then he doth me wrong,  
 'for what hath love done, all this long life  
 'long,  
 'death should trample down his poor last prayer  
 Who prays not for forgiveness? Though love were  
 Sin dark as hate, have we not here that sinned  
 Suffered? has that been less than wintry wind  
 Wherewith our love lies blasted? O mine  
 O mine and no man's yet save mine alone,  
 'what all thee that I lack so long  
 'of thee, all things time for which I long  
 'more than watersprings to shadeless  
 'to me were the comfort of her hands  
 'to me, and more than rays that set  
 'rise  
 'glittering arrows of her glorious eyes,  
 'to my sense than fire to dead cold air  
 'and light and odour of her hair,  
 'More to my soul than summer's to the south  
 'The mute clear music of her amorous mouth,  
 And to my heart's heart more than heaven's great rest  
 The fullness of the fragrance of her breast,  
 'Isult, Isult, what grace hath life to give  
 'More than we twain have had of life, and live  
 'Isult, Isult, what grace may death not keep  
 'As sweet for us to win of death, and sleep?  
 'Come therefore, let us twain pass hence and try  
 'If it be better not to live but die,  
 'With love for lamp to light us out of life.'  
 And on that word his wedded maiden wife,  
 'Pale as the moon in star-forsaken skies,  
 'Ere the sun fill them, rose with set strange eyes  
 'And gazed on him that saw not : and her  
 'Heaved as a man's death-smitten with a dart  
 'That smites him sleeping, warm and full of life  
 'So to ward her head that was not looked his wife,  
 'His wife that was not : and her heart within  
 'Burnt bitter like an aftertaste of sin  
 'To one whose memory drinks and loathes the  
 'Of shame or sorrow deeper than the sea ;  
 'And no fear touched him of her eyes above  
 'And ears that hoarded each poor word whence  
 'love  
 'Made sweet the broken music of his breath,  
 'Isult, my life that wast and art my death,  
 'My life in life that hast been, and that art  
 'Death in my death, sole wound that cleaves  
 'mine heart,  
 'Mine heart that else, how spent soe'er, were  
 'whole,  
 'Breath of my spirit and anguish of my soul,  
 'How can this be that hence thou canst not  
 'hear,  
 'Being but space divided? One is here,  
 'But one of twain I looked at once to see ;  
 'Shall death keep time and thou not keep with  
 'me?  
 'And the white married maiden laughed at  
 'heart,  
 'Hearing, and scarce with lips at all apart  
 'Spoke, and as fire between them was her  
 'breath ;  
 'Yea, now thou liest not : yea, for I am  
 'death.'  
 'By this might eyes that watched without  
 'behold  
 'Deep in the gulfs of aching air acold





And darkness closed as iron round his head:  
And smitten through the heart by Fortune's hand  
Dead.

And scarce the word had fallen, ere the wind  
Wail

Keen, ere to shoreward came the wind, the wind  
Wail,

And lightly forth leapt Ganhard into the land,  
And leapt from ship with swart and never a  
Hand

Isult: and round them up from all the  
Crowd

To take the great wail for Tristram's out loud,  
And ere her ear might hear for heart the  
Lord,

She sought she sign for witness of the wail,  
To come and stood above him, as above a  
Wail

And felt his death upon her, as the wind  
Wail, as to reach the spring that shakes the  
Fountain;

And their four lips became one: their mouth  
Saw come their hour on them that were  
To tram and Isult: so from the wind and strait  
The stroke of love's own hand, the hand that  
Best

Gave them deliverance to perpetual rest,  
Saw crownless of the wreath that life had  
Wound,

They slept, with flower of tenderness and  
Crowned:

For a bondage and the fear of time, of fate,  
And all the yoke of space on earth that  
Gave as a curb for ever: nor might now  
Fear and desire bid soar their souls to  
Lift up their hearts or break them with  
Grief

For any might move them, should it dis-  
band

And them with shadowy cool for fiery sting,  
Nor sleep pass long nor weary, nor weary  
Nor harsh estrangement, for of their own  
Mouth,

And change, and darkness, and the heart's  
And the sleep: and the heart's  
And

For he was not wrapp'd, nor was he  
Of men

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For he was not wrapp'd, nor was he  
Of men

<p>Was molten in him, wailing as he kissed          Each with that kiss of kinship—' Had I wist,          Ye had never sinned nor died thus, nor had I          Borne in this doom that bade you sin and die          So sore a part of sorrow.' And the king          Built for their tomb a chapel bright like spring          With flower-soft wealth of blanching tracery              made          Fair as the frondage each fleet year sees fade,          That should not fall till many a year were              done.          There slept they wedded under moon and sun          And change of stars: and through the casements came          Midnight and noon girt round with shadow              and flame          To illumine their grave or veil it: till at last          On these things too was doom as darkness              cast:</p>	<p>For the strong sea hath swallowed wall and              tower,          And where their limbs were laid in woful hour          For many a fathom gleams and moves and              moans          The tide that sweeps above their cotted bones          In the wrecked channel by the shivered shrine,          Nor where they sleep shall moon or sunlight              shine          Nor man look down for ever: none shall              say,          Here once, or here, Tristram and Isolt lay:          But peace they have that none may gain who              live,          And rest about them that no love can give          And over them, while death and life shall              be,          The light and sound and darkness of the              sea.</p>
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# ATALANTA IN CALYDON.

A TRAGEDY.

Τοὺς ζῶντας εὖ δρᾶν, καθάρων δ' πῶς ἐνὶ  
Γῇ καὶ σκιά τὸ μῦθον εἰς οὐδὲν ἵππει.

THEO. PHILOLOG. 20. (537.)

## TO THE MEMORY

OF

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

I NOW DEDICATE, WITH EQUAL AFFECTION, REVERENCE, AND REGRET,  
A POEM INSCRIBED TO HIM WHILE YET ALIVE IN WORDS WHICH  
ARE NOW RETAINED BECAUSE THEY WERE LAID BEFORE HIM;  
AND TO WHICH, RATHER THAN CANCEL THEM, I HAVE  
ADDED SUCH OTHERS AS WERE EVOKED BY THE  
NEWS OF HIS DEATH: THAT THOUGH LOSING  
THE PLEASURE I MAY NOT LOSE THE HONOR  
OF INSCRIBING IN FRONT OF MY WORK  
THE HIGHEST OF CONTEMPORARY  
NAMES.



εἶθ' ὄφελον. μῆλα γὰρ τίδ' ἂν ἀμπαύσειε μερίμνης·  
 νῦν δὲ πρόσσωθεν ἄνευ σήματος οἶκτο νύμφη  
 οὔδ' ἐπιτυμβίδιον θρηνησέμενος, ἀλλ' ἀπαμυνθείς.  
 ἀλλ' ἀπαμυνθεὶς ἔχων ἀνδρακρινὰ πατήρ  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ χαῖρε θανών, καὶ ἔχων γέρας ἴσθι πρὸς ἀνδρῶν  
 πρὸς τε θεῶν, ἡέροις εἴ τις ἐπίσσι θεός.  
 χαῖρε γέρον, φίλε χαῖρε πατέρ, πολὺ φέρτατ' αἰοιδῶν  
 ὧν ἴδομεν, πολὺ δὲ φέρτατ' αἰεσισημένων  
 χαῖρε, καὶ ὄλβιον ἔχους, οἷον γε θανόντες ἔχουσιν,  
 ἡσυχίαν ἔχθρας καὶ φιλότῃτος ἄτερ.  
 σήματος οἰχομένου σοι μνήματ' ἐς ὕστερον ἔσται,  
 σοί τε φιλή μνήμη μνηματος οἰχομένου·  
 ὦν Χάριτες κλαίουσι θεοί, κλαίει δ' Ἀφροδίτη  
 καλλιχόροις Μοῦκῶν τετραμένη στιφαίροις·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἄπαξ ἱερούς ποτε γῆρας ἔτριψεν αἰοιδούς·  
 τήνδε τὸ σὺν φαίνει μνήμη τόδ' ἀγλαίαν.  
 ἢ φίλος ἦς μακάρεσσι βροτὸς σοὶ δ' εἴ τι Νύμφαι  
 δῶρα ποθεινὰ νέμειν, ὕστατα δῶρ', ἔδωσαν.  
 τὰς νῦν χάλκεος ὕπριος ἔζη καὶ ἀνήμερος αἶων,  
 καὶ συνθαπτομένη μοῖραν ἔχουσι μίαν.  
 εὐδεις καὶ σὺ, καλὸν καὶ ἀγάκλυτον ἐν χθονὶ κοίλῃ  
 ὕπνον ἐφικόμενος, σῆς ἀπονόσφι πάτρας,  
 τῆλε παρὰ ξανθοῦ Ἑρσηνικὸν οἶμα καθιεύδεις  
 νάματος, ἢ δ' ἐτι σὴ μαῖα σε γαῖα ποθεῖ,  
 ἀλλ' ἀπέχεις, καὶ προσθε φιλόπτολις ὦν περ ἀπείπας·  
 εὐδεις· μακάρ δ' ἡμῶν οὐδ' ἀμέγαρτ' ἔσει.  
 βαιὸς ἐπιχθονίων γε χρόνος καὶ μοῖρα κρατήσῃ,  
 τοὺς δέ ποτ' εὐφροσύνη τοὺς δέ ποτ' ἄλγος ἔχει·  
 πολλὰκι δ' ἢ βλάπτει φῶς ἢ σκότος ἀμφικαλύπτει  
 μυρομένους, δακρὺι δ' ὕπριος ἐγρηγορότ' ἔσ·  
 οὐδ' ἔθ' ὅτ' ἐν τυμβοῖσι κατεδραμεν ὄμμα θανόντων  
 ἢ σκότος ἢ τι φέος διζέται ἡελίου·  
 οὐδ' ὄναρ ἐννύχιον καὶ ἐνύπμιον οὐδ' ὕπαρ ἔσται  
 ἢ ποτε τερπομένοισι ἢ ποτ' ὀδὲ μένοισι·  
 ἀλλ' εἴα πάντες αἰεὶ θάκον συνεχέουσιν καὶ ἔδραν  
 ἀντὶ βροτῆς ἄβροτον, καλλιμον ἀντι κακῆς.

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# ATALANTA IN CALYDON.

CHILD BENEFIT MAX.

[illegible]



Harvested from the same field as in  
 Model 1, the 1000 g of feed had 100 g  
 of protein, 100 g of fat, and 100 g of  
 fiber. The feed was divided into 2  
 equal parts, each of 500 g.

[illegible]
$$\begin{aligned} \mathbf{I}_{\mathbf{A}} &= \mathbf{I}_{\mathbf{A}} \mathbf{I}_{\mathbf{A}}^{-1} = \mathbf{I}_{\mathbf{A}} \mathbf{A}^{-1} \mathbf{A} = \mathbf{I}_{\mathbf{A}} \mathbf{A}^{-1} \mathbf{A} \mathbf{A}^{-1} = \mathbf{I}_{\mathbf{A}} \mathbf{A}^{-1} \mathbf{I}_{\mathbf{A}} \\ \mathbf{I}_{\mathbf{A}} &= \mathbf{I}_{\mathbf{A}} \mathbf{A}^{-1} \mathbf{A} \mathbf{A}^{-1} = \mathbf{I}_{\mathbf{A}} \mathbf{A}^{-1} \mathbf{A} \mathbf{A}^{-1} = \mathbf{I}_{\mathbf{A}} \mathbf{A}^{-1} \mathbf{A} \mathbf{A}^{-1} = \mathbf{I}_{\mathbf{A}} \mathbf{A}^{-1} \mathbf{A} \mathbf{A}^{-1} \\ \mathbf{I}_{\mathbf{A}} &= \mathbf{I}_{\mathbf{A}} \mathbf{A}^{-1} \mathbf{A} \mathbf{A}^{-1} = \mathbf{I}_{\mathbf{A}} \mathbf{A}^{-1} \mathbf{A} \mathbf{A}^{-1} = \mathbf{I}_{\mathbf{A}} \mathbf{A}^{-1} \mathbf{A} \mathbf{A}^{-1} = \mathbf{I}_{\mathbf{A}} \mathbf{A}^{-1} \mathbf{A} \mathbf{A}^{-1} \end{aligned}$$
[illegible][illegible]

When  $\mathbf{A} = \mathbf{A}^T$ ,  $\mathbf{A} = \mathbf{A}^H$ , and  $\mathbf{A} = \mathbf{A}^H$ , we obtain

"I am a hand round her loins, and  
 I am a heart where she and I could  
 be one,"  
 "I am the song of the streams

And the \_\_\_\_\_ we try to \_\_\_\_\_ the west-  
\_\_\_\_\_

1.  $\forall x \in A, \exists y \in B$  and  $\forall x \in B, \exists y \in A$  are even.  
 2.  $\forall x \in A, \exists y \in B$  and  $\forall x \in A, \exists y \in B$  are not.  
 3.  $\forall x \in A, \exists y \in B$  and  $\forall x \in B, \exists y \in A$  are not.  
 4.  $\forall x \in A, \exists y \in B$  and  $\forall x \in B, \exists y \in A$  are not.

[illegible]

The larks, the larks of the year you  
 I remember  
 I remember the larks of the year you  
 I remember  
 I remember the larks of the year you  
 I remember

And the way to the end of the road is to follow the path of the chevron.

The Moon, in the Blue Field;  
 A little, looking out from the hill,  
 The sun, in the trees divide,  
 And the moon, in the night,  
 The old, old, old, then, when he

The awfalls with the blue-bellied  
 cowherb, grows like her eyes;  
 The river, slipping down, leaves the  
 blue creek, and shoots into  
 light.

How wilt that follows, the fawn that

ATHENA.

What do ye singing? what is this ye sing?

CHORUS.

Flowers bring we, and pure lips that please  
the gods,  
And raiment meet for service; lest the day  
Turn sharp with all its honey in our lips.

ATHENA.

Nay, a Luck hound, follows the white  
wind ye;  
Sister than dreams the white flown feet  
of sleep;  
Will ye pray Luck the night with all  
prayers?  
And though the spring put back a little  
while  
Winter, and now that plague all men for  
sin,  
And the iron time of cursing, yet I know  
Spring shall be ruined with the rain, and  
storm.  
Fit up like me the ashen autumn days.  
I know what to do with prayers: awake  
Weedicorn and die with dreaming; pray  
ye all.  
Ye the least good of all things called de-  
ities.  
Is more than sleep and waking; yet we  
say  
For he only praying a man shall match  
his god.  
For if sleep have no mercy, and man's  
dreams  
Eat up the blood and burn into the bone,  
What shall this man do waking? By the  
gods,  
He shall not pray to dream sweet things  
at night.  
Having dreamt once more bitter things  
than death.

CHORUS.

Queen, but what is it that hath burnt thine  
heart?  
For thy speech flickers like a blown-out  
flame.

ATHENA.

Look, ye say well, and know not what ye  
say;

For all my sleep is turned into a fire,  
And all my dreams to stars that kindles it.

CHORUS.

Yet one doth well being patient of the  
gods.

ATHENA.

Yea, lest they smite us with some four-foot  
plague.

CHORUS.

But when time spreads find out some herb  
for it.

ATHENA.

And with their healing herbs infect our  
blood.

CHORUS.

What ails thee to be cautious of their ways?

ATHENA.

What if they give us poisonous drinks for  
wine?

CHORUS.

They have then will: I shall not be deceived  
if now.

ATHENA.

And gail for milk, and cursing for a prayer:

CHORUS.

Have they not given life, and the end of  
life?

ATHENA.

Lo, where they heal, they help not: thus  
they do.

They mock us with a little piteousness,  
And we say prayers and weep; but at the  
last.

Sparing awhile, they smite and spare no  
whit.

CHORUS.

Small praise man gets dispraising the high  
gods.

What have they done that thou dishonorest  
them?

ATHENA.

First Artemis for all this harried land  
I praise not, and for wasting of the bear  
That mars with tooth and tusk and fiery  
feet

Green pasturage and the grace of standing  
corn!

And meadow and marsh with springs and  
unblown leaves,

I loathe and swift herds and all that bite  
sweet grass,





How the centre dash into my breast, and  
 Love  
 Trampled the center and circle far with  
 with love;  
 Thus I have been heart that not for me;  
 Not for me only or some other, O the  
 The good I have would be for me;  
 I have  
 Heart's love and heart's vision, and  
 all  
 There have been many a way  
 I have  
 And when night comes still the way  
 the same  
 And there have been many a way  
 But I have been heart that not for me;  
 I have  
 In the way I have been heart that not for me;  
 Years have been heart that not for me;  
 most way  
 For there is my heart, and heart that not for me;  
 With eyes alive and heart that not for me;  
 the same  
 As one on earth heart that not for me;  
 From heart of heart that not for me;  
 girls  
 Time have been heart that not for me;  
 And I have been heart that not for me;  
 But what have been heart that not for me;  
 The heart have been heart that not for me;  
 heart  
 Full of heart have been heart that not for me;  
 Toward heart have been heart that not for me;  
 heart  
 The heart have been heart that not for me;  
 That shall we have heart that not for me;  
 heart  
 And now, heart have been heart that not for me;  
 I will go and heart have been heart that not for me;  
 Lest love or some heart have been heart that not for me;  
 heart

CHORUS.

Before the beginning of years,  
 There came to the young of heart  
 Time, with a gift of heart;  
 Grief, with a gift of heart;  
 Pleasure, with a gift of heart;  
 Summer, with a gift of heart;  
 Remembrance, with a gift of heart;  
 And heart, with a gift of heart;  
 Strength, with a gift of heart;  
 Love, that heart of heart;  
 Night, the shadow of light,  
 And life, the shadow of death.

And heart, with a gift of heart;  
 Love, that heart of heart;  
 A heart, with a gift of heart;  
 A heart, with a gift of heart;  
 A heart, with a gift of heart;  
 A heart, with a gift of heart;  
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 A heart, with a gift of heart;  
 A heart, with a gift of heart;  
 A heart, with a gift of heart;  
 A heart, with a gift of heart;

And heart, with a gift of heart;  
 Love, that heart of heart;  
 A heart, with a gift of heart;  
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 A heart, with a gift of heart;  
 A heart, with a gift of heart;  
 A heart, with a gift of heart;  
 A heart, with a gift of heart;  
 A heart, with a gift of heart;

METAPHOR.

O we know heart have been heart that not for me;  
 I will go and heart have been heart that not for me;  
 Woe, heart have been heart that not for me;  
 heart  
 Come to heart, heart have been heart that not for me;  
 heart  
 With heart, heart have been heart that not for me;  
 heart  
 The heart, heart have been heart that not for me;  
 heart  
 May heart, heart have been heart that not for me;  
 heart

ATHEA.

Son, first I praise thy prayer, then bid thee  
 speed;











That watched not when flying the  
was shate  
A

Clear through the inremedle Symp legades;  
A

less chit  
at ahead from Colchis, and

rd  
at ahead from Colchis, and

narrowing reeds  
white wet flame of breakers

at  
Far under a kindling south-ward, as a

Is all its blowing flame one  
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ALTHEA.

O King, thou art wise, but wisdom halt;

But the gods love not justice more than

And smite the righteous and the violent

And mix with insolent blood the reverent

And bruise the holier as the lying lips.

Enough; for wise words fail me, and my

Takes fire and tremble, flamewise, O my

O child, for thine head's sake; mine eyes

Turn to thee, so goodly a weaponed

So glorious; and for love of thine own

They are darkened, and tears burn them,









And the bride overhear the groom, and  
 men  
 Gods; for no less division sunders these;  
 Since all things made are seasonable in  
 time,  
 But if one alter unseasonable are all.  
 But thou, O Zeus, hear me that I may  
 slay  
 This beast before thee and no man halve  
 with me  
 Nor woman, lest these mock thee, though  
 a god,  
 Who hast made men strong, and thou be-  
 ing wise be held  
 Foolish; for wise is that thing which en-  
 dures.

## ATALANTA.

Men, and the chosen of all this people, and  
 thou.  
 King, I beseech you a little bear with  
 me.  
 For if my life be shameful that I live,  
 Let the gods witness and their wrath; but  
 these  
 Cast no such word against me. Thou, O  
 mine,  
 O holy, O happy goddess, if I sin  
 Changing the words of women and the  
 works  
 For spears and strange men's faces, hast  
 not thou  
 One shaft of all thy sudden seven that  
 pierced  
 Seven through the bosom or shining throat  
 or side,  
 All couched about one mothers' loosening  
 knees,  
 All holy horn, engraven of Tantalus?  
 But if toward any of you I am overbold  
 That take thus much upon me, let him  
 think  
 How I, for all my father's holiness,  
 Fame, and this armed and iron maiden-  
 hood,  
 Pay thus much also: I shall have no man's  
 love  
 Forever, and no face of children born  
 Or feeding lips upon me or fastening eyes  
 Forever, nor being dead shall kings my  
 sons  
 Mourn me and bury, and tears on daughter's  
 cheeks  
 Burn; but a cold and sacred life, but  
 strange,

But far from dances and the back-blowing  
 torch,  
 Far from flowers or any bed of man  
 Shall my life be forever: me the snows  
 That fall the first o' the morning, and cold  
 hills  
 Full of the land-wind and sea-travelling  
 storms  
 And many a wandering wing of noisy  
 eagles  
 That know the thunder and hear the thick-  
 ening waves  
 Me the utmost pine and footless frost of  
 woods  
 That talk with many winds and gods, the  
 hoars  
 Re-risen, and white divining of the dawn,  
 Springs thousand-tongued with the inter-  
 mingling  
 And streams that murmur of the mother  
 snow  
 Me these allure, and know me; but no  
 man  
 Knows, and my goddess only. Lo now,  
 see,  
 If one of all you these things vex at all.  
 Would God that any of you had all the  
 praise  
 And I to manner of memory when I die,  
 So might I show to one her piercing eyes  
 Pure, whom I tell w, a maiden to my  
 death.  
 But for the rest let all have all they will;  
 For is it a grief to you that I have part,  
 Being woman more rely, in your male might  
 and deeds  
 Done by main strength: yet in my body is  
 throned  
 As great a heart, and in my spirit, O  
 men,  
 I have not less of goddess. Fail it were  
 That one a coward should mix with you,  
 one her  
 Fearful, or ye abuse itself; and these  
 Well might ye hate and well revile, not  
 me.  
 For not the difference of the several flesh  
 Being vile or noble or coward or base  
 Makes praiseworthy, but purer spirit and  
 heart  
 Higher than these meener mouths and  
 limbs that feed,  
 Rise, rest, and are and are not; and for me,  
 What should I say? but by the gods of the  
 world

And this my maiden boy, by all oaths  
That bind the tongue of men and the evil  
will,  
I am not mighty-minded, nor desire  
Crowns, nor the spoil of slain things nor  
the fame:  
Feed ye on these, eat and wax fat; cry  
out,  
Laugh, having eaten, and leap without a  
lyre  
Sing, mix the wind with clamor, smite and  
shake  
Sonorous timbrels and tumultuous hair,  
And fill the dance up with tempestuous  
feet,  
For I will none; but having prayed my  
prayers  
And made thank-offering for prosperities,  
I shall go hence and no man see me more.  
What thing is this for you to shout me  
down,  
What, for a man to grudge me this my  
life  
As it were envious of all yours, and I  
A thief of reputations? nay, for now,  
If there be any highest in heaven, a god  
Above all thrones and thunders of the  
gods  
Throned, and the wheel of the world roll  
under him,  
Judge he between me and all of you, and  
see  
If I transgress at all: but ye, refrain  
Transgressing hands and reinsless mouths,  
and keep  
Silence, less by much foam of violent words  
And ; over poison of your lips ye die.

GENEUS.

O flower of Tera, maiden, fleetest foot  
And holiest head of women, have good  
cheer  
Of thy good words: but ye, depart with  
her  
In peace and reverence, each with blame-  
less eye  
Following his fate; exalt your hands and  
hearts,  
Strike, cease not, arrow on arrow and  
wound on wound,  
And go with gods and with the gods  
return.

CHORUS

Who hath given man speech? or who hath  
set therein

A thorn for peril and a snare for sin?  
For in the word his life is and his breath,  
And in the word his death,  
That madness and the infatuate heart may  
breed  
From the word's womb the deed  
And life bring one thing forth ere all pass  
by,  
Even one thing which is ours yet cannot  
die  
Death. Hast thou seen him ever any-  
where,  
Time's twin-born brother, imperishable as  
he  
Is perishable and plaintive, clothed with  
care  
And mutable as sand,  
But death is strong and full of blood and  
fair  
And perdurable and like a lord of land?  
Nay, time thou seest not, death thou wilt  
not see  
Till life's right hand be loosened from  
thine hand  
And thy life-days from thee.  
For the gods very subtly fashion  
Madness with sadness upon earth:  
Not knowing in any wise compassion,  
Nor holding pity of any worth:  
And many things they have given and  
taken,  
And wrought and ruined many things:  
The firm land have they loosed and  
shaken,  
And sealed the sea with all her springs:  
They have wearied time with heavy burdens  
And vexed the lips of life with breath:  
Set men to labor and given them guerdons,  
Death and great darkness after death:  
Put moans into the bridal measure  
And on the bridal wools a stain:  
And circled pain about with pleasure,  
And girdled pleasure about with pain:  
And strewed one marriage-bed with tears  
and fire  
For extreme loathing and supreme desire.  
What shall be done with all these tears of  
ours?  
Shall they make watersprings in the  
fair heaven  
To bathe the brows of morning? or like  
flowers  
Be shed and shine before the starriest  
hours,



Or made the raiment of the weeping  
 Seven?  
 Or rather, O our masters, shall they be  
 Food for the famine of the grievous sea,  
 A great well-head of lamentation  
 Satiating the sad gulf, or fall and flow  
 Among the years and seasons to and fro,  
 And wash their feet with tribulation  
 And fill them full with grieving ere they  
 go?  
 Alas, our lords, and yet alas again,  
 Seeing all your iron heaven is gilt as gold  
 But all we smite thereof in vain;  
 Smite the gates barred with groanings  
 manifold,  
 But all the floors are paved with our  
 pain.  
 Yea, and with the weariness of lips and  
 eyes,  
 With breaking of the bosom, and with  
 sighs,  
 We labor, and are clad and fed with  
 grief  
 And filled with days we would not fain  
 behold  
 And nights we would not hear of; we wax  
 old,  
 All we wax old and wither like a leaf.  
 We are outcast, strayed between bright sun  
 and moon;  
 Our light and darkness are as leaves of  
 flowers,  
 Black flowers and white, that perish; and  
 the noon  
 As midnight, and the night as daylight  
 hours.  
 A little fruit a little while is ours  
 And the worm finds it soon.  
 But up in heaven the high gods one by one  
 Lay hands upon the draught that quick-  
 eneth,  
 Fulfilled with all tears shed and all things  
 done,  
 And stir with soft imperishable breath  
 The babbling bitterness of life and  
 death,  
 And hold it to our lips and laugh; but  
 they  
 Preserve their lips from tasting night or  
 day,  
 Lest they too change and sleep, the fates  
 that spun,  
 The lips that made us and the hands that  
 slay;

Lest all these change, and heaven bow  
 down to none,  
 Change and be subject to the secular sway  
 And terrene revolution of the sun.  
 Therefore they trust it from them, putting  
 time away.  
 I would the wine of time, made sharp and  
 sweet  
 With multitudinous days and nights and  
 tears  
 And many mixing saviors of strange  
 years,  
 Were no more trodden of them under feet,  
 Cast out and spilt about their holy  
 places:  
 That life were given them as a fruit to  
 eat  
 And death to drink as water; that the  
 light  
 Might ebb, drawn backward from their  
 eyes, and night  
 Hide for one hour the imperishable  
 faces.  
 That they might rise up sad in heaven,  
 and now  
 Sorrow and sleep, one paler than young  
 snow,  
 One cold as blight of dew and ruinous  
 rain;  
 Rise up and rest and suffer a little, and  
 be  
 Awhile as all things born with us, and  
 we,  
 And grieve as men, and like slain men  
 be slain.  
 For now we know not of them; but one  
 saith  
 The gods are gracious, praising God;  
 and one,  
 When hast thou seen? or hast thou felt  
 his breath  
 Touch nor consume thy eyelids as the  
 sea,  
 Nor fill thee to the lips with fiery death?  
 None hath beheld him, none  
 Seen above other gods and shapes of  
 things,  
 Swift without feet and flying without  
 wings,  
 Intolerable, not clad with death or life,  
 Insatiable, not known of night or day,  
 The lord of love and loathing and of  
 strife  
 Who gives a star and takes a sun away;

Who shapes the soul, and makes her a barren wife  
 To the earthy body and grievous growth of clay;  
 Who turns the large limbs to a little flame  
 And binds the great sea with a little sand;  
 Who makes desire, and slays desire with shame;  
 Who shakes the heaven as ashes in his hand;  
 Who, seeing the light and shadow for the same,  
 Bids day waste night as fire devours a brand,  
 Smites without sword, and scourges without rod;  
 The supreme evil, God.

Yea, with thine hate, O God, thou hast covered us,  
 One saith, and hidden our eyes away from sight,  
 And made us transitory and hazardous,  
 Light things and slight;  
 Yet have men praised thee, saying, He hath made man thus,  
 And he doeth right.  
 Thou hast kissed us, and hath smitten; thou hast laid  
 Upon us with thy left hand life, and said, Live:  
 and again thou hast said, Yield up your breath,  
 And with thy right hand laid upon us death.  
 Thou hast sent us sleep, and stricken sleep with dreams,  
 Saying, Joy is not, but love of joy shall be;  
 Thou hast made sweet springs for all the pleasant streams,  
 In the end thou hast made them bitter with the sea.  
 Thou hast fed one rose with dust of many men;  
 Thou hast marred one face with fire of many tears;  
 Thou hast taken love, and given us sorrow again;  
 With pain thou hast filled us full to the eyes and ears.  
 Therefore because thou art strong, our father, and we  
 Feeble; and thou art against us, and thine hand

Constrains us in the shallows of the sea  
 And breaks us at the limits of the land;  
 Because thou hast bent thy lightnings as a bow,  
 And loosed the hours like arrows; and let fall  
 Sins and wild words and many a winged woe  
 And wars among us, and one end of all;  
 Because thou hast made the thunder, and thy feet  
 Are as rushing water when the skies break, but thy face as an exceeding heat  
 And flames of fire the eyelids of thine eyes;  
 Because thou art over all who are over us;  
 Because thy name is life and our name death;  
 Because thou art cruel and men are piteous,  
 And our hands labor and thine hand scattereth;  
 Lo, with hearts rent and knees made tremulous,  
 Lo, with ephemeral lips and casual breath.  
 At least we witness of thee ere we die  
 That these things are not otherwise, but thus;  
 That each man in his heart sigheth, and saith,  
 That all men even as I,  
 All we are against thee, against thee, O God most high.

But ye, keep ye on earth  
 Your lips from over-speech,  
 Loud words and longing are so little worth;  
 And the end is hard to reach.  
 For silence after grievous things is good,  
 And reverence, and the fear that makes men whole,  
 And shame, and righteous governance of blood,  
 And lordship of the soul.  
 But from sharp words and wits men pluck no fruit,  
 And gathering thorns they shake the tree at root;  
 For words divide and rend;  
 But silence is most noble to the end.

AT FILEA.

I heard within thine house a cry of news  
 And came forth eastward hither, where the dawn

Cheers first these warder gods that face the  
sun

And next our eyes unrisen; for unaware  
Came clashes of swift hoofs and trampling  
feet

And through the windy pillared corridor  
Light shiner than the frequent flames of  
day

That daily fill it from the fiery dawn;  
Gleams, and a thunder of people that cried  
out,

And dust and hurrying horsemen; to their  
chief,

That rode with Cæneus rein by rein, re-  
turned.

What cheer, O herald of my lord the king?

HERALD.

Lady, good cheer and great; the boar is  
slain.

CHORUS.

Praised be all gods that look toward  
Calydon.

ALTHEA.

Good news and brief; but by whose hap-  
pier hand?

HERALD.

A maiden's and a prophet's and thy son's.

ALTHEA.

Well fare the spear that severed him and  
life.

HERALD.

Thine own, and not an alien, hast thou  
blest.

ALTHEA.

Twice be thou too for my sake blest and  
his.

HERALD.

At the king's word I rode afoam for thine.

ALTHEA.

Thou sayest he carrieth till they bring the  
spoil?

HERALD.

Hard by the quarry, where they breathe,  
O queen.

ALTHEA.

Speak thou that I knew; but come I  
flowers and crown

These gods and all the lintel, and shed  
wine,

Fetch sacrifice and slay; for heaven is  
good.

HERALD.

Some furlongs northward where the brakes  
begin

West of that narrowing range of warrior  
hills

Whose brooks have bled with battle when  
thy son

Spote Acarnania, there all they made  
halt,

And with keen eye took note of spear and  
hound,

Truly ranked; Laertes island-born,  
The young Gerenian Nestor, Panopeus,

And Cephæus and Aneæus, mightiest  
thence.

Aradians, next, and evil-eyed of these,  
Arcadian Atalanta, with twain hounds

Laughing the lish, and under nose and  
brow

Glittering with lipless tooth and fire-swift  
eye;

But from her white-braced shoulder the  
plumed shafts

Rang, and the bow shone from her side;  
next her

Melenger; like a sun in spring that strikes  
Branch into leaf and bloom into the world,

A glory among men meaner; Iphicles,  
And following him that slew the biform

bull  
Pirithous, and divine Eurytion,

And, bride-bound to the gods, Æacides.  
Then Telamon his brother, and Argive-

born  
The seer and sayer of visions and of truth,

Amphiaræus; and a fourfold strength,  
Thine, even thy mother's and thy sister's

sons.  
And recent from the roar of foreign foam

Jason; and Dryas twin-begot with war,  
A blossom of bright battle, sword and

man  
Shining; and Idas, and the keenest eye

Of Lynceus, and Admetus twice-espoused,  
And Hippasus and Hyleus, great in heart.

These having halted bade blow horns, and  
rode

Through woods and waste lands cleft by  
stormy streams,

Past yew-trees and the heavy hair of pines,

And where the dew is thickest under oaks,  
This way and that; but questing up and  
down  
They saw no trail nor scented; and one  
said,  
Plexippus, Help, or help not, Artemis,  
And we will flay thy boarskin with male  
hands;  
But saying, he ceased and said not that he  
would,  
Seeing where the green ooze of a sun-struck  
marsh  
Shook with a thousand reeds untunable,  
And in their moist and multitudinous  
flower  
Slept no soft sleep, with violent visions  
fed,  
The blind bulk of the immeasurable beast.  
And seeing, he shuddered with sharp lust  
of praise  
Through all his limbs, and launched a  
double dart,  
And missed; for much desire divided him,  
Too hot of spirit and feebler than his will,  
That his hand failed, though fervent; and  
the shaft,  
Sundering the rushes, in a tamarisk stem  
Shook, and stuck fast; then all abode save  
one,  
The Arcadian Atalanta; from her side  
Sprang her hounds, laboring at the leash,  
and slipped,  
And plashed ear-deep with plunging feet;  
but she  
Saying, Speed it as I send it for thy sake,  
Goddess, drew bow and loosed; the sudden  
string  
Rang, and sprang inward, and the waterish  
air  
Hissed, and the moist plumes of the song-  
less reeds  
Moved as a wave which the wind moves  
no more.  
But the boar heaved half out of ooze and  
slime  
His tense flank trembling round the barbed  
wound,  
Hateful; and fiery with invasive eyes  
And bristling with intolerable hair  
Plunged, and the hounds clung, and green  
flowers and white  
Reddened and broke all round them where  
they came.  
And charging with sheer tusk he drove,  
and smote

Hyleus; and sharp death caught his sudden  
soul,  
And violent sleep shed night upon his  
eyes.  
Then Peleus, with strong strain of hand  
and heart,  
Shot; but the sidelong arrow slid, and  
slew  
His comrade born and loving country-  
man,  
Under the left arm smitten, as he no less  
Poised a like arrow; and bright blood  
break foam.  
And falling, and weighed back by clamor-  
ous throng,  
Sharp rang the dead limbs of Eurytion.  
Then one shot happier, the Cadmean scer,  
Amphiaraus; for his sacred shaft  
Pierced the red circlet of one ravening  
eye  
Beneath the brute brows of the sanguine  
boar,  
Now bloodier from one slain; but he so  
galled  
Sprang straight, and rearing cried no lesser  
cry  
Than thunder and the roar of wintering  
streams  
That mix their own foam with the yellower  
sea;  
And as a tower that falls by fire in fight  
With ruin of walls and all its archery,  
And breaks the iron flower of war be-  
neath,  
Crushing charred limbs and molten arms  
of men;  
So through crushed branches and the  
red falling brake  
Clamored and crashed the fervor of his  
feet,  
And trampled, springing sideways from  
the tusk,  
Too tardy a moving mould of heavy  
strength,  
Ancient; and as flakes of weak-winged  
snow  
Break, all the hard thews of his heaving  
limbs  
Broke, and rent flesh fell every way, and  
blood  
Flew, and fierce fragments of no more a  
man.  
Then all the heroes drew sharp breath, and  
said,  
And smote not; but Meleager, but thy son,

Right in the wild way of the coming curse  
 Rock-rooted, fair with fierce and fasten'd  
 lips,  
 Clear eyes, and springing muscle  
 shortening limb  
 With chin a-slant indrawn to a tightening  
 throat,  
 Grave, and with gathered sinews, like a  
 god,  
 Aim'd on the left side his well-handled  
 spear  
 Grasped where the ash was knottiest hewn,  
 and smote,  
 And with no missile wound, the monstrous  
 bear  
 Right in the hairiest hollow of his back  
 Under the last rib, sheer through ribs and  
 bone  
 Deep in; and deeply smitten, and to death,  
 The heavy horror with his hanging shafts  
 Leapt, and fell furiously, and from raging  
 lips  
 Foamed out the latest wrath of all his life,  
 And all they praised the gods with mightier  
 heart,  
 Zeus and all gods, but chiefliest Artemis,  
 Seeing; but Meleager bade whet knives and  
 flay,  
 Strip and stretch out the splendor of the  
 spoil;  
 And hot and horrid from the work all  
 these  
 Sat, and drew breath and drank and made  
 great cheer  
 And washed the hard sweat off their calmer  
 brows,  
 For much sweet grass grew higher than  
 grew the reed,  
 And good for slumber, and every holier  
 herb,  
 Narcissus, and the low-lying milkwort,  
 And all of goodliest shade and bloom that  
 springs  
 Where, hid by heavier hyacinth, violet  
 buds  
 Blossom and burn; and fire of yellower  
 flowers  
 And light of crescent lilies, and such leaves  
 As fear the Faun's and know the Dryad's  
 foot;  
 Olive and ivy and poplar delicate,  
 And many a wellspring overwatched of  
 the sun  
 There now they rest; but me the king bade  
 bear

Good tidings to rejoice this town and thee.  
 Wherefore be glad, and all ye give much  
 thanks

For fallen is all the trouble of Calydon.

## ALTHEA.

Let ye the gods; for this they have given  
 me good.

And what shall be they hide until their  
 time.

Much good and somewhat grievous hast  
 thou said,

And either well; but let all sad things be,  
 Till all have made before the prosperous  
 gods

Burnt-offering, and poured out the floral  
 wine.

Look fair, O gods, and favorable; for we  
 Praise you with no false heart or flattering  
 mouth

Being merciful, but with pure souls and  
 prayer.

## HERALD.

Thou hast prayed well; for whose fears  
 not these,

But once being prosperous waxes huge of  
 heart,

Him shall some new thing unaware de-  
 stroy.

## CHORUS.

O that I now, I too were  
 By deep wells and water-floods,  
 Streams of ancient hills, and where  
 All the wan green places bear  
 Blossoms cleaving to the sod,  
 Fruitless fruit, and grasses fair  
 Or such darkest ivy-buds  
 As divide thy yellow hair,  
 Bacchus, and their leaves that nod  
 Round thy fawnskin brush the bare  
 Snow-soft shoulders of a god;  
 There the year is sweet, and there  
 Earth is full of secret springs,  
 And the fervent rose-cheeked hours,  
 Those that marry dawn and noon,  
 There are sunless, there look pale  
 In dim leaves and hidden air,  
 Pale as gris- or latter flowers  
 Or the white vine's wan wet rings  
 Fall of dew beneath the moon,  
 And all day the nightingale  
 Sleeps, and all night sings;  
 There in cold remote recesses

That nor alien eye asail,  
Feet, nor imminence of wings,  
Nor a wing nor any tale,  
Thou, O queen, hast had;  
Flower the worst of all things,  
With reluctant brightness blossoms  
And with sudden plot and cast  
Save of man's semblance,  
There are wont to enter, that  
Thy divine sweet limbs and golden  
Maiden growth of unimpaired,  
Bathed in waters white,  
Shine, and many a maid's by thee  
In moist woodland or the hilly  
Flowerless brakes where wells abound  
Out of all men's sight;  
Or in lower pools that see  
All their margins clothed all round  
With the innumerable lily,  
Whence the golden-gilded bee  
Flits through flowering rush to fret  
White or duskier violet,  
Fair as those that in far years  
With their buds left luminous  
And their little leaves made wet  
From the warmer dew of tears,  
Mother's tears in extreme need,  
Hid the limbs of Iamus,  
Of thy brother's dead;  
For his heart was piteous  
Toward him, even as thine heart now  
Pitiful toward us;  
Thine, O goddess, turning hither  
A benignant blameless brow;  
Seeing enough of evil done  
And lives withered as leaves wither  
In the blasting of the sun;  
Seeing enough of hunters dead,  
Ruin enough of all our year,  
Herds and harvests slain and shed  
Herdsman stricken many an one,  
Fruits and flocks consumed together,  
And great length of deadly days,  
Yet with reverent lips and fan  
Turn we toward thee, turn and praise  
For this lightening of clear weather  
And prosperities begun,  
For not seldom, when all air  
As bright water without break  
Shines, and when men fear not, fate  
Without thunder unaware  
Breaks, and brings down death,  
Joy with grief yegged, give,  
Good with bad, and overbear  
All the pride of us that live,

All the hidden fate,  
A sudden storm overhead,  
A sudden lightning bolt,  
Many a man's ruin and his rest,  
All that were,  
For the storm, we know, where,  
Having done all that we can,  
Take refuge of the gods;  
We know not by thy lot,  
By thy sweet face, thy woe eyes,  
A sudden storm of death,  
For the storm, we know, where,  
Pythia, now, at thy mouth  
All things over the world  
Forth come, in thy light,  
By the storm, we know,  
And the storm, we know,

MELEAGER.

Maidens, if ye will <sup>some</sup> sing now, shift your

flow'rs down, cry, and for pity; is this a

lot singing? nay, for strewing of dust and

rent raiment, and for bruising of the

breast.

What new thing wolf-like lurks behind thy

What stalks stare in thy lips? what fire

in the eye?

Bring me before the queen and I will

spoil.

CHORUS.

Lo, she comes, to shun from thank-offering

made.

MELEAGER.

A barren offering to the right

ALTHEA.

What are these borne on branches, and the

face

Cover'd with many men living, but now

slain

Such honor have they, if any dwell with

death.

MELEAGER.

Queen, thy twain brethren and thy mother's

sons.

APPALINIA.

Lay I, you shall find I will not  
If it be so.

MESSENGER.

Weep it not, wilt thou weep it  
In vain?

APPALINIA.

O mother, O my father,  
Well love I and would I could  
Weep.

Tears are not that they should  
Be shed.  
But that I have seen  
Sleeping, and that I have  
For my own sake, by the way.

MESSENGER.

Nay, should I think now, I should  
O speech?

APPALINIA.

Thy doubtless word, but I will not  
Death.

MESSENGER.

Know this then, truly, by the way,  
fell.

APPALINIA.

What matters it, wilt thou weep it  
In vain?

MESSENGER.

Slain by thy son's hand, I should  
hard?

APPALINIA.

Our time is come, I should  
hard?

CHORUS.

O miserable, and should I should  
hard?

APPALINIA.

Wert thou not called, I should  
womb?

CHORUS.

A grievous hunt, I should  
hard?

APPALINIA.

Wert thou born, I should  
devout?

CHORUS.

The fire that madest, will it consume even  
thee?

APPALINIA.

My dreams are fallen upon me; burn thou  
thee?

CHORUS.

Nay, without God are visions born and die.

APPALINIA.

The gods are many about me; I am one.

CHORUS.

sluggish as men wrestling with heavier  
thee?

APPALINIA.

They rend me, they divide me, they de-  
thee?

CHORUS.

Or one, laboring in travail of strange births.

APPALINIA.

They are strong, they are strong; I am  
thee, and these prevail.

CHORUS.

For she is strong against her; she will die.

APPALINIA.

Yea, but not now; for my heart too is  
thee?

I would I were not here in sight of the sun.  
For thou, speak all thou sawest, and I will  
thee?

MESSENGER.

O queen, for queenlike hast thou borne  
thyself?

A little word may hold so great mischance.  
For in division of the sanguine spoil

These men thy brethren wrangling bade  
yield up

The bear's head and the horror of the hide,  
That this might stand a wonder in Caly-  
don.

Hallowed; and some drew toward them;  
For the son,

With great hands grasping all that weight  
thee?

Cast down the dead heap clanging and  
thee?

At female feet, saying, This thy spoil, not  
thee?

Maiden, thine own hand for thyself hath  
thee?

And all this praise God gives thee: she  
thereat

Laughed, as when dawn touches the sacred  
night

The sky sees laugh and redden and divide  
Dim lips and eyelids virgin of the sun.

Hers, and the warm slow breasts of morn-  
ing heave,

Fruitful, and flushed with flame from long-  
lit hours,

And maiden undulation of clear hair  
Color the clouds; so laughed she from pure  
heart

Lit with a low blush to the braided hair,  
And rose-colored and cold like very dawn,  
Golden and godlike, chastely with chaste  
lips

A faint, grave laugh; and all they held  
their peace,

And she passed by them. Then one cried,  
Lo now,

Shall not the Arcadian shoot out lips  
at us,

Saying all we were despoiled by this one  
girl?

And all they rode against her violently  
And cast the fresh crown from her hair,  
and now

They had rent her spoil away, dishonoring  
her,

Save that Meleager, as a tame lion chafed,  
Bore on them, broke them, as fire cleaves  
wood

So clove and drove them, smitten in twain;  
but she

Smote not nor heaved up hand and this  
man first,

Plexippus, crying out, this for Love's sake,  
sweet,

Drove at Meleager, who with spear  
straightening

Pierced his cheek through; then Toxus  
made for him,

Dumb, but his spear spake; vain and vio-  
lent words,

Fruitless; for him too, stricken through  
both sides

The earth felt falling, and his horse's  
foam

Blanched thy son's face, his slayer; and  
these being slain,

None moved nor spake; but Ceneus bade  
bear hence

These made of heaven infatuate in their  
deaths,

Foolish; for these would baffle fate, and  
fell,

And they passed on, and all men honored  
her,

Being honorable, as one revered of heaven.

ALITHIA.

What say ye, Women? is all this not well  
done?

CHORUS.

No man doth well but God hath part in  
him.

ALITHIA.

But no part here; for these my brethren  
born

Ye have no part in, these ye know not of  
As I that was their sister, a sacrifice

Slain in their slaying. I would I had died  
for these;

For this man dead walked with me, child  
by child,

And made a weak staff for my feeblar feet  
With his own tender wrist and hand, and  
held

And led me softly, and showed me gold  
and steel

And shining shapes of mirror and bright  
crown

And all things fair; and threw light spears,  
and brought

Young hounds to huddle at my feet and  
thrust

Tame heads against my little maiden  
breasts,

And please me with great eyes; and those  
days went,

And these are bitter, and I a barren  
queen

And sister miserable, a grievous thing  
And mother of many curses; and she  
too,

My sister Leda, sitting overseas  
With fair fruits round her, and her faultless  
lord,

Shall curse me, saying, A sorrow and not  
a son,

Sister, thou barest, even a burning fire  
A brand consuming thine own soul and  
me.

But y now, now, Thendius, make good  
cheer.

For ye shall have such wood to funeral  
fire



As no king hath; an I blame that once hunt  
 Down  
 Oil shall not quicken or breathe, recline or  
 wine  
 Refresh again; much costlier than fine  
 wine  
 And more than many lives of wandering  
 men.

O queen, thou hast yet with three loves  
 Three husband, and the great strength of  
 thy arm.

Who shall get brothers for me while I  
 live?  
 Who bear them? who bring forth in lieu  
 of me?  
 Are not our fathers and our brethren one,  
 And no man like them? are not mine here  
 dear?

Have we not hung together, he and I,  
 Flowerwise feeding as the feeding bees,  
 With mother-milk for us my? and for  
 man too?

Dead, with my son's spear thrust betwixt  
 his thighs.

Hath he not seen us, later than than he,  
 Laugh with his till I, and laughed again  
 for love?

There were no sons then in the world, nor  
 spears.

Nor deadly births of women; but the  
 gods

Allowed us, and our days were clear of  
 care.

I would I had died unwelld, and brought  
 no

No jewels to vex the world; for these that  
 I

Sweet words long set me to vex  
 not speak

Nor love nor look upon men; and all my  
 life

I shall not hear nor see them living men,  
 For I am living. How shall I now live?

What life shall I have with my son, to  
 live

What hath been and desire what will not  
 be.

Look for dead eyes and listen for mut-  
 ters.

And bid mine own heart with remembering  
 his.

And with those eyes that see the slayer

Weep, and wring hands that clasp him by  
 the neck.

How shall I bear my dreams of them, to  
 live

False voices, feel the kisses of false  
 lips.

And footless sound of perished feet, and  
 wake

Wake and hear only it may be their own  
 voices.

While, masterless in miserable sleep,  
 Their spears and their bodies

And all the gear and housings of their  
 arms.

And not the men? shall hounds and horses  
 find

Pine with strange eyes, and pick up hun-  
 gry cars.

Famish and fall at heart for their dear  
 ones.

And I not heed at all? and those blind  
 men

Fall off from life for love's sake, and I  
 live.

Surely some death is better than some  
 life.

Better one death for him and these and  
 me.

For if the gods had slain them it may be  
 I had endured it; if they had fallen by

Or by the nets and knives of privy death  
 And by hired hands while sleeping, this

I had set my soul to suffer; or this hunt,  
 Had this despatched them, under task or

Or trodden, broken; for all  
 Or honorable or with facile feet avenged

And hands of swift gods following, all save  
 me.

Are bearable; but not for their sweet land  
 I bid them, but not sacrifice, to these

Dead; for I had not then shed all mine  
 blood.

Out at mine eyes: then either with good  
 being put, I had slain their slayer anon.

Or strown with flowers their fire and on  
 their bones.

Hung crowns, and ovens  
 Their praise outflaw  
 All maidens, had  
 Sheer songs upon their  
 Tears; and their death  
 But now, by no man hit or alien  
 By their own kindred are they fallen, in  
 After much peril, friendless among friends,  
 By hateful hands they loved; and how shall  
 Touch these returning red and not from  
 These fatal from the vintage of men's  
 Dead men my brethren? how shall these  
 No festal stains of maddening wine  
 How mix the blood, my blood on them,  
 Holding mine hand? or how shall I say,  
 That am no sister? but by night and day  
 Shall we not sit and hate each other, and  
 Things hate-worthy? not live with shame-  
 Brow-beaten, treading soft with fearful  
 Each unbraided, each without rebuke  
 Convicted, and without a word reviled  
 Each of another? and I shall let thee live  
 And see thee strong and hear men for thy  
 Praise me, but these thou wouldest not let  
 No man shall praise for ever? these shall lie  
 Dead, unbeloved, unholpen, all through  
 Sweet were they toward me living, and  
 Desired them, but was then well satisfied,  
 But now is as men hungered; and these  
 I shall want always to the day I die  
 For all things else and all men may re-  
 Yes, for you the gods may  
 But never a brother or sister any more.

CHORUS.

As yet for the son lies close  
 Full of thy milk, warm from  
 Life and food of life and all thy  
 Lest thee and drinks thee as who  
 Treads wine and drinks, thyself a seer of  
 And if he feed not, shall not thy flesh  
 Or drink not, are not thy lips dead for  
 This thing moves more than all thing  
 That thou cleave to him; and he shall  
 Thy womb that bare him and the breast  
 Reverencing most for thy sake all his gods.

ALPHA.

But these the gods too gave me, and these  
 Not reverencing his gods nor mine  
 Nor the old sweet years nor all venerable  
 But cruel, and in his ravin like a beast,  
 Hath taken away to slay them: yea, and  
 She the strange woman, she the flower,  
 Red from spilt blood, a mortal flower to  
 A lovable, detestable—even she  
 Saw with strange eyes and with strange  
 Seeing these mine own slain of mine own,  
 Made miserable above all miseries made,  
 A girl among all women in the world,  
 A girl to be washed out with all men's

CHORUS.

Strengthen thy spirit; is this not also a  
 Chance, and the wheel of all necessities?  
 Hard things have fallen upon us from harsh  
 Whom lest worse hap rebuke we not for







CHORUS.

And thy mouth shuddering like a shot  
bird.

ALTHÆA.

Not as the bride's mouth when the man  
kisses it.

CHORUS.

Nay, but what thing is this thing thou hast  
done?

ALTHÆA.

Look, I am silent, speak your eyes for me.

CHORUS.

I see a faint fire lightening from the hall.

ALTHÆA.

Gaze, stretch your eyes, strain till the lids  
drop off.

CHORUS.

Flushed pillars down the flickering vesti-  
bule.

ALTHÆA.

Stretch with your necks like birds: cry,  
chirp as they.

CHORUS.

And a long brand that blackens: and  
white dust.

ALTHÆA.

O children, what is this ye see? your eyes  
Are blinder than night's face at fall of  
moon.

That is my son, my flesh, my fruit of life,  
My travail, and the year's weight of my  
womb.

Meleager, a fire enkindled of mine hands,  
And of mine hands extinguished; this is he.

CHORUS.

O gods, what word has flown out at thy  
mouth?

ALTHÆA.

I did this and I say this and I die.

CHORUS.

Death stands upon the doorway of thy lips,  
And in thy mouth has death set up his  
house.

ALTHÆA.

O death, a little, a little while, sweet  
death,

Until I see the brand burnt down and die.

CHORUS.

She reels as any reed under the wind,  
And cleaves unto the ground with stagger-  
ing feet.

ALTHÆA.

Girls, one thing will I say and hold my  
peace.

I that did this will weep not nor cry out,  
Cry ye and weep: I will not call on gods,  
Call ye on them; I will not pity man,  
Shew ye your pity. I know not if I  
live;

Save that I feel the fire upon my face  
And on my cheek the burning of a brand.  
Yea the smoke bites me, yea I drink the  
steam

With nostril and with eyelid and with lip  
Insatiate and intolerant; and mine hands  
Burn, and fire feeds upon mine eyes; I  
reel

As one made drunk with living, whence  
he draws

Drunken delight; yet I though mad for  
joy,

Loathe my long living and am waxen red  
As with the shadow of shed blood; be-  
hold,

I am kindled with the flames that fade in  
him,

I am swollen with subsiding of his veins,  
I am flooded with his elbing; my lit eyes  
Flame with the falling fire that leaves his  
lids

Bloodless; my cheek is luminous with  
blood

Because his face is ashen. Yet, O child,  
Son, first-born, fairest—O sweet mouth,  
sweet eyes,

That drew my life out through my suckling  
breast,

That shone and clove my heart through,—  
O soft knees

Clinging, O tender treadings of soft feet,  
Cheeks warm with little kissings,—O child,  
child,

What have we made each other? Lo, I  
felt

Thy weight cleave to me, a burden of  
beauty, O son,

Thy crumpled brows and lowchest loving  
lips,  
The floral hair, the little lightening eyes,  
And all thy goodly glory: with mine  
hands  
Delicately I find thee, with my tongue  
Tenderly spike, saying, Verily in God's  
time,  
For all the little likeness of thy body,  
Son, I shall make thee a lady to me to-  
night,  
A lady leader; and for a lover I do,  
"She were the goodliest world of all the  
world."  
Oh! oh! For all my life turns round on  
me;  
I am severed from myself, my name is  
mine,  
My name that was a healing, it is changed,  
My name is a consuming. From this  
time,  
Though mine eyes reach to the end of all  
these things,  
My lips shall not unlisten till I lie.

SEMICHORUS.

She has filled with sighing the city,  
And the ways thereof with tears;  
She arose, she girdled her sides,  
She set her face as a bride's;  
She wept, and she had no pity;  
Trembled and felt no fears.

SEMICHORUS.

Her eyes were clear as the sun,  
Her brows were arch as the lay;  
She girdled herself with her old,  
Her robes were manifold;  
But the days of her worship are done,  
Her prayer is taken away.

SEMICHORUS.

For she set her hand to the fire;  
With her mouth she kindled the same;  
As the mouth of a fire player,  
So was the mouth of her;  
With the might of her strong desire  
She blew the breath of the flame.

SEMICHORUS.

She set her hand to the work,  
She took the meek and lowly;  
She who is both to the  
meek and lowly;  
opened her lips and to the  
She brought and kindled the fire and

SEMICHORUS.

As wood-dove newly shot,  
She sobbed and lifted her breast;  
She sighed and covered her eyes,  
Filling her lips with sighs;  
She sighed, she withdrew herself not,  
She remained not, taking not rest;

SEMICHORUS.

For as the wind which is death,  
And as the air which is death,  
As a death that is in the ships,  
He is with severing her lips,  
And as the fire came forth of her mouth  
And the fire came forth of her breath.

SECOND MESSENGER.

Queen, and you ladies, there is come  
on us  
A thing more deadly than the tale of  
death;  
Mcdeager the good lord is as one sl

SEMICHORUS.

Without sword, without sword is he  
stricken;  
Slain, and slain without hand.

SECOND MESSENGER.

For as keen ice divided of the sun  
His limbs divide, and as thawed snow the  
he he  
Thaws from out all his body to the hair.

SEMICHORUS.

He wastes as the embers quicken;  
With the fire and he fades as a brand.

SECOND MESSENGER.

Even while they sang and all drew hither  
and he  
Lifted both hands to crown the Arcadian's  
hair  
And fix the looser leaves, both hands fell  
down.

SEMICHORUS.

With ten hairs of cheek and of hair  
Lament yet, more for him, weep.

SECOND MESSENGER.

Straightway the crown slid off and smote  
on the  
First fallen; and he, grasping his own hair,  
groaned

And cast his raiment round his face and fell.

SEMICHORUS.

Alas for visions that were,  
And soothsayings spoken in sleep!

SECOND MESSENGER.

But the king twitched his reins in and leapt down  
And caught him, crying out twice, "O child," and thrice  
So that men's eyelids thickened with the tears.

SEMICHORUS.

Lament with a long lamentation,  
Cry, for an end is at hand.

SECOND MESSENGER.

O son, he said, son, lift thine eyes, draw breath,  
Pity me; but Meleager with sharp lips  
Gasp'd, and his face waxed like as sun-burnt grass.

SEMICHORUS.

Cry aloud, O thou kingdom, O nation,  
O stricken, a ruinous land.

SECOND MESSENGER.

Whereat king Oeneus, straightening feeble knees,  
With feeble hands heaved up a lessening weight,  
And laid him sadly in strange hands, and wept.

SEMICHORUS.

Thou art smitten, her lord, her desire,  
Thy dear blood wasted is gone.

SECOND MESSENGER.

And they with tears and rendings of the beard  
Bear hither a breathing body, wept upon.  
And lightening at each footfall, sick to death.

SEMICHORUS.

Thou madest thy sword as a fire,  
With fire for a sword thou art slain.

SECOND MESSENGER.

And to the feast turned funeral and the crowns

Fallen; and the huntress and O Lunter trapped;  
And weeping and changed face I waxed hair.

MELEAGER.

Let your hands meet  
Took the weight of my life!  
Let your hands meet  
At the feet of the dead;  
For the flesh of my body is in them, the limbs of it molten as lead!

CHORUS.

O ray luminous face,  
Thine imperious eyes!  
O the grief, O the grace,  
As of the day when it dies!  
Who is this beauty, over thee, lord, with tears and suppression of sighs!

MELEAGER.

Is a beauty so fair?  
Is a beauty so meek?  
With unchaperled hair  
With unfiled cheek,  
Atalanta, the pure among women, whose name is as blessing to speak.

ATALANTA.

I would that with feet,  
Unsaddled, unshod,  
Overhold, overleap,  
I had swum not nor trod  
From Arcadia to Calydon, northward, a blast of the envy of God.

MELEAGER.

Unto each man his fate;  
Unto each as he saith  
In whose finger is the weight  
O, the world is as I reach;  
Yet I would that in clamor of battle mine hands had laid hold upon death.

CHORUS.

Not with clashing of shields  
And their clash in thine ear,  
When the lord of fought fields  
Breaketh spear-shaft from spear,  
Thou art broken, our lord, thou art broken,  
With travail and labor and fear.

MELEAGER.

Would God he had found me  
Beneath fresh boughs!



Would I God he had!—and me  
I always to mine eyes;  
With light in mine eyes, and songs in my  
lips, and a crown on my brows!

CHORUS.

Whence art thou sent from us?  
Whither thy god?  
How art thou sent from us,  
Thou that wert whole,

As with severing of eyelids and eyes, as  
with sundering of body and soul!

MELEAGER.

My heart is within me  
As an ash in the fire;  
Whosoever hath seen me,  
Without later, without lyre,

Shall sing of me grievous things, even  
things that were ill to desire.

CHORUS.

Who shall raise thee  
From the house of the dead?  
Or what man praise thee  
That thy praise may be said?

Alas thy beauty! alas thy body! alas  
thine heed!

MELEAGER.

Bat thou, O mother,  
Thou dost not know me,  
With thou long with another  
To me, thy son's love.

When I move among the flocks of the low,  
and wail by him that is to die?

GENEUS.

What thou sayest, thou have me  
Now fast in my heart;  
A man with thee have me,  
As on long days.

For the light in mine eyes, the desire of  
my life, the best of me?

CHORUS.

Thou wert glad to have others,  
Yea, for thy love thou wert;  
Thou wert glad to have another;  
For each man that thou wert.

Or thee, for there was a word unto thee,  
as wings to the feet of a bird.

GENEUS.

Who shall give thee  
Thy word of old years,

With travail made black,  
Grown gray among tears,  
Mother of sorrow, mother of cursing,  
mother of tears?

MELEAGER.

Though thou art as fire  
Fed with fuel in a sin,  
My delight, desire,  
Is more chaste than the rain,

More pure than the downfall, more holy  
than stars are that live without stain.

ATLANTA.

I would that as water  
My life's blood had thawn,  
Or as winter's wan daughter  
Leaves of lowland and lawn

Spring-stricken, or ever mine eyes had be-  
held thee made dark in thy dawn.

CHORUS.

When thou dravest the men  
Of the chosen of Thrace,  
None turned him again  
Nor endured he thy face

Clothed round with the blush of the battle,  
with light from a terrible place,

GENEUS.

Thou shouldst die as he dies  
For whom none sheddeth tears;  
Filling thine eyes  
And fulfilling thine ears.

With the brilliance of flame, the bloom  
and the beauty, the splendor of spears.

CHORUS.

In the ears of the world  
It is sung, it is told,  
And the light thereof hurled  
And the noise thereof rolled

From the Acroceraunian snow to the ford  
of the fleece of gold.

MELEAGER.

Would God ye could carry me  
Forth of all these;  
Heap sand and bury me  
By the Chersoneus

Where the thundering Bosphorus answers  
the thunder of Pontic seas.

GENEUS.

Lost thou mock at our praise  
And the singing begun

And the men of strange days  
Praising my son  
In the folds of the hills of home, high  
places of Calydon?

MELEAGER.

For the dead man no home is;  
Ah, better to be  
What the flower of the foam is  
In fields of the sea,  
That the sea-waves might be as my rai-  
ment, the gulf-stream a garment for me.

CHORUS.

Who shall seek thee and bring  
And restore thee thy day,  
When the dove dipt her wing  
And the oars won their way,  
Where the narrowing Symplegades whitened  
the straits of Propontis with spray?

MELEAGER.

Will ye crown me my tomb  
Or exalt me my name,  
Now my spirits consume  
Now my flesh is a flame?  
Let the sea slake it once, and men speak  
of me sleeping to praise me or shame.

CHORUS.

Turn back now, turn thee,  
As who turns him to wake;  
Though the life in thee burn thee,  
Couldst thou bathe it and slake  
Where the sea-ridge of Helle hangs heavier,  
and east upon west waters break?

MELEAGER.

Would the winds blow me back  
Or the waves hurl me home?  
Ah, to touch in the track  
Where the pine learnt to roam  
Cold girdles and crowns of the sea gods,  
cool blossoms of water and foam!

CHORUS.

The gods may release  
That they made fast;  
Thy soul shall have ease  
In thy limb: but the last;  
But what shall they give thee for life, sweet  
life that is overpast?

MELEAGER.

Not the life of men's veins,  
Not of flesh that conceives;  
But the grace that remains,  
The fair beauty that cleaves  
To the life of the rains in the grasses, the  
life of the dew on the leaves.

CHORUS.

Thou wert helmsman and oar;  
Wilt thou turn in an hour  
Thy limbs to the leaf,  
Thy face to the flower,  
Thy blood to the water, thy soul to the  
gods who divide and devour?

MELEAGER.

The years are hungry,  
They wail all their days;  
The gods wax angry  
And weary of praise;  
And who shall bridle their lips? and who  
shall straiten their ways?

CHORUS.

The gods guard over us  
With sword and with rod;  
Weaving shadow to cover us,  
Heaping the sod,  
That law may fulfil herself wholly, to  
darken man's face before God.

MELEAGER.

O holy head of Athena, lo thy son  
Guiltless, yet red from alien guilt, yet foul  
With kinship of contaminated lives,  
Lo for their blood I die; and mine own  
blood  
For bloodshedding of mine is mixed there-  
with,  
That death may not discern me from my  
kin.  
Yet with clean heart I die and faultless  
hand,  
Not shamefully; thou therefore of thy  
love  
Salute me, and bid fare among the dead  
Well, as the dead fare; for the best man  
dead  
Fares sadly; nathless I now faring well  
Pass without fear where nothing is to fear,  
Having thy love about me and thy good-  
will.  
O father, among dark places and men  
dead.

## ULYSSSES.

Child, I salute thee with sad heart and  
tears,  
And bid thee comfort, being a perfect  
man,  
In fight, and honorable in the house of  
the gods;  
The gods give thee fair wages for thy  
toils;  
And me brief days and ways to come of  
thee.

## MELEAGER.

Pray thou thy days be long before thy  
death;  
And full of ease and kingdome; seeing in  
death  
There is no comfort and none aftergrowth,  
Nor shall one thence look up and see days  
again;  
Nor light upon the land whither I go.  
Lave thou and take thy fill of days and  
life;  
When thy day comes; and make not much  
of death;  
Lest ere thy day thou reap an evil thing;  
Thou, too, the bitter mother and mother-  
in-law;  
This my weary body, thou to wear;  
The sower and end, the sower and the  
sweeter;  
The rain that ripens and the drought that  
dries;  
The sand that swallows and the spring  
that feeds;  
To make me and unmake me; thou, I  
say;  
Alas, since my father's ploughshare,  
drawn  
Through fatal seedland of a ten-fold fold,  
Farrowed thy body, whence a whole  
year  
Strong from the sun and fragrant from the  
tears;  
I sprang and cleft the closure of thy  
womb;  
Mother, I dying with unforgetful to me,  
Hail thee as holy and worship thee as  
just;  
Who art unust and unholy; and with my  
line;  
Would worship, but thy fire and subtlety  
Disundering them, devour me for their  
limits.

Are as light dust and crumbings from  
the earth;  
Before the fire has touched them; and my  
face  
As a dead leaf or dead foot's mark on  
the snow;  
And all this body a broken barren tree  
That was so strong, and all this flower of  
life  
Disbranched and desecrated wholly,  
And minished all that gods' sole and  
mortal  
And I leave thee a memorial for thy veins  
To live, and all mine a heritage to burn;  
And I would thou hadst let me live; but gods  
will;  
But fortune, and the fiery feet of death;  
And time, these would not, these tread out  
my life;  
These, and not thou; me, too, thou hast  
loved, and I  
Thee; but this death was mixed with all  
my life,  
Mine end with my beginning; and this  
law,  
This only, slays me, and not my mother at  
all,  
And let no brother or sister grieve too  
sore;  
Nor melt their hearts out on me with their  
tears,  
Since extreme love and sorrowing over-  
much  
Vex the great gods, and overloving men  
slay and are slain for love's sake; and this  
law;  
Shall bear much better children; why  
do all these  
Weep? but in patience let them live their  
lives;  
And mine pass by forgotten; thou alone,  
Mother, thou sole and only, thou not  
thee;  
Leave me in mind a little when I die  
That I was thy first-born; let thy soul  
Pity me, pity even me gone hence and  
dead;  
Though thou wert wroth, and though thou  
bear again  
Much happier sons, and all men later  
born;  
Exceedingly excel me; yet do thou  
Forget not, nor think shame; I was thy  
son.

Time was I did not shame thee; and time  
 was  
 I thought to live and make thee honorable  
 With deeds as great as these men's; but  
 they live,  
 These, and I die; and what thing should  
 have been  
 Surely I know not; yet I charge thee, see-  
 ing  
 I am dead already, love me not the less.  
 Me, O my mother; I charge thee by these  
 gods,  
 My father's, and that holier breast of  
 thine,  
 By these that see me dying, and that which  
 nursed,  
 Love me not less, thy first-born: though  
 grief come,  
 Grief only, of me, and of all these great  
 joys,  
 And shall come always to thee; for thou  
 knowest  
 O mother, O breasts that bare me, for ye  
 know  
 O sweet head of my mother, sacred eyes,  
 Ye know my soul albeit I sinned, ye  
 know  
 Albeit I kneel not neither touch thy  
 knees,  
 But with my lips I kneel, and with my  
 heart  
 I fall about thy feet and worship thee.  
 And ye, farewell now, all my friends; and  
 ye,  
 O men, much younger and glorious  
 more than I  
 Sons of my mother's sister; and all fare-  
 well  
 That were in Colchis with me, and bare  
 down  
 The waves and wars that met us and though  
 times  
 Change, and though now I be not any-  
 thing,  
 Forget not me among you, what I did  
 In my good reuer for even by all those  
 days,  
 Those days and this, and your own living  
 souls,  
 And by the light and luck of you that live,  
 And by this miserable spoil, and me  
 Dying, I beseech you, let my name not  
 die.

But thou, dear, touch me with thy rose-like  
 hands,  
 And fetch up mine eyelids with thy  
 mouth,  
 A bitter kiss; and grasp me with thine  
 arms  
 Printing with heavy lips my light wa-  
 ter  
 Make light and thin by heavy-handed  
 lips,  
 And with thine holy maiden eyes drop  
 dew,  
 Drop tears for dew upon me who am  
 dead,  
 Me who have loved thee; seeing without  
 sin done  
 I am gone down to the empty weary  
 house  
 Where no flesh is nor beauty nor swift  
 eyes  
 Nor sound of mouth nor might of hands  
 and feet,  
 But thou, dear, hide my body with thy  
 veil,  
 And with thy raiment cover foot and head,  
 And stretch thyself upon me and touch  
 hands  
 With hands and lips with lips: be pitiful  
 As thou art maiden perfect; let no man  
 Defile me to despise me, saying, This  
 man  
 Die woman-wise, a woman's offering, slain  
 Through female fingers in his woof of life,  
 Dishonorable for thou hast honored me,  
 And now for God's sake kiss me once and  
 twice  
 And let me go; for the night gathers me  
 And in the night shall no man gather  
 fruit.

ATALANTA.

Hail thou: but I with heavy face and  
 feet  
 Turn homeward and am gone out of thine  
 eyes.

CHORUS.

Who shall contend with his lords  
 Or cross them or do them wrong?  
 Who shall bind them as with cords?  
 Who shall tame them as with song?  
 Who shall smite them as with swords?  
 For the hands of their kingdom are  
 strong.

# ERECHTHEUS:

A TRAGEDY.

ὦ τὰ λιπαρὰ καὶ ἰοδότηφι νοὶ καὶ ἀοίδιμοι,  
Ἑλλάδος ἔργον αἶψα, λαίναί Ἀθῆναι, δαίμονιον προλήθρον.

PIND. *Fr.* 47.

AT. τίς δὲ ποιάνωρ ἔπεδτι καὶ πιδεσπόζει στρατοῦ;

XO. οὔτινος δοῦλοι κέκληται φωτός οὐδ' ὑπηκόοι.

ÆSCH. *Pers.* 241-2.

## PERSONS.

ERECHTHEUS.

CHORUS OF ATHENIAN ELDERS.

PRAXITHEA.

CHTHONIA.

HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

MESSENGER.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

ATHENA.

## ERECHTHEUS.

MOTHER of life and death and all men's days,  
Earth, whom I chief of all men born would  
bless,

And call thee with more loving lips than theirs  
Mother, for of this very body of thine  
And living blood I have my breath and live.

Behold me, even thy son, me crowned of men,  
Me made thy child by that strong cunning  
God

Who fashions fire and iron, who begat

Me for a sword and beacon-fire on thee,  
Me fostering of Pallas, in her shade  
Reared, that I first might pay the nursing

debt,  
Hallowing her fame with flower of third-year  
feasts, [steeds

And first bow down the bridled strength of  
To lose the wild wont of their birth, and bear

Clasp of man's knees and steerage of his hand,  
Or fourfold service of his fire-swift wheels

That whirl the four-yoked chariot; in the  
king

Who stand before thee naked now and cry,  
O holy and general mother of all men born,  
But mother most and motherliest of mine;  
Earth, for I ask thee rather of all the Gods,  
What have we done? what work in staid or  
work.

With winged the wild feet of this time-  
less

curse

To fall as fire upon us? Lo, I stand

Here on this brow's crown of the city's head

That crowns its lovely body, till death's hour

Waste it; but now the dew of dawn and birth

Is fresh upon it from thy womb, and we

Behold it born how beauteous; one day men

I see the world's wheel of the circling sun

Roll up rejoicing to regard on earth

This one thing goodliest, fair as heaven or he,

Worth a God's gaze or strife of Gods; but

now

Would this day's ebb of their spent wave of

strife

Sweep it to sea, wash it on wreck, and leave

A costless thing contemned; and in our stead,

Where these walls were and sounding streets

of men,

Make wide a waste for tongueless water-herds

And spoil of ravening fishes; that no more

Should men say, Here was Athens. This shalt

thou

Sustain not, nor thy son endure to see,

Nor thou to live and look on; for the womb

Bare me not base that bare me miserable,

I hear this loud brood of the Tanæan foam

Break its broad strength of billowy-beating

war

Here, and upon it as a blast of death

Blowing, the keen wrath of a fire-souled king,

A strange growth grafted on our natural soil,

A root of Thrace in Eleusinian earth

Set for no comfort to the kindly land,

Son of the sea's lord and our first-born foe,

Fumolpus; nothing sweet in ears of thine

The music of his making, nor a song

Forward hopes of ours auspicious; for the note

Brings as for death oracular to thy sons

That goes before him on the sea-wind blown

Full of this charge laid on me, to put out

The brief light kindled of mine own child's

life,

Or with this helmsman hand that steers the

state

Run right on the under shoal and ridge of

death

The populous brood with all its struggling gone

A full sail, but with a storm that would not time

Rent, and the ship's hull and sails held out fast

In madflaccid array of the deadenies

Broken on, with spars of the ship and lost oars

That were to row to some far and hind rest

In some most pleasant place of the world

As yet may never be reached, and I

Know not how to turn from this wild

Who the tenor of the world's course is

Knowing that the world's course is

Knowing that the world's course is

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CHORUS.

Sun, that hast lightened and loosed by thy  
night

Ocean and Earth from the lordship of night.

Quickening with vision his eye that was veiled,

Freshening the force in her heart that had

failed,

That sister fettered and blinded brother

Should have shared thy grace and delight of

each other,

Behold now

What profit is given them of thee;

What wrath has enkindled with madness of mind

Her limbs that were before bright as the  
 wa' blind,  
 To be locked as in wrestle to the land and held  
 on  
 A fire that shall darken day and the sky,  
 A light that shall burn as day.

In a war against the sea,  
 Till the bloom of her face and her hair shall  
 wither.

With the foam of his waves shall he  
 For the serpent that to the sea shall  
 To the sea shall he come, and the sea shall  
 To the sea shall he come, and the sea shall  
 He shall be the sea, and the sea shall  
 To the sea shall he come, and the sea shall

To the sea shall he come, and the sea shall  
 Till the sea shall be the sea, and the sea shall  
 But the peace that was the sea shall  
 To the sea shall he come, and the sea shall

Is not now in two, for the sea shall  
 Who stirs up the storm of his sea shall  
 To pluck from fight what he best shall  
 By counsel and judgment of the sea shall  
 And gave great Pallas the strife shall  
 The lordship of the sea shall  
 The grace of the town that had a mother shall  
 But a head and to wear

Of violets one-hued with leaf shall  
 For the vales and the green hope place shall  
 earth  
 Holds nothing so fair,

And the sea shall be the sea, and the sea shall  
 Of the manifold births they shall  
 Too well, too well was the great shall  
 A strife divine for the Gods shall  
 A crowned God's triumph, the sea shall  
 grudge,

Though the loser be the sea, and the victor  
 we

Who played so long since for the sea shall  
 The fruitful immortal anoint shall  
 Dear city of men without shall  
 Fair fortress and foster of the sea shall  
 Who stand in her, the sea shall  
 Slaves of no man, the sea shall  
 A wonder enthroned on the sea shall  
 A maiden crowned with the sea shall  
 That none from the pride of the sea shall  
 rend.

Violet and olive-leaf purple shall  
 Song-wreath and story the sea shall  
 Flowers that the winter in black shall  
 A light upon earth as the sun's own flame,

A name as his shall  
 Athens, a praise with the sea shall

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Death on his hunter's way,  
 And his powerless prey his beagles hounding;  
 Break thou his bow, make short his hand,  
 And his fleet foot whose passage kills the living  
 Find.  
 Let a bird wave smite not us, father,  
 Lest since sore smitten of twain,  
 Lest the house of thy son's son perish  
 And his name be barren on earth.  
 What race wilt thou comfort rather  
 It is to thy son remain?  
 Whose seed wilt thou choose to cherish  
 If his be cut off in the birth?  
 For the first fair graft of his grating  
 Was rent from its maiden root  
 By the strong swift hand of a lover  
 Who fills the night with his breath;  
 On the lip of the stream low-laughing  
 Her green soft virginal shoot  
 Was plucked from the stream-side cover  
 By the grasp of a love like death.  
 For a God's was the mouth that kissed her  
 Who speaks, and the leaves lie dead,  
 When winter awakes as at warning  
 To the sound of his foot from Thrace.  
 Nor happier the bed of her sister  
 Though Love's self laid her at rest  
 By a bridegroom beloved of the morning  
 And fair as the dawn's own face.  
 For Procris, ensnared and ensnaring  
 By the fraud of a twofold wife,  
 With the point of her own spear stricken  
 By the gift of her own hand fell.  
 Over-subtle in doubts, over-daring  
 In deeds and devices of guile,  
 And strong to quench as to quicken,  
 O Love, have we named thee well?  
 By thee was the spear's edge whetted  
 That laid her dead in the dew,  
 In the moist green glens of the midland  
 By her dear lord slain and thee.  
 And him at the cliff's end fretted  
 By the grey keen waves, him too,  
 Thine hand from the white-browed  
 headland  
 Flung down for a spoil to the sea.  
 But enough now of griefs grey-growing  
 Have darkened the house divine,  
 Have flowered on its boughs and faded,  
 And green is the brave stock yet.  
 O father all-seeing and all-knowing,  
 Let the last fruit fall not of thine  
 From the tree with whose boughs we are  
 shaded,  
 From the stock that thy son's hand set.

ERECHTHEUS.

O daughter of Cephissus, from all time  
 Wise have I found thee, wife and queen, of  
 heart  
 Perfect; nor in the days that knew not wind  
 Nor days when storm blew death upon our  
 peace  
 Was thine heart swoln with seed of pride, or  
 bowed  
 With blasts of bitter fear that break men's  
 souls  
 Who lift too high their minds toward heaven  
 in thought  
 Too godlike grown for worship; but of mood  
 Equal, in good time reverent of time bad,  
 And glad in ill days of the good that were.  
 Nor now too would I fear thee, now misdoubt  
 Lest fate should find thee lesser than thy doom,  
 Chosen if thou be to bear and to beget  
 Haply beyond all women; and the word  
 Speaks thee divine, dear queen, that speaks  
 thee dead,  
 Dead being alive, or quick and dead in one  
 Shall not men call thee living? yet I fear  
 To slay thee timeless with my proper tongue,  
 With lips, thou knowest, that love thee; and  
 such work  
 Was never laid of Gods on men, such word  
 No mouth of man learnt ever, as from mine  
 Most loth to speak thine ear most loth shall  
 take  
 And hold it hateful as the grave to hear

PRAXITHEA.

That word there is not in all speech of man,  
 King, that being spoken of the Gods and thee  
 I have not heart to honor, or dare hold  
 More than I hold thee or the Gods in heart  
 Hearing; but if my heart abhor it heard  
 Being insubmissive, hold me not thy wife  
 But use me like a stranger, whom thine hand  
 Hath fed by chance and finding thence no  
 thanks  
 Flung off for shame's sake to forgetfulness.

ERECHTHEUS.

O, of what breath shall such a word be made,  
 Or from what heart find utterance? Would my  
 tongue  
 Were rent forth rather from the quivering root  
 Than made as fire or poison thus for thee.



PRAXITHEA.

Be it thou a link of blood, and I that hear  
 of those who are not ; for I have heard  
 And say :—be thy city, know this well,  
 Happier I hold me than thou art alive.

ERICHTHEUS.

O son that art, wilt thou wilt not be  
 O son, that thy power is, together with  
 lips?  
 For from no sunlit shrine dost thou come.

PRAXITHEA.

Why partest thou from the most ordinary life  
 If thou hasten these, like a cure, that the  
 Woe—no waste men with its plagues? yet  
 pain.

ERICHTHEUS.

By blood the Gods require not; take this  
 first.

PRAXITHEA.

To me than thee more grievous shall be  
 sound.

ERICHTHEUS.

That word rang truer in thy heart than mine.

PRAXITHEA.

This is not then thy grief, thou

ERICHTHEUS.

Die shalt thou not, yet give thy blood to death.

PRAXITHEA.

If this ring worse I know not; strange

ERICHTHEUS.

Alas, thou knowest not; woe is me that know.

PRAXITHEA.

And woe shall mine be, knowing; yet I. It not  
 here.

ERICHTHEUS.

Of blood that state may stand no

PRAXITHEA.

Of blood that state may stand no

ERICHTHEUS.

Of blood that state may stand no

PRAXITHEA.

Weep, and say this? no tears should bathe  
 thy face.

ERICHTHEUS.

Weep, and say this? no tears should bathe

PRAXITHEA.

What stain is on them for thy tears to cleanse?

ERICHTHEUS.

A stain of blood, unpurgeable with tears.

PRAXITHEA.

Vhence? for thou sayest it is and is not mine.

ERICHTHEUS.

Hear then and know why only of all men I  
 That bring such news as mine is, I alone  
 Must wish good words with weeping; I and  
 thou.

Woman, must we men sing, must groan  
 To see their joy, their hopes; all our friends  
 Save only we, and only we that love  
 The helms of Athens, in our sight  
 Shall live in their hearts up, in our hearing pra-  
 cise, whom we may not; for to these they  
 give

Life of their children, flower of all their seed,  
 For all their travail fruit, for all their hopes  
 Harvest; but we for all our good things, we  
 Have at their hands which till all these folk full  
 Death, barrenness, child-slaughter, curses, cares,  
 Plague and land-shinwreck; which of  
 these

Will thou first give thanks for? I will  
 give.



All honorable and kindly men of age ;  
Now give me counsel and one word to say  
That I may bear to speak, and hold my peace  
Henceforth for all time even as all ye now.  
Dumb are ye all, bowed eyes and tongueless  
mouths.

Unprofitable ; if this were wind that speaks,  
As much its breath might move you. Thou  
then, child,

Set thy sweet eyes on mine ; look through  
them well ;

Take note of all the writing of my face  
As of a tablet or a tomb inscribed  
That bears me record ; lifeless now, my life  
Thereon that was think written ; brief to read,  
Yet shall the scripture sear thine eyes as fire  
And leave them dark as dead men's. Nay,  
dear child,

Thou hast no skill, my maiden, and no sense  
To take such knowledge ; sweet is all thy lore,  
And all this bitter ; yet I charge thee learn  
And love and lay this up within thine heart,  
Even this my word ; less ill it were to die  
Than live and look upon thy mother dead,  
Thy mother-land that bare thee ; no man slain  
But him who hath seen it shall men count un-  
blest,

None blott as him who hath died and seen it  
not.

CHITHONIA.

That sight some God keep from me though I  
die.

PRAXITHEA.

A God from thee shall keep it ; fear not this.

CHITHONIA.

Thanks all my life long shall he gain of mine.

PRAXITHEA.

Short gain of all yet shall he get of thee.

CHITHONIA.

Brief be my life, yet so long live my thanks.

PRAXITHEA.

So long? so little ; how long shall they live ?

CHITHONIA.

Even while I see the sunlight and thine eyes.

PRAXITHEA.

Would mine might shut ere thine upon the sun.

CHITHONIA.

For me thou prayest unkindly ; change that  
prayer.

PRAXITHEA.

Not well for me thou sayest, and ill for thee.

CHITHONIA.

Nay, for me well, if thou shalt live, not I.

PRAXITHEA.

How live, and lose these loving looks of thine ?

CHITHONIA.

It seems I too, thus praying, then, love thee  
not.

PRAXITHEA.

Lov'st thou not life? what wouldst thou do to  
die?

CHITHONIA.

Well, but not more than all things, love I life.

PRAXITHEA.

And fain wouldst keep it as thine age allows?

CHITHONIA.

Fain would I live, and fain not fear to die.

PRAXITHEA.

That I might bid thee die not ! Peace ; no  
more.

CHORUS.

A Godlike race of grief the Gods have set  
For these to run matched equal, heart with  
heart.

PRAXITHEA.

Child of the chief of Gods, and maiden crowned,  
Queen of these towers and fortress of their king,

Pallas, and thou my father's holiest head,  
A living well of life nor stanch'd nor stained,  
O God Cephissus, thee too charge I next,  
Be to me judge and witness; nor thine ear  
Shall now my tongue invoke not, thou to me  
Most hateful of things holy, mournfullest  
Of all old sacred streams that wash the world,  
This, on whose marge at flowery play  
A whirlwind-footed bridegroom found my hill

And apt her northward where mine elder-born  
Keeps now the Thracian bride-bed of a God  
Indefensible to seamen, but this land  
Finds him in hope for her sake favorable,  
A gracious son by wedlock; hear me then  
Thou likewise, if with no faint heart or false  
The word I say be said, the gift be given,  
Which might I choose I had rather die than give

Or speak and die not. Ere thy limbs were made

Or thine eyes lightened strife, thou knowest,  
my child,

That I, God and God had risen, which heaven-  
r name

Should here stand hallowed, whose more  
liberal grace

Should win this city's worship, and our land  
Which of these do reverence; first the lord

Whose wheels make lightnings of the foam-  
flowered sea

Then on this rock, whose height brow-bound  
with dawn

Land heart of Athens, one sheer blow  
and beneath the triple wound that

tony sinews and stark roots of the earth  
toward the sun a sharp salt fount, and

lying it lights the heart up of the hill.  
A well of bright strange brine; but she that

my father with her same chaste fostering hand  
a sign against it in our guard

Thy holy bloom of the olive, whose hoar'd  
high in the shadowy shrine of Pandrosus

Hath honor of us all; and of this strife  
The twelve most high Gods judging with

mouth

Acclaimed her victress; wroth whereat, as  
wronged

That she should hold from him such prize and  
place,

The strong king of the tempest-rifted sea  
Loosed reins on the low Thracian plain

The thunders of his chariots, swallowing  
stunned

Earth, beasts, and men, the whole blind found-  
ering world

That was the sun's at morning, and ere noon  
Death's; nor this only prey fulfilled his mind;

For with strange crook-toothed prows of Carian  
folk

Who snatch a sanguine life out of the sea,  
Thieves keen to pluck their bloody fruit of

spoil  
From the grey fruitless waters, has their God

Furrow'd our shores to waste them, as the  
fields

Were landward harried from the north with  
swords

Aonian, sickles of man-slaughtering edge  
Ground for no hopeful harvest of live grain

Against us in Beotia; these being pent,  
Now this third time his wind of wrath has

blown  
Right on this people a mightier wave of war,

Three times more huge a rain; such its ridge  
Foam-rimmed and hollow like the womb of

heaven,  
But black for shining, and with death for life

Big now to birth and ripe with child, full-blown  
With fear and fruit of havoc, takes the sun

Out of our eyes, darkening the day, and blinds  
The fair sky's face unseasonably with change,

A cloud in one and billow of battle, a surge  
High reared as heaven with monstrous surf of

sears  
That shake on us their shadow, till men's heads

Bend, and their hearts even with its forward  
wind

Wither, so blasts all seed in them of hope  
Its breath and blight of pre-age; yea, even

now  
The winter of this wind out of the deeps

Makes cold our trust in comfort of the Gods  
And blind our eye toward outlook; yet not

here,  
Here never shall the Thracian plant on high

For ours his father's symbol, nor with wreaths  
A strange folk wreath it upright set and

crowned  
Here where our natural people born behold  
The golden Gorgon of the shield's defence

Thy screens their flowering olive, nor strange  
Gods.

Be graced, and Pallas here have praise no  
more.

And this be not I must give my child,  
Thine, mine own very blood and spirit of mine,  
Thee to be slain. Turn from me, turn thine  
eyes.

A little from me; I can bear not yet  
To see if all they smile on mine or no,  
If for make faint the light in them, or faith  
Fix them as stars of safety. Need have we,  
Sate need of stars that set not in mid storm,  
Lights that outlast the lightnings; yet my heart  
Endures not to make proof of thine or these,  
Not yet to know thee whom I love, and bare  
What manner of woman; had I borne thee  
man,

I had made no question of thine eyes or heart,  
Nor spared to read the scriptures in them writ,  
Wert thou my son; yet couldst thou then but  
die.

Fallen in sheer fight by chance and charge of  
spears.

And have no more of memory, fill no tomb  
More famous than thy fellows in fair field,  
Where many I see to grave, many the praise;  
But one crown shall one only girl my child  
Wear, dead for this dear city, and give back life  
To him that gave her and to me that bare,  
And save two sisters living; and all this,  
Is this not all good? I shall give thee, child,  
Thee but by fleshly nature mine, to bleed  
For dear land's love; but if the city fall  
What part is left me in my children then?  
But if it stand and thou for it lie dead,  
Then hast thou in it a better part than we,  
A holier portion than we all; for thou  
Hast but the length of his own life to live,  
And this most glorious mother-land on earth  
To worship till that life have end; but thine  
Hath end no more than hers; thou dead,  
-hast live.

Till Athens live not; for the day, and nights  
Given of thy bare but dark, divided life,  
Shall she give thee half all her age-long own  
And all its glory; for thou givest her these;  
But with one hand she takes and gives again  
More than I give or she requires of thee.  
Come therefore, I will make thee fit for death,  
I will make thee dead, and give thee back  
-that breathes and bleeds,  
even I.

Will help thee to this better gift than mine  
And lead thee by this little living hand

That death shall make so strong, to that great  
end.

Whence it shall lighten like a God's, and strike  
Dead the strong heart of battle that would  
break.

Athens; but ye, pray for this land, old men,  
That it may bring forth never child on earth  
To love it less, for none may more, than we.

#### CHORUS.

Out of the north wind grief came forth,

And the shining of a sword out of the sea.  
Yea, of old the first-blown blast blew the  
pachule of this last,

The blast of his trumpet upon Rhodope.  
Out of the north skies full of his cloud,  
With the clamour of his storms as of a  
crowd.

At the wheels of a great king crying aloud,  
At the axle of a strong king's car  
That has girded on the girle of war--  
With hands that lightened the skies in sunder  
And feet whose fall was followed of thunder,

A God, a great God strange of name,  
With horse-yoke fleeter-hoofed than flame,  
To the mountain bed of a maiden came,  
Oreithya, the bride mismated,  
Wofully wed in a snow-strewn bed  
With a bridegroom that kisses the bride's  
mouth dead;

Without garland, without glory, without  
song,

As a lawn by night on the hills belated,  
Given over for a spoil unto the strong.

From lips how pale so been a wail  
At the grasp of a God's hand on her she  
-.

When his breath that darkens air made a  
havoc of her hair.

It rang from the mountain even to the  
-.

Rang with a cry, *Woe's me, woe is me!*  
From the darkness upon Hemus to the sea  
And with hands that clung to her new lord  
knee.

As a virgin overborne with shame,  
She besought him by her spouseless breast  
By the blameless breasts of a maid unmarri-  
ed.

And locks unmaidenly rent and harried,  
And all her flower of body, born  
To match the maidenhood of morn,  
With the might of the wind's wrath wrenched  
and torn.

Vain, all vain as a dead man's vision  
 Calling by night in his old friends' sight,  
 To be scattered with slumber and slain ere  
 light ;  
 Such a breath of such a bridegroom in that  
 hour  
 Of her prayers made mock, of her fears  
 derision,  
 And a ravage of her youth as of a flower.  
 With a leap of his limbs as a lion's, a cry from  
 his lips as of thunder,  
 In a storm of amorous godhead filled with  
 fire,  
 From the height of the heaven that was rent  
 with the roar of his coming in sunder,  
 Sprang the strong God on the spoil of his  
 desire.  
 And the pines of the hills were as green  
 reeds shattered,  
 And their branches as buds of the soft spring  
 scattered,  
 And the west wind and east, and the sound  
 of the south,  
 Fell dumb at the blast of the north wind's  
 mouth,  
 At the cry of his coming out of heaven.  
 And the wild beasts quailed in the rifts and  
 hollows  
 Where hoard nor clarion of huntsman fol-  
 lows,  
 And the depths of the sea were aghast, and  
 whitened.  
 And the crowns of their waves were as flame  
 that lightened.  
 And the heart of the floods thereof was  
 riven.  
 And when he saw not him coming for terror, she  
 did not her wrong that he wrought her,  
 And her locks as leaves were shed before  
 death.  
 And he heard not for terror his prayer,  
 Though the cry was a God's that besought  
 her,  
 And from lips that strew the world-wide  
 earth with death.  
 And her heart was molten within her to hear,  
 And her knees beneath her were loosened  
 in fear.  
 And the flood fast bound as a frost-bound  
 water,  
 And the soft new bloom of the green earth's  
 bright  
 And the wild God reaped her from earth's breast  
 and hid.

On the strength of the stream of his dark  
 breath drifted,  
 From the bosom of earth as a bride from the  
 mother,  
 With storm for bridesman and wreck for  
 brother,  
 As a cloud that he sheds upon the sea.  
 Of this hoary-headed woe  
 Song made memory long ago ;  
 Now a younger grief to mourn  
 Needs a new song younger born.  
 Who shall teach our tongues to reach  
 What strange height of saddest speech,  
 For the new bride's sake that is given to be  
 A stay to letter the foot of the sea,  
 Lest it quite spurn down and trample the town,  
 Ere the violets be dead that were plucked for  
 its crown,  
 Or its olive-leaf whiten and wither ?  
 Who shall say of the wind's way  
 That he journeyed yesterday,  
 Or the track of the storm that shall sound to-  
 morrow,  
 If the new be more than the grey-grown  
 sorrow ?  
 For the wind of the green first season  
 was keen,  
 And the blast shall be sharper that blew  
 between  
 That the breath of the sea blows hither.

HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

Old men, grey borderers on the march of death,  
 Tongue-fighters, tough of talk and sinewy  
 speech,  
 Else nerveless, from no crew of such faint folk  
 Whose tongues are stouter than their hands  
 come I  
 To bid not you to battle ; let them strike  
 Whose swords are sharper than your keen-  
 tongued wail,  
 And ye, sit fast and sorrow ; but what man  
 Of all this land-folk and earth laboring herd  
 For heart or hand seems foremost, him I call  
 If heart be his to hearken, him I bid forth  
 To try if one be in the sun's sight born  
 Of all that grope and grovel on dry ground  
 That may join hands in battle-grip for death  
 With them whose seed and strength is of the  
 sea.

CHORUS.

Know ye a this much for all my loud blast  
 and

We lack not hands to speak with, swords to  
plead,  
For proof of peril, not of boisterous breath,  
Sea-wind and storm of barren mouths that  
foam  
And rough rock's edge of menace ; and short  
space  
May lessen thy large ignorance and inform  
This insolence with knowledge if there live  
Men earth-begotten of no tenderer thews  
Then knit the great joints of the grim sea's  
flood  
With hasps of steel together ; heaven to help,  
One man shall break, even on their own flood's  
verge,  
That iron bulk of battle ; but thine eye  
That sees it now swell higher than sand or  
shore  
Haply shall see not when thine host shall  
shrink.

## HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

Not haply, nay, but surely, shall not thine.

## CHORUS.

That lot shall no God give who fights for thee.

## HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

Shall Gods bear bit and bridle, fool, of men ?

## CHORUS.

Nor then forbid we nor shalt thou constrain.

## HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

Yet say'st thou none shall make the good lot  
mine ?

## CHORUS.

Of thy side none, nor moved for fear of thee.

## HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

Gods hast thou then to battle Gods of ours ?

## CHORUS.

Nor thine nor mine, but equal-souled are they.

## HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

Toward good and ill, then, equal-eyed of soul ?

## CHORUS.

Nay, but swift-eyed to note where ill thoughts  
breed.

## HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

Thy shaft word-feathered flies yet far of me.

## CHORUS.

Pride knows not, wounded, till the heart be  
cleft.

## HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

No shaft wounds deep whose wing is plumed  
with words.

## CHORUS.

Lay that to heart, and bid thy tongue learn grace.

## HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

Grace shall thine own crave soon too late of  
mine.

## CHORUS

Boast thou till then, but I wage words no more.

## ERECHTHEUS.

Man, what shrill wind of speech and wrangling  
air  
Blows in our ears a summons from thy lips  
Winged with what message, or what gift or  
grace  
Requiring ? none but what his hand may take  
Here may the foe think hence to reap, nor this  
Except some doom from Godward yield it him.

## HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

King of this land-folk, by my mouth to thee  
Thus saith the son of him that shakes thine earth  
Eumolpus ; now the stakes of war are set,  
For land or sea to win by throw and wear ;  
Choose therefore or to quit thy side and give  
The palm unfought for to his bloodless hand,

Or by that father's sceptre, and the foot  
Whose tramp far off makes tremble for pure  
  fear  
Thy soul-struck mother, piercing like a sword  
The immortal womb that bare thee ; by the  
  waves  
That no man bridles and that bound thy world,  
And by the winds and storms of all the sea,  
He swears to raze from eyeshot of the sun  
This city named not of his father's name,  
I wash to deathward down one flood of doom  
The whole fresh brood of earth yearned natural-  
  ly,  
Green yet and faint in its first blade, unblown  
With yellow hope of harvest ; so do thou,  
Seeing whom thy time is come to meet, for fear  
Yield, or gird up thy force to fight and die.

ERECHTHEUS.

To fight then be it ; for if to die or live,  
No man but only a God knows this much yet  
Seeing us fare forth, who bear but in our hands  
The weapons not the fortunes of our fight ;  
For these now rest as lots that yet undrawn  
Lie in the lap of the unknown hour ; but this  
I know, not thou, whose hollow mouth of  
  storm  
Is but a warlike wind, a sharp salt breath  
That bites and wounds not ; death nor life of  
  mine  
I'll give to death or lordship of strange kings  
The soul of this live city, nor their heel  
Will raise her dear brow discrowned, nor snaffle  
  or goad  
Around her free mouth or stain her sanguine  
  side  
Not masterless of man ; so bid thy lord  
Learn ere he weep to learn it, and too late  
  sh teeth that could not fasten on her flesh,  
  foam his life out in dark froth of blood  
  can as a wind's waif of the loud-mouthed sea  
Learn from the wave's edge whitening. Tell  
  him this ;  
Though thrice his might were mustered for  
  our scathe  
And thicker set with fence of thorn-edged  
  spears  
Than sands are whirled about the wintering  
  beach  
When storms have swoln the rivers, and their  
  blasts  
Have breached the broad sea-banks with stress  
  of sea,  
That waves of inland and the main make war

As men that mix and grapple ; though his  
  ranks  
Were more to number than all wildwood  
  leaves  
The wind waves on the hills of all the world,  
Yet should the heart not faint, the head not  
  fall,  
The breath not fail of Athens. Say, the Gods  
From lips that have no more on earth to say  
Have told thee this the last good news or ill  
That I shall speak in sight of earth and sun  
Or he shall hear and see them ; for the next  
That ear of his from tongue of mine may take  
Must be the first word spoken underground  
From dead to dead in darkness. Hence ; make  
  haste,  
Lest war's fleet foot be swifter than thy tongue  
And I that part not to return again  
On him that comes not to depart away  
Be fallen before thee ; for the time is full,  
And with such mortal hope as knows not fear  
I go this high last way to the end of all.

CHORUS.

Who shall put a bridle in the mourner's lips to  
  chasten them,  
Or seal up the fountains of his tears for  
  shame ?  
Song nor prayer nor prophecy shall slacken  
  tears nor hasten them,  
Till grief be within him as a burnt-out flame ;  
  Till the passion be broken in his breast  
  And the might thereof molten into rest,  
  And the rain of eyes that weep be dry,  
  And the breath be stilled of lips that sigh.  
Death at last for all men is a harbor ; yet they  
  flee from it,  
Set sails to the storm-wind and again to sea ;  
Yet for all their labor no whit further shall they  
  be from it,  
Nor longer but wearier shall their life's work  
  be.  
  And with anguish of travail until night  
  Shall they steer into shipwreck out of  
  sight,  
And with oars that break and shrouds that  
  strain  
Shall they drive whence no ship steers  
  again.  
Bitter and strange is the word of the God most  
  high,  
  And steep the strait of his way.  
Through a pass rock-rimmed and narrow the  
  light that gleams



On the faces of men falls faint as the dawn of dreams,

The dayspring of death as a star in an under sky  
Where night is the dead men's day,  
As darkness and storm is his will that on earth  
is done,

As a cloud is the face of his strength,  
King of kings, holiest of holies, and mightiest  
of might,

Lord of the lords of thine heaven that are  
humbly in thy sight,  
Hast thou set not an end for the path of the  
fires of the sun,

To appoint him a rest at length?  
Hast thou told not by measure the waves of  
the waste wide sea,  
And the ways of the wind their master and  
shall to thee?

Hast thou filled not the farrowes with fruit  
for the world's increase?  
Has thine ear not heard from of old or thine  
eye not read

The thought and the deed of us living, the  
doom of us dead?

Hast thou made not war upon earth,  
and again made peace?

Therefore, O father, that seest us whose lives  
are a breath,  
Take off us thy burden, and give us not wholly  
to death.

For lovely is life, and the law wherein  
all things live,  
And gracious the season of each, and the hour  
of its kind,

And precious the seed of his life in a wise  
man's mind:

But all save life for his life will a base  
man give,

But a life that is given for the life of the whole  
live land,

From a heart unspotted a gift of a spotless  
hand,

Of pure will perfect and free, for the land's  
life's sake,

What man shall fear not to put forth his hand  
and take?

For the fruit of a sweet life plucked in its pure  
green prime

On his hand who plucks is as blood, on his  
soul as crime.

With cursing ye buy not blessing, nor peace  
with strife,

And the hand is hateful that chaffers with  
death for life.

Hast thou heard, O my heart, and endurest

The word that is said,

What a garland by sentence found surest  
Is wrought for what head?

With what blossomless flowerage of sea-foam  
and blood-colored foliage inwound  
It shall crown as a heifer's for slaughter the fore-  
head for marriage uncrowned?

How the veils and the wreaths that should  
cover

The brows of the bride

Shall be shed by the breath of what lover  
And scattered aside?

With a blast of the mouth of what bridegroom  
the crowns shall be cast from her hair,

And her head by what altar made humble be  
left of them naked and bare?

At a shrine unbeloved of a God un beholden a  
gift shall be given for the land,

That its ramparts though shaken with clamor  
and horror of manifold waters may stand.

That the crests of its citadels crowned and its  
turrets that thrust up their heads to the sun

May behold him unblinded with darkness of  
waves overmastering their bulwarks begun.

As a bride shall they bring her, a prey for the  
bridegroom, a flower for the couch of her  
lord;

They shall muffle her mouth that she cry not or  
curse them, and cover her eyes from the  
sword.

They shall fasten her lips a with bit and with  
bridle, and darken the light of her face,

That the soul of the slayer may not falter, his  
heart be not molten, his hand give not  
grace.

If she weep then, yet may none that hear  
take pity;

If she cry not, none should hearken though  
she cried.

Shall a virgin shield thine head for love, O  
city,

With a virgin's blood anointed as for pride?

Yet we held thee dear and hallowed of her  
favor,

Dear of all men held thy people to her  
heart:

Nought she loves the breath of blood, the  
sanguine savour,

Who hath built with us her throne and  
chosen her part.

Bloodless are her works, and sweet  
All the ways that feel her feet;

From the empire of her eyes  
Light takes life and darkness flies;

From the harvest of her hands

Wealth strikes root in prosperous lands ;  
Wisdom of her word is made ;  
At her strength is strength afraid ;  
From the beam of her bright spear  
War's fleet foot goes back for fear ;  
In her shrine she reared the birth  
Fire-begotten on live earth ;  
Glory from her helm was shed  
On his olive-shadowed head ;  
By no hand but his shall she  
Scourge the storms back of the sea,  
To no fame but his shall give  
Grace, being dead, with hers to live  
And in double name divine  
Half the godhead of their shrine.

But now with what word, with what woe may  
we meet

The timeless passage of piteous feet,  
Hither that bend to the last way's end

They shall walk upon earth ?

What song be rolled for a bride black-stoled  
And the mother whose hand of her hand hath  
hold ?

For anguish of heart is my soul's strength  
broken

And the tongue sealed fast that would fain have  
spoken,

To behold thee, O child of so bitter a birth

That we counted so sweet,

What way thy steps to what bride feast tend,

What gift he must give that shall wed thee for  
token

If the bridegroom be goodly to greet.

CHITHONIA.

People, old men of my city, lordly wise and  
hoar of head,

I a spouseless bride and crownless but with  
garlands of the dead

From the fruitful light turn silent to my dark  
unchildbed bed.

CHORUS.

Wise of word was he too surely, but with  
deadlier wisdom wise,

First who gave thee name from under earth,  
no breath from upper skies,

When fatedoomed to this day's darkness, their  
first daylight filled thine eyes.

PRAXITHEA.

Child, my child that wast and art but death's  
and now no more of mine,

Half my heart is cloyed with anguish by the  
sword made sharp for thine,  
Half exalts its wing for triumph, that I bare  
thee thus divine.

CHITHONIA.

Though for me the sword's edge thirst that sets  
no point against thy breast,

Mother, O my mother, where I drank of life  
and fell on rest,

Thine, not mine, is all the grief that marks  
this hour accurst and blest.

CHORUS.

Sweet thy sleep and sweet the bosom was that  
gave thee sleep and birth ;

Harder now the breast, and girded with no  
marriage-band for girl,

Where thine head shall sleep, the namechild  
of the lords of under earth.

PRAXITHEA.

Dark the name and dark the gifts they gave  
thee, child, in childbirth were,

Sprung from him that rent the womb of earth,  
a bitter seed to bear,

Born with groanings of the ground that gave  
him way toward heaven's dear air.

CHITHONIA.

Day to day makes answer, first to last, and life  
to death ; but I,

Born for death's sake, die for life's sake, if in-  
deed this be to die,

This my doom that seals me deathless till the  
springs of time run dry.

CHORUS.

Children shalt thou bear to memory, that to  
man shalt bring forth none ;

Yea, the lordliest that lift eyes and hearts and  
songs to meet the sun,

Names to fire men's ears like music till the  
round world's race be run.

PRAXITHEA.

I thy mother, named of Gods that wreak re-  
venge and brand with blame,

Now for thy love shall be loved as thou, and  
 famous with thy name,  
 While this city's name on earth shall be for  
 earth her mightiest name.

## CITHIONIA.

That I may give this poor girl's blood of mine  
 Scarce yet sun-warmed with summer, this thin  
 life

Still green with flowerless grass with of seedling  
 days,

To build again my city; that no drop  
 Fallen of these innocent veins on the cold  
 ground

But shall help to knit the joints of her firm walls  
 To knead the stones together, and make sure  
 The bond of her maiden girdlestead  
 Once broken, and of all men's violent hands  
 Impassable for ever; these to me

Where such gifts as crave no thanksgiving,  
 If with one blow dividing the sheer life

I might make end, and one pang wind up all  
 And seal mine eyes from sorrow; for such end  
 The Gods give none they love not; but my heart,  
 That leaps up lightened of all sloth or fear  
 To strike the sword's point, yet with one  
 thought's load

Falls, and falls back, broken of wing, that  
 halts

Maimed in mid flight for thy sake and borne  
 down,

Mother, that in the places where I played  
 An arm's length from thy bosom and no more  
 Shalt find me never, nor thine eye wax glad  
 To mix with mine its eyesight and for love  
 Laugh without word, filled with sweet light,  
 and speak

Divine death things of the inward spirit and  
 heart

Move silently; nor hand or lip again  
 Touch hand or lid of either, but for mine  
 Shall thine meet only shadows of swift night,  
 Dreams and dead thoughts of dead things; and  
 the bed

Thou strewedst, a sterile place for all time,  
 strewn

For my sleep only, with its void sad sheets  
 Shall vex thee, and the unfruitful coverlid  
 For empty days reproach me dead, that leave  
 No profit of my body, but am gone  
 As one not worth being born to bear no seed,  
 A sapless stock and branchless; yet thy womb  
 Shall want not honor of me, that brought forth  
 For all this people freedom, and for earth

From the unborn city born out of my blood  
 To light the face of all men evermore  
 Glory; but lay thou this to thy great heart  
 Whereunder in the dark of birth conceived  
 Mine unlit life lay girdled with the zone  
 That bound thy bridal bosom; set this thought  
 Against all edge of evil as a sword  
 To leatback sorrow, that for all the world  
 Thou brought'st me forth a saviour, who shall  
 save

Athens; for none but I from none but thee  
 Shall take this death for garland; and the men

Mine unknown children of unsounded years,  
 My sons unrisen shall rise up at thine hand,

Sown of thy seed to bring forth seed to thee,  
 And call thee most of all most fruitful found

Blessed; but me too for my barren womb  
 More than my sisters for their children born

Shall these give honor, yea in scorn's own  
 place

Shall men set love and bring for mockery  
 praise

And thanks for curses; for the dry wild vine  
 Scoffed at and cursed of all men that was I

Shall shed them wine to make the world's heart  
 warm,

That all eyes seeing may lighten, and all ears  
 Hear and be kindled; such a draught to drink

Shall be the blood that bids this dust bring  
 forth,

The chalice life here spilt on this mine earth,  
 Mine, my great father's mother; whom I pray

Take me now gently, tenderly take home,  
 And softly lay in his my cold chaste hand

Who is called of men by my name, being of  
 Gods

Charged only and chosen to bring men under  
 earth,

And now must lead and stay me with his staff  
 A silent soul led of a silent God,

Toward sightless things led sightless; and on  
 earth

I see now but the shadow of mine end,  
 And this last light of all for me in heaven.

## PRAXITHEA.

Farewell I bid thee; so bid thou not me,  
 Lest the Gods hear and mock us; yet on these  
 I lay the weight not of this grief, nor cast  
 Ill words for ill deeds back; for if one say  
 They have done men wrong, what hurt lay  
 they to hear,

Or he what help to have said it? surely, child,  
 If one among men born might say it and live

Blameless, none more than I may, who being  
vexed  
Held yet my peace; for now through tears  
enough  
Mine eyes have seen the sun that from this day  
I shall see never more; and in the night  
enough has blown of evil, and mine ears  
With wail enough the winds have filled, and  
brought  
Too much of cloud from over the sharp sea  
To mar for me the morning; such a blast  
Rent from these wide void arms and helpless  
breast  
Long since one graft of me disbranched, and  
bore  
Beyond the wild ways of the unwandered  
world  
And loud wastes of the thunder throated sea,  
Springs of the night and openings of the  
heaven,  
The old garden of the Sun; whence never  
more  
From west or east shall winds bring back that  
blow  
From folds of opening heaven or founts of  
night  
The flower of mine once ravished, born my  
child  
To bear sons children; nor on wings of  
thee  
Will contact ever back to me, nor their sire  
Breathe help upon my peril, nor his strength  
Raise up my weakness; but of Gods and men  
I drift unsteered on ruin, and the wave  
Darkens my head with imminent height, and  
hangs  
Dumb, filled too full with thunder that shall  
leave  
These ears death-deafened when the tide finds  
tongue  
And all its wrath bears on them; thee, O child,  
I help not, nor am helper; fain, ah fain,  
More than was ever mother born of man,  
Were I to help thee: fain beyond all prayer,  
Beyond all thought fain to redeem thee, torn  
More timeless from me sorrowing than the  
dream  
That was thy sister; so shalt thou be too,  
Not but a vision, shadow-shaped of sleep,  
A grief made out of nothing; now but once  
I touch, but once more hold thee, one more  
time  
This last time and none other ever more  
Leave on thy lips and leave them. Go; thou  
was

My heart, my heart's blood, life-blood of my  
life,  
My child, my nursling; now this breast once  
thine  
Shall rear again no children; never now  
Shall any mortal blossom born like thee  
Lie there, nor ever with small silent mouth  
Draw the sweet springs dry for an hour that  
feed  
The blind blithe life that knows not; never  
head  
Rest here to make these cold veins warm, nor eye  
Laugh itself of with the lips that reach  
Lovingly toward a fount more loving; these  
Death makes as all good lesser things now  
dead,  
And all the latter hopes that flowered from  
these  
And fall as these fell fruitless, no joy more  
Shall man take of thy maidenhood, no tongue  
Praise it; no good shall eyes get more of thee  
That lightened for thy love's sake. Now, take  
note,  
Give ear, O all ye people, that my word  
May pierce your hearts through, and the stroke  
that cleaves  
Be fruitful to them; so shall all that hear  
Grow great at heart with child of thought most  
high  
And bring forth seed in season; this my child,  
This flower of this my body, this sweet life,  
This fair live youth I give you, to be slain,  
Spent, shed, poured out, and perish; take my  
gift  
And give it death and the under Gods who  
crave  
So much for that they give; for this is more,  
Much more is this than all we; for they give  
Freedom, and for a blast, an air of breath,  
A little soul that is not, they give back  
Light for all eyes, cheer for all hearts, and life  
That fills the world's width full of fame and  
praise  
And mightier love than children's. This they  
give,  
The grace to make thy country great, and  
wrest  
From time and death power to take hold on  
her  
And strength to scathe for ever; and this gift,  
Is this no more than man's love is or can be?  
Mine and all mothers? nay, where that seems  
more,  
Where one loves life of child, wife, father  
friend,

Son, husband, mother, more than this, even  
there

Are all these lives worth nothing, all loves else  
With this love slain and buried, and their tomb  
A thing for shame to spit on ; for what love  
Hath a slave left to live with ? or the heart  
Ease-born and bound in bondage fast to fear,  
What should he do to love thee ? what hath he,  
The man that hath no country ? Gods nor men  
Have such to friend, yoked beast-like to base  
like,

Vile, fruitless, grovelling at the foot of death,  
Landless and kinless thralls of no man's blood,  
Unchilded and unmothered, abject limbs  
That breed things abject ; but who loves on  
earth

Not friend, wife, husband, father, mother, child,  
Nor loves his own life for his own land's sake,  
But only this thing most, more this than all,  
He loves all well and well of all is loved,  
And this love lives for ever. See now, friends,  
My countrymen, my brothers, with what heart  
I give you this, that of your hands again  
The Gods require for Athens ; as I give  
So give ye to them what their hearts would have  
Who shall give back things better ; yea, and these  
I take for me to witness, all these Gods,  
Were their great will more grievous than it is,  
Not one but three, for this one thin-spun thread  
A threefold band of children would I give  
For this land's love's sake ; for whose love to-  
lay

I bid thee, child, fare deathward and farewell.

CHORUS.

O wofullest of women, yet of all  
Happiest, thy word be hallowed ; in all time  
Thy name shall blossom, and from strange new  
tongues

High things be spoken of thee ; for such grace  
The Gods have dealt to no man, that on none  
Have laid so heavy sorrow. From this day  
Lave thou assured of godhead in thy blood,  
And in thy fate no lowlier than a God  
In all good things and evil ; such a name  
Shall be thy child this city's and thine own.  
Next hers that called it Athens. Go now  
forth

Blest, and grace with thee to the doors of  
death.

CHITHONIA.

O city, O glory of Athens, O crown of my  
father's land, farewell

CHORUS.

For welfare is given her of thee.

CHITHONIA.

O Goddess, be good to thy people, that in  
them dominion and freedom may dwell.

CHORUS.

Turn from us the strengths of the sea.

CHITHONIA.

Let glory's and theirs be one name in the  
mouths of all nations made glad with the  
sun.

CHORUS.

For the cloud is blown back with thy breath.

CHITHONIA.

With the long last love of mine eyes I sal-  
ute thee, O land where my days now  
are done.

CHORUS.

But her life shall be born of thy death.

CHITHONIA.

I put on me the darkness thy shadow, my  
mother, and symbol, O Earth, of my  
name.

CHORUS.

For thine was her witness from birth.

CHITHONIA.

In thy likeness I come to thee darkling, a  
daughter whose dawn and her even are  
the same.

CHORUS.

Be thine heart to her gracious, O Earth.

CHITHONIA.

To thine own kind be kindly, for thy son's  
name's sake

CHORUS.

I it sons unborn may praise thee and thy  
first-born son.

CITHONIA.

Give me thy sleep, who give thee all my  
life awake.

CHORUS.

Too swift a sleep, ere half the web of day  
be spun.

CITHONIA.

Death brings the shears or ever life wind up  
the web.

CHORUS.

Their edge is ground and sharpened; who  
shall stay his hand?

CITHONIA.

The woof is thin, a small short life, with no  
thread left.

CHORUS.

Yet hath it strength, stretched out, to shel-  
ter all the land.

CITHONIA.

Too frail a tent for covering, and a screen  
too strait.

CHORUS.

Yet broad enough for buckler shall thy sweet  
life be.

CITHONIA.

A little bolt to bar off battle from the gate.

CHORUS.

A wide sea-wall, that shatters the besieging  
sea.

CITHONIA.

I lift up mine eyes from the skirts of the  
shadow,

From the border of death to the limits of  
light;

O streams and rivers of mountain and meadow

That hallow the last of my sight,

O father that wast of my mother

Cephisus, O thou too his brother

From the bloom of whose banks as a prey

Winds harried my sister away,

O crown on the world's head lying

Too high for its waters to drown,

Take yet this one word of me dying,

O city, O crown.

Though land-wind and sea-wind with mouths  
that blow slaughter

Should gird them to battle against thee again,

New-born of the blood of a maiden thy daugh-  
ter,

The rage of their breath shall be vain.

For their strength shall be quenched and  
made idle,

And the foam of their mouths find a  
bridle,

And the height of their heads bow down

At the foot of the towers of the town.

Be I best and beloved as I love thee

Or all that shall draw from thee breath;

Be thy life as the sun's is above thee;

I go to my death.

CHORUS.

Many loves of many a mood and many a  
kind

Fill the life of man, and mould the secret  
mind;

Many days bring many dooms, to loose and  
bind;

Select in each in season, good the gift it  
brings,

Sweet as change of night and day with alter-  
ing wings,

Night that lulls world-weary day, day that com-  
forts night,

Night that fills our eyes with sleep, day that  
fills with light.

None of all is lovelier, loftier love is none,

Less is bride's for bridegroom, mother's less  
for son,

Child, than this that crowns and binds up  
all in one;



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

ANSI #1 TEST TARGET



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Love of thy sweet light, thy fostering breast  
and hand,  
Mother Earth, and city chosen, and natural land;  
Hills that bring the strong streams forth,  
heights of heavenlier air,  
Fields atlower with winds and suns, woods  
with shadowing hair.  
But none of the nations of men shall they liken  
to thee,  
Whose children true-born and the fruit of thy  
body are we.  
The rests are thy sons but in figure, in word  
are thy seed;  
We only the flower of thy travail, thy children  
indeed.  
Of thy soil hast thou fashioned our limbs, of  
thy waters their blood,  
And the life of thy springs everlasting is  
fount of our flood.  
No wind oversea blew us hither adrift on thy  
shore,  
None sowed us by land in thy womb that con-  
ceived us and bore.  
But the stroke of the shaft of the sunlight that  
brought us to birth  
Pierced only and quickened thy furrows to bear  
us, O Earth.  
With the beams of his love wast thou cloven  
as with iron or fire,  
And the life in thee yearned for his life, and  
grew great with desire.  
And the hunger and thirst to be wounded and  
healed with his dart  
Made fruitful the love in thy veins and the  
depth of thine heart.  
And the showers out of heaven overflowing  
and liquid with love  
Fulfilled thee with child of his godhead as rain  
from above.  
Such desire had ye twain of each other, till  
molten in one  
Ye might bear and beget of your bodies the  
fruits of the sun.  
And the trees in their season brought forth and  
were kindled anew  
By the warmth of the moisture of marriage,  
the child-bearing dew.  
And the firstlings were fair of the wedlock of  
heaven and of earth;  
All countries were bounteous with blossom and  
burgeon of birth,  
Green pastures of grass for all cattle, and life-  
giving corn;  
But here of thy bosom, here only, the man-  
child was born.

All races but one are as aliens engrafted or  
sown,  
Strange children and changelings; but we, O  
our mother, thine own.  
Thy nurslings are others, and seedlings thou  
know not of whom;  
For these hast thou fostered, but as thou hast  
borne in thy womb  
Who is he of us all, O beloved, that owe thee  
for birth,  
Who would give not his blood for his birth-  
sake, O mother, O Earth?  
What landsman is he that was fostered and  
reared of thine hand?  
Who may vaunt him as we may in death,  
though he die for the land?  
Well doth she therefore who gives thee  
guerdon  
The bloom of the life of thy giving;  
And thy body was lowly in fruitless burden.  
That bore such fruit of thee living.  
For her face was not darkened for fear,  
For her eyelids conceived not a tear,  
Nor a cry from her lips craved pity;  
But her mouth was a fountain of song,  
And her heart as a citadel strong  
That guards the heart of the city.

## MESSENGER.

High things of strong-souled men that loved  
their land  
On brass and stone are written, and their deeds  
On high days chanted; but none graven or  
sung  
That ever set men's eyes or spirits on fire,  
Athenians, has the sun's height seen, or earth  
Heard in her depth reverberate as from heaven,  
More worth men's praise and good report of  
Gods  
Than here I bring for record in your ears.  
For now being come to the altar, where as  
priest  
Death ministering should meet her, and his  
hand  
Seal her sweet eyes asleep, the maiden stood,  
With light in all her face as of a bride  
Smiling, or shine of festal flame by night  
Far flung from towers of triumph; and her  
lips  
Trembled with pride in pleasure, that no ear  
Blanched them nor death before his time drank  
dry  
The blood whose bloom fulfilled them; for her  
cheeks

Laghtened, and brighter than a bridal veil  
Her hair enrobed her bosom and enrolled  
From face to feet the body's whole soft length  
As with a cloud sun-saturate; then she spake  
With maiden tongue words manlike, but her  
eyes

Laid mildly like a maiden's: *Countrymen,  
With more goodwill and height of happier  
heart*

*I give me to you than my mother bare,  
And go more gladly this great way to death  
Than young men bound to battle* Then with  
face

Turned to the the shadowiest part of all the  
shrine

And eyes fast set upon the further shade,  
*Take me, dear Gods; and as some form had  
shown*

I saw the deep hollow shadow, some God's  
temple

Answered, *I bless you that your guardian grace  
Gives me to guard this country, takes my blood,  
Your child's by name, to heal it.* Then the  
priest

Set to the flower-sweet snow of her soft throat  
The sheer knife's edge that severed it, and  
loosed

From the fair bondage of so spotless flesh  
So strong a spirit; and all that girt them  
round

Creeping, with souls that hung on that sad  
stroke,

Groaned, and kept silence after while a man  
Might count how far the fresh blood crept, and  
bathed

How deep the dark robe and the bright shrine's  
base

Red-rounded with a running ring that grew  
More large and duskier as the wells that fed  
Were drained of that pure effluence: but the  
queen

Groaned not nor spake nor wept, but as a dream  
Floats out of eyes awakening so past forth  
Ghost-like, a shadow of sorrow, from all sight  
To the inner court and chamber where she sits  
Dumb, till word reach her of this whole day's  
end.

CHORUS.

More hapless born by far  
Beneath some wintrier star,  
One sits in stone among high Lydian snows,  
The tomb of her own woes:  
Not happiest was once of the daughters of

Gods, and divine by her sire and her lord,  
Ere her tongue was a shaft for the hearts of her  
sons, for the heart of her husband a sword.

For she, too great of mind,  
Grown through her good things blind,  
With goodless lips and fire of her own breath  
Spake all her house to death;  
But thou, no mother unmothered, nor kindled  
in spirit with pride of thy seed,  
Thou hast hallowed thy child for a blameless  
blood-offering, and ransomed thy race by  
thy deed.

MESSENGER.

As flower is grafted on flower, so grief on grief  
Engrafted brings forth new blossoms of strange  
tears,

Sh buds and green fruits of an alien pain;  
For now flies rumor on a dark wide wing,  
Murmuring of woes more than ye knew, most  
like

Hers whom ye hailed most wretched; for the  
twain

Last left of all this house that wore last night  
A threefold crown of maidens, and to-day  
Should let but one fall dead out of the wreath,  
If mad with grief we know not and sore love  
For this their sister, or with shame soul-stung  
To outlive her dead or doubt lest their lives too  
The Gods require to seal their country safe  
And bring the oracular doom to perfect end,  
Have slain themselves, and fallen at the altar-  
foot

Lie by their own hands done to death; and  
fear

Shakes all the city as winds a wintering tree,  
And as dead leaves are men's hearts blown  
about

And shrunken with ill thoughts, and flowerless  
hopes

Parched up with presage, lest the piteous blood  
Shed of these maidens guiltless fall and fix  
On this land's forehead like a curse that cleaves  
To the unclean soul's inextinguishable head  
Whom his own crime tracks hotter than a  
hound

To life's veiled end unsleeping; and this hour  
Now blackens toward the battle that must close  
All gates of hope and fear on all their hearts  
Who tremble toward its issue, knowing not yet  
If blood may buy them surety, cleanse or soil  
The helpless hands men raise and reach no stay.

## CHORUS.

Ill the gods, free men, and for all works; but  
 these  
 The Gods that from us that have kept their  
 law  
 Let a little of the strength of our hearts in  
 us  
 A little of the strength of our hearts in  
 us  
 But we will not let you have the  
 day  
 For the gods that from us that have kept their  
 law  
 The gods that from us that have kept their  
 law  
 A little of the strength of our hearts in  
 us  
 For the gods that from us that have kept their  
 law  
 A little of the strength of our hearts in  
 us  
 A little of the strength of our hearts in  
 us  
 The gods that from us that have kept their  
 law  
 A little of the strength of our hearts in  
 us  
 What cloud in heaven is risen, what  
 shadow, what's dark  
 From the world beyond, from the  
 night in our hearts  
 That scatters from wings of cloud the weight  
 of its darkness  
 For the sense of my spirit is broken, and  
 I hide my eyes  
 As the soul of a sick man ready to die  
 With fear of the hour that is coming, with dread  
 of an end  
 O Earth, O Gods of the land, have ye  
 heart now to see and to hear  
 What days with ten or nine eyesight and  
 self-sight  
 O fountains of strength, eyes of strength, all ye  
 not shaking and withering  
 Let us be as the gods of the sea and the  
 land  
 And the world is all one of the noise of  
 the many  
 And the sun's soft strength and eye, and east  
 out of his hand  
 From east to west, from the south to the  
 north  
 Glitters the lightning of the sun  
 As a storm of fire from the south to the  
 north  
 By the wind for belation to shoreward  
 turned,

So black behind them the live storm scries  
 such a path with the tramp of its foot, as  
 a storm to be  
 Shall the sea give death whom the land gave  
 birth?  
 O Earth, for mother, O sweet live Earth,  
 Hush us again in thy womb from the waves  
 of death  
 As a woman is the heart of the God thy brother,  
 But thou art the heart of a new-made mother  
 For thy sons from his ravin, and rage of  
 his fire  
 O strong north wind, the pilot of cloud and  
 rain  
 Let thy gift give thee what gift hast thou  
 given us again?  
 O God, thy wings are upthrust, a terror to  
 the earth  
 What is the gift that is blown on the  
 earth?  
 A gift of grief to thy kinsmen, a song but  
 of death  
 For the land's folk weeping, and woe for her  
 father, who finds thee against him in fight  
 Turn back from us, turn thy battle, take heed  
 of our cry;  
 Let thy dread breath sound, and the waters  
 of war be dry;  
 Let thy strong wrath shatter the strength of foe-  
 men, the sword of their strength and the  
 shield;  
 As vapors in heaven, or as waves or the  
 wrecks of ships,  
 So break thou the ranks of their spears  
 with the breath of thy lips,  
 Fill their corpses have covered and clothed as  
 with raiment the face of the sword-plough-  
 ed field.  
 O son of the rose-red morning, O God twin-  
 born with the day,  
 O ward with the young sun waking, and  
 wings for the same wide way,  
 Give up at the house of thy kin to the host  
 thou hast marshalled from northward for prey  
 From the cold of thy cradle in Thrace, from  
 the mists of the fountains of night,  
 From the bride-bed of dawn whence day  
 has laughing, on fire for his flight,  
 Come down with their doom in thine hand on  
 the ships thou hast brought up against us  
 to-night.  
 For now not in word but in deed is the harvest  
 of spears begun,  
 And thy clamour outbellows the thunder, its  
 lightning outlightens the sun

From the springs of the morning it thunders  
and lightens across and afar

To the wave where the moonset ends and the  
fall of the last low star.

With a trampling of drenched red boots and  
an earthquake of men that meet,  
long war sets hand to the scythe, and the  
furrows take fire from his feet.

Earth groans from her great rent heart, and  
the hollows of rocks are afraid,

And the mountains are moved, and the valleys  
as waves in a storm-wind swayed.

From the roots of the hills to the plain's dim  
verge and the dark loud shore.

Air shudders with shrill spears crossing, and  
hurling of wheels that roar.

At the grinding of teeth in the jaws of a lion  
that foam as they gnash

Is the shriek of the axles that loosen, the shock  
of the poles that crash.

The dense manes darken and glitter, the  
mouths of the mad steeds champ,

Their heads flash blind through the battle,  
and death's foot rings in their tramp.

For a fourfold host upon earth and in heaven  
is arrayed for the fight,

Clouds ruining in thunder and armies encount-  
ering as clouds in the night.

Mine ears are amazed with the terror of trum-  
pets, with darkness mine eyes,

At the sound of the sea's host charging that  
deafens the roar of the sky's.

White frontlet is dashed upon frontlet, and  
horse against horse reels hurled,

And the gorge of the gulfs of the battle is wide  
for the spoil of the world.

And the meadows are cumbered with shipwreck  
of chariots that founder on land,

And the horsemen are broken with breach as  
of breakers, and scattered as sand.

Through the roar and recoil of the charges  
that mingle their cries and confound,

Like fire are the notes of the trumpets that  
flash through the darkness of sound.

As the swing of the sea churned yellow that  
sways with the wind as it swells

Is the lift and relapse of the wave of the char-  
gers that clash with their bells;

And the clang of the sharp shrill brass thrills  
the burst of the wave as it shocks

Kings clean as the clear wind's cry through  
the roar of the surge on the rocks:

And the heads of the steeds in their headgear  
of war, and their corseleted breasts,

Gleam broad as the brows of the bulwark that  
meet in the storm with their crests

Gleam dread as their bosoms in the heave of the  
sea, white with water as the foam

Filled full of the terror and thunder of water  
that dyes as it drowns

So dre is the glare of their foreheads, so clear-  
fel the fire of their eyes

And the light of their crests is kindled so  
bright with the helpings of death;

And the foam of their mouths is the sea's when  
the jaws of its gulf are as grave

And the edge of their spears is as the white-shut  
mind on the rings of waves:

And their flocks alive as they rear drip thick  
with a cold wall of blood

As the lips of the roaring breaker with froth of  
the men lying dead

And the war by plain reels and resounds as the  
fall of the sea by night

When the note of the wind falls d dling,  
and each is the seafarer's light.

But thou, fair beauty of heaven, dear face of  
the day high ead,

What horror hath hidden thy glory, what hand  
hath muffled thine head?

O sun, with what song shall we call thee, or  
ward off thy wrath by what name,

With what prayer shall we seek to thee,  
soothe with what incense, assuage with  
what gift,

If thy light be such only as lightens to death-  
ward the seamen adrift

With the fire of his horse for a beacon, that  
foemen have wasted with flame?

Arise now, lift up thy light; give ear to us,  
put forth thine hand.

Reach toward us thy torch of deliverance, a  
light for the night of the land.

This is the light of the living, no lamp  
for the dead;

O, lift up the light of thine eye on the dark  
of our dread.

Who hath blinded thee? who hath prevailed  
on thee? who hath ensnared?

Who hath broken thy bow, and the shafts  
for thy battle prepared?

Have they found out a fetter to bind thee, a  
chain for thine arm that was bared?

Be the name of thy conqueror set forth, and  
the might of thy master declared.

O God, fair God of the morning, O glory of  
day,

What ails thee to cast from thy forehead its  
garland away?

To pluck from thy temples their chaplet en-  
wreathed of the light,  
And bind on the brows of thy godhead a  
frontlet of night?  
Thou hast loosened the necks of thine horses,  
and goaded their flanks with affright,  
To the race of a course that we know not on  
ways that are hid from our sight.  
As a wind through the darkness the wheels  
of their chariot whirled,  
And the light of a message is night on the  
face of the world.  
And there falls from the wings of thy glory  
no help from on high,  
But a shadow that smites us with fear and  
desire of thine eye.  
For our hearts are as reeds that a wind on the  
water bows down and goes by,  
To be clothed in thy comfort in heaven that hath  
lent us a timely die.  
But what light is it now leaps forth on the  
land  
Enkindling the waters and ways of the air  
From thy forehead made bare,  
From the gleam of thy bow-bearing hand?  
Hast thou set not thy right hand again to the  
string,  
With the back-bowed horns bent sharp for  
a spring  
And the barbed shaft drawn,  
Till the shrill steel sing and the tense nerve  
ring  
That pierces the heart of the dark with  
dawn,  
O huntsman, O king,  
When the flame of thy face hath twilight in  
chase  
As a hound hath a blood-mottled fawn?  
He has glanced into golden the grey sea-  
strands,  
And the clouds are shot through with the  
fires of his hands,  
And the height of the hollow of heaven that  
he fills  
As the heart of a strong man is quickened and  
thrills;  
High over the folds of the low-lying lands,  
On the shadowless hills  
As a guard on his watchtower he stands.  
All earth and all ocean, all depth and all  
height,  
At the flash of an eyebeam are filled with his  
might:  
The sea roars backward, the storm drops  
dumb,

And silence as dew on the fire of the fight  
Falls and in our ears as his face in our sight  
With a presage of peace to come,  
The hope in my heart from the ashes of  
died  
Leaps clear as a flame from the pyres of the  
dead,  
That joy out of woe  
May arise as the spring out of the tempest  
and snow,  
With the flower-feasted month in her hands  
rose-red  
Borne soft as a babe from the bearing-bed,  
Yet it knows not indeed if a God be friend,  
If rescue may be from the rage of the sea,  
Or the wrath of its lord have end,  
For the season is full now of death or of  
birth,  
To bring forth life, or an end of all;  
And we know not if anything stand or fall  
That is girdled about with the round sea's  
girth  
As a town with its wall;  
But thou that art highest of the Gods most  
high,  
That art lord if we live, that art lord though  
we die,  
Have heed of the tongues of our terror that  
cry  
For a grace to the children of Earth.

## ATHENIAN HERALD.

Sons of Athens, heavy-laden with the holy  
weight of years,  
Be your hearts as young men's lightened of  
their loathlier load of fears;  
For the wave is sunk whose thunder shoreward  
shook the shuddering lands  
And unbreached of warring waters Athens like  
a sea-rock stands.

## CHORUS.

Well thy word has cheered us, well thy face  
and glittering eyes, that spake  
thy tongue spake words of comfort; yet  
no pause believes it make  
Till the whole good hap find utterance that the  
Gods have given at length.

## ATHENIAN HERALD.

All is this, that yet the city stand unforced by  
larger strength.

CHORUS.

Sweeter sound might no mouth utter in man's ear than this thy word.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

Feed thy soul then full of sweetness till some bitter note be heard.

CHORUS.

None, if this ring sure, can mar the music fallen from heaven as rain.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

If no fire of sun or star untimely sear the tender grain.

CHORUS.

Fresh the dewfall of thy tidings on our hopes reflowering lies.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

Till a joyless shower and fruitless blight them, raining from thine eyes.

CHORUS.

Bitter springs have barren issues ; these bedew grief's arid sands.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

Such thank-offerings ask such altars as expect thy suppliant hands.

CHORUS.

Fears for triumph, wail for welfare, what strange godhead's shrine requires ?

ATHENIAN HERALD.

Death or victory's be it, a funeral torch feeds all its festal fires.

CHORUS.

As a star should burn the beacon flaming from our city's head.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

Like a balefire should the flame go up that says the king is dead.

CHORUS.

Out of heaven, a wild-haired meteor, shoots this new sign, scattering fear.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

Yea, the word has wings of fire that hovered, loth to burn thine ear.

CHORUS.

From thy lips it leapt forth loosened on a shrill and shadowy wing.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

Long they faltered, fain to hide it deep as death that hides the king.

CHORUS.

Dead with him blind hope lies blasted by the lightning of one sword.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

On thy tongue truth wars with error ; no man's edge hath touched thy lord.

CHORUS.

False was thine then, jangling menace like a warsteed's brow-bound bell ?

ATHENIAN HERALD.

False it rang not joy nor sorrow ; but by no man's hand he fell.

CHORUS.

Vainly then good news and evil through so faint a trumpet spake.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

All too long thy soul yet labors, as who sleeping fain would wake,

Woe, that would I had on sleep begun; the  
 voice of woe, that I had not yet;  
 Woe, that I had not, such had I thy memory  
 that I had never to forget.

## CHORUS.

Long, as heart has hearkened, hanging on thy  
 clamorous cry,  
 Ever yet fearful of the knowledge whence  
 thou dost live or die;  
 Now thou dost the perfect presage of thy dark  
 future long flight;  
 Come, thou, and such we on wing, robes  
 of loss and of pain.

## FRAMMENTA.

Man, what thy mother I are thee born to say  
 Speak; for now wilt yet wavering on thy lip  
 Can we not now, where than thought forestalls or  
 fear.

## ATHENIAN HERALD.

I have no will to weave too fine or far,  
 O'er the sweet of sweet with bitter speech,  
 Bitter words with darkling; but the brief  
 truth shown  
 Shall plead my pardon for a lingering tongue,  
 Loath yet to strike hope through the heart and  
 slay.  
 The sun's light still was lordly housed in heaven  
 When the twain fronts of war encountering  
 smote  
 First into out of the battle; but not long  
 Had the fresh way of warily fight began  
 Having, at all the force of swarms to sway,  
 When and straight for hold of heaven, and  
 took  
 With its great gorge the noon as in a gulf,  
 Strangle it; and thicker than the shrill-winged  
 shifts  
 Flew the fleet Lethia, held in chase through  
 heaven  
 By the long host of the others on their trail  
 Loosed as on quest or quarry; that our host  
 Smote with such presage of some wrathful God  
 Quailed, but the foe as from one iron throat  
 With the great sheer sole thousand-throated  
 cry  
 Shook earth, heart-staggered from their shout,  
 and above  
 The reckless hollow of heaven; and breached  
 therewith

As with a single strength-shattering sound  
 The voice of the roaring noise of battle  
 In many throats at once upon a rang  
 Never the answer; such response there  
 fell  
 As though the tide's change of a storming sea  
 Had burst the sky's wall, and made breach  
 In the ambient girth and fashion flanked with  
 stars  
 Counting the fortress of the Gods, and fell  
 Crashed now together on ruin and on  
 that cry  
 And higher above it roaring one man's note  
 Tore its way like trumpet; *Charge, charge, charge,  
 Charge, halt not, strike, and open their strength  
 In the roots,  
 Strike, break them, make good the thought's  
 promise sure,  
 Show your hearts harder than the firmed sea's  
 beds,  
 And souls breathed on you from no spirit of  
 earth,  
 As of the sea's waves; and all ears that heard  
 ing with that fiery cry, that the fine air  
 Thereat was fired, and kindling filled the plain  
 Full of that fierce and trumpet-quickening breath  
 That spake the clarions silent; no glad song  
 For folk to hear that wist how dire a God  
 Begat this peril to them, what strong race  
 Fathered the sea-born tongue that sang them  
 death,  
 Threatening; so raged through the red foam of  
 fight  
 Poseidon's son Eumolpos; and the war  
 Quailed round him coming, as our side bore  
 back,  
 As a stream thwarted by the  
 That meet it midway mouth, and beat  
 The flood back of its issue; but  
 Shouted against them, crying, *Charge, God,  
 Source of the God my father, from shining hand  
 Send me what end seems good now in thy sight,  
 But doth from mine to this man; and the  
 word*  
 Quick on his lips yet like a blast of fire  
 Blew them together; and round its lord that met  
 Paused all the reeling battle; two main waves  
 Meeting, one hurled sheer from the sea-wall  
 back  
 That shook it sideways, one right in from sea  
 Charging, that full in face takes at one blow  
 That whole recoil and ruin, with less fear  
 Startle men's eyes late shipwrecked; for a  
 breath*

fronting crest hung, wave to wave rose  
 poised,  
 clashed, breaker to breaker; cloud with  
 cloud  
 heaven, chariot with chariot closed on earth,  
 fourfold flash and thunder; yet a breath,  
 with the king's spear through his red  
 heart's root  
 down, like a rock split from its hill-side, fell  
 under his own horsehoofs dead on earth  
 the beast that made war on earth from sea,  
 with no shrill note left of storming song,  
 and his whole host with one stroke  
 smitten through its dense deep iron  
 heart  
 hurdling from us, and in fierce recoil  
 a seaward as with one wide wail of waves,  
 fled with reluctance; such a groan  
 from the fluctuant reflux of its ranks,  
 a sullen back and strengthless; but  
 scarce yet  
 the wheels had sprung and wheels had bruised  
 their lord  
 fallen, when from highest height of the sun-  
 dering heaven  
 the Father for his brother's son's sake slain  
 with a sheer shaft of lightning writen and  
 smote  
 light on his son's son's forehead, that unhealed  
 shone like the star that shines down storm,  
 and gave  
 light to men's eyes that saw thy lord their king  
 stand and take breath from battle; then too  
 soon  
 he sink down as a sunset in sea-mist  
 The high bright head that here in van of the  
 earth  
 rose like a headland, and through storm and  
 night  
 took all the sea's wrath on it; and now dead  
 they bring thee back by war-forsaken ways  
 The strength called once thy husband, the great  
 guard  
 That was of all men, stay of all men's lives,  
 They bear him slain of no man but a God,  
 godlike; and toward him dead the city's gates  
 fling their arms open mother-like, through  
 him  
 saved; and the whole clear land is purged of  
 war.

What wilt thou say now of this weal and woe?

## PRAXITHEA.

praise the Gods for Athens. O sweet Earth,

Mother, what joy thy soul has of thy son,  
 Thy life of my dead lord, mine own soul knows  
 That knows thee godlike; and what grief  
 should mine,

What sorrow should my heart have, who behold  
 Thee made so heavenly happy? This alone  
 I only of all these blessed, all thy kind  
 Crave this for blessing to me, to my fathers  
 Have but a part thus bitter; give me too  
 Death, and the sight of eyes that meet not  
 mine.

And thee too from no godless heart or tongue  
 Reproachful, thee too by thy living name,  
 Father divine, merciful God, I call,  
 Spring of my life-springs, fountain of my stream,  
 Pure and poured forth to one great end with  
 thine,

Sweet heart, volume of triumph and these tears,  
 Cephissus, if thou seest as gladly shed  
 Thy blood in mine as thine own waves are  
 given

To do this great land good, to give for love  
 The same lips drink and comfort the same  
 hearts,

Do thou then, O my father, white-souled God,  
 To thy most pure earth-hallowing heart eterne  
 Take what thou gavest to be given for these,  
 Take thy child to thee; for her time is full,  
 For all she hath borne she hath given, seen all  
 she had

Flow from her, from her eyes and breasts and  
 hands

Flow forth to feed this people; but be thou,  
 Dear God and gracious to all souls alive,  
 Good to thine own seed also; let me sleep,  
 Father; my sleepless darkling day is done,  
 My day of life like night, but slumberless:  
 For all my fresh fair springs, and his that ran  
 In one stream's bed with mine, are all run out  
 Into the deep of death. The Gods have saved  
 Athens; my blood has bought her at their  
 hand,

And ye sit safe; be glorious and be glad  
 As now for all time always, countrymen,  
 And love my dead for ever; but me, me,  
 What shall man give for these so good as death?

## CHORUS.

From the cup of my heart I pour through my  
 lips along  
 The mingled wine of a joyful and sorrowful  
 song;  
 Wine sweeter than honey and bitterer than  
 blood that is poured



From the riches of gold, from the point of the  
 sword;  
 For the city that must should joy flow forth as  
 a flood;  
 And a stream in a mountain on the city polluted  
 with blood.  
 Ours praise, and all the truth have surely, my  
 country, of thee.  
 Where a lowly white is white as of old for thy  
 crown of sea,  
 Where thy towers are pillars, and thine cities  
 are of sea;  
 But a fountain stands of the hills, do I care  
 for thee;  
 What shall we give thee, art mixed not  
 with man, with heart;  
 For the price that has paid, and thine own  
 with thine own dearth;  
 For a faint there of eyes to the people  
 stained with blood;  
 A plague to the good and bad,  
 For a sun shall not cleanse it, the dew nor the  
 sacred flood  
 That blesses the alive land,  
 In the darkness of it beneath, in the world  
 without sun,  
 The shadows of past things reign;  
 And a cry goes up from the ghost of an ill deed  
 done,  
 And a curse for a virgin slain.

#### ATHENA.

Hear, men that mourn, and woman without  
 mate,  
 Harken; ye sick of soul with fear, and thou  
 Dumb-stricken for thy child's sin; hear ye too,  
 Hear, and the glory of heaven, and winds of  
 the air,  
 And the most holy fountain of the deep sea,  
 Late worth, now full of quiet; hear thou, sun,  
 Reflect on me with the upper fire of rolling  
 Heaven  
 At all the stars returning; full and streams  
 Spring from fresh fountains, day that seest these  
 deeds,  
 Night that shalt hide not; and thou child of  
 mine,  
 Child of a maiden, by a maid redeemed,  
 Blood-guiltless, though bought back with inno-  
 cent blood,  
 City mine own; I Pallas bring thee word,  
 I virgin daughter of the most high God  
 Give all you charge and lay command on all  
 The world I bring be wanted not; for this

The Gods have established and his seal has  
 sworn,  
 That none nor earth nor changing sons of man  
 Nor waves of eternity, nor the winds  
 Shall ever change a thing that steer their tides  
 From light and dark of him and lovelier  
 Death  
 From storm toward heaven lawfully, shall see  
 So long a heart alive beneath the sun  
 A fearless eye of Athens; all time else  
 Shall be to her time as a shadow in sleep  
 To this wide noon of waking; men most praised  
 In her shall live for the men, then to and  
 Shall hold his heart of his right; I God  
 To be in his heart of his right;  
 I first of all, my city; thine shall be  
 The crown of all songs, song of the world ne  
 Time to all flower for all time; thine hand  
 Shall turn the world, and the head  
 With words of the world; not a leaf  
 Shall change, nor water out of the crown  
 But all flowers with in the world; thine eyes  
 Shall first in man's flash lightning liberty,  
 Thy tongue shall first say freedom; thy first hand  
 Shall loose the thunder terror as a bound  
 To hunt from sunset to the springs of the sun  
 Kings that rose up out of the populous east  
 To make their quarry of thee, and shall strew  
 With multitudinous limbs of myriad herds  
 The foodless pastures of the sea, and make  
 With wrecks immeasurable and unsummed  
 defeat  
 One ruin of all their many-folded flocks  
 Ill shepherd from Asia; by thy side  
 Shall fight thy son the north wind, and the sea  
 That was thine enemy shall be sworn thy friend  
 And hand be struck in hand of his and mine  
 To hold faith fast for aye; with thee, though  
 each  
 Make war on other wind and sea shall keep  
 Peace, and take truce as brethren for thy sake  
 Leagued with one spirit and single-hearted  
 strength  
 To break thy foes in pieces, who shall meet  
 The wind's whole soul and might of the main  
 sea  
 Full in their face of battle, and become  
 A laughter to thee; like a shower of leaves  
 Shall their long galleys rank by staggering rank  
 Be dashed adrift on ruin, and in thy sight  
 The sea deride them, and that lord of the air  
 Who took by violent hand thy child to wife  
 With his loud lips bemock them, by his  
 breath  
 So shall the light of being, and the grace

So this day give thee, that makes one in heart  
 Venerable the deep sea's godhead, and his son  
 With him that was thine helmsman, king with  
 king,  
 And man with dead ; such only names as these  
 Thou call royal, take none else or less  
 Of gold of men in honor ; but with me  
 In these be worshiped as one God, and mix  
 With one the might of their mysterious names  
 In the same shrine served singly, thence to keep  
 In perpetual guard on Athens ; time and change,  
 Masters and lords of all men, shall be made  
 To thee that knowest no master and no Lord  
 Servants ; the days that lighten heaven and  
 nights

That darken shall be ministers of thine  
 To attend upon thy glory, the great years  
 As light-engraven letters of thy name  
 Writ by the sun's hand on the front of the  
 earth

For world-beholden witness ; such a gift  
 For one fair chaplet of three lives enwreathed  
 To hang for ever from thy storied shrine,  
 And this thy steersmen fallen with tiller in hand  
 To stand for ever at thy ship's helm seen,  
 Shall be that bade their threefold flower be  
 shorn

And laid him low that planted, give thee back  
 In sign of sweet land remembered with sea  
 And heavenlike earth with heaven ; such  
 promise-pledge

I daughter without mother born of God  
 To the most woful mother born of man  
 Flight for continual comfort. Hail, and live  
 Beyond all human hap of mortal doom  
 Happy ; for so my sire hath sworn and I.

PRAXITHEA.

O queen Athena, from a heart made whole

Take as thou givest us blessing ; cover our  
 Shall stain for shame nor grow old in the  
 song

That as a bird shall spread and fold its wings  
 Here in thy praise for ever, and fulfil  
 The whole world's crowning crown with  
 thee

As the sun's eye fulfils and crowns the sight  
 The circling crown of heaven. There is no  
 grief

Great as the joy to be made one in will  
 With him that is the heart and rule of life  
 And thee, God born of God, thy name is ours,  
 And thy large grace more great than our de-  
 sire.

CHORUS.

From the depth of the springs of my spirit a  
 fountain is poured of thanksgiving,

My country, my mother, for thee,  
 That thy dead for their death shall have life in  
 thy sight and a name everliving

At heart of thy people to be,  
 In the darkness of change on the waters of  
 time they shall turn from afar

To the beam of this dawn for a beacon, the  
 light of these pyres for a star.

They shall see thee who love and take comfort,  
 who hate thee shall see and take warn-  
 ing,

Our mother that makest us free ;  
 And the sons of thine earth shall have help on  
 the waves that made war on the  
 ing,

And friendship and fame of the

# STUDIES IN SONG.

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SONG FOR THE CENTENARY

OF

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

BORN JANUARY 30TH, 1775.

DIED SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1864.

---

There is delight in singing, though none hear  
Beside the singer ; and there is delight  
In praising, though the praiser sit alone  
And see the praised far off him, far above.

LANDOR.

## DEDICATION.

TO MRS. LYNN LINCOLN.

*Daughter in spirit elect and consecrate  
 By love and reverence of the Olympian sire  
 Whom I too loved and worshipped, seeing so great,  
 And found so gracious toward my long desire  
 I bid that love in song before his path  
 Sound, and my lute be loyal to his lyre,  
 To none save one it now may dedicate  
 Song's new burnt-offering on a altar,  
 And though the gift be light  
 As ashes in men's sight,  
 Left by the flame of no ethereal fire,  
 Yet, for his worthier sake  
 Than words are worthless, take  
 This wreath of words ere yet their hour expire:  
 So, haply, from some heaven above,  
 He, seeing, may set next yours my sacrifice of love.*  
 May 24, 1880.

1.

Five years beyond an hundred years have seen  
 Their winters, white as faith's and love's hue,  
 Melt, smiling through brief tears, broke  
 between,  
 And hope's young conquering colours reared  
 anew,  
 Since, on the day whose page for kings made  
 keen  
 Smote still once that ever storm-wind  
 to  
 A head predestined for the girdling green  
 That laughs at lightning all the seasons  
 through,  
 Nor frost or change can sunder  
 Its crown untouched of thunder  
 Leaf from least leaf of all its leaves that grew  
 Alone for brows too bold  
 For storm to sear of old,  
 Elect to shine in time's eternal view,  
 Rose on the verge of radiant life  
 Between the wind and unbeams mingling  
 love with strife.

2.

The dawning day that gave its bloodred  
 birth  
 To Milton's white republic undefiled  
 That might endure so few fleet years on  
 earth  
 Bore in him likewise as divine a child;  
 But born not less nor crowns of love and mirth,  
 Of palm and myrtle passionate and mild,  
 The leaf that girds about with gentler girth  
 The brow steel-bound in battle, and the  
 wild  
 Soft spray that flowers above  
 The flower-soft hair of love;  
 And the white lips of wayworn winter smile-  
 ed  
 And grew serene as spring's  
 When with stretched clouds like wings  
 Or wings like drift of snow-clouds massed  
 and piled  
 The godlike giant, softening, spread  
 A shadow of stormy shelter round the new-  
 born head.

## 3.

And o'er it brightening bowed the wild-haired  
 hour,  
 And touched his tongue with honey and with  
 fire,  
 And breathed between his lips the note of  
 power  
 That makes of all the winds of heaven a  
 lyre  
 Whose strings are stretched from topmost  
 peaks that tower  
 To softest springs of waters that suspire,  
 With sounds too dim to shake the lowliest  
 flower  
 Breathless with hope and dauntless with de-  
 sire :  
 And bright before his face  
 That Hour became a Grace,  
 As in the light of their Athenian quire  
 When the Hours before the sun  
 And Graces were made one,  
 Called by sweet Love down from the aerial  
 gyre  
 By one dear name of natural joy,  
 To bear on her bright breast from heaven a  
 heaven-born boy.

## 4.

Ere light could kiss the little lids in sunder  
 Or love could lift them for the sun to  
 smite,  
 His fiery birth-star as a sign of wonder  
 Had risen, perplexing the presageful night  
 With shadow and glory around her sphere and  
 under  
 And portents prophesying by sound and  
 sight ;  
 And half the sound was song and half was  
 thunder,  
 And half his life of lightning, half of  
 light :  
 And in the soft clenched hand  
 Shone like a burning brand  
 A shadowy sword for swordless fields of  
 light,  
 Wrought only for such lord  
 As so may wield the sword  
 That all things ill be put to fear and  
 flight  
 Even at the dash and sweep and gleam  
 Of one swift stroke beheld but in a shuddering  
 dream.

## 5.

Like the sun's rays that blind the night's wild  
 beasts  
 The sword of song shines as the swordsman  
 sings ;  
 From the west wind's verge even to the ardu-  
 ous east's  
 The splendor of the shadow that it flings  
 Makes fire and storm in heaven above the  
 feasts  
 Of men fulfilled with food of evil things ;  
 Strikes dumb the lying and hungering lips of  
 priests,  
 Smites dead the slaying and ravening hand  
 of kings ;  
 Turns dark the lamp's hot light,  
 And turns the darkness bright  
 As with the shadow of dawn's reverberate  
 wings ;  
 And far before its way  
 Heaven, yearning toward the day,  
 Shines with its thunder and round its light  
 ning rings ;  
 And never hand yet earlier played  
 With that keen sword whose hilt is cloud, and  
 fire its blade.

## 6

As dropping flakes of honey-heavy dew  
 More soft than slumber's, fell the first note's  
 sound  
 From strings the swift young hand strayed  
 lightlier through  
 Than leaves through calm air wheeling  
 toward the ground  
 Stray down the drifting wind when skies are  
 blue  
 Nor yet the wings of latter winds un-  
 bound,  
 Ere winter loosen all the Æolian crew  
 With storm unleashed behind them like a  
 hound.  
 A lightly rose and sank  
 Beside a green-flowered bank  
 The clear first notes his burning boyhood  
 found  
 To sing her sacred praise  
 Who rode her city's ways  
 Clothed with bright hair and with high pur-  
 pose crowned ;  
 A song of soft presageful breath,  
 Prefiguring all his love and faith in life and  
 death ;

## 7.

Who should love two things only and only  
praise

More than all else for ever : even the glory  
of goodly beauty in women, whence all days  
Take light whereby death's self seems  
transitory :

And loftier love than loveliest eyes can raise,  
Love that wipes off the miry stains and gory  
From Time's worn feet, besmirched on blood-  
red ways,

And lightens with his light the night of story ;

Love that lits up from dust

Life, and makes darkness just,

And purges as with fire of purgatory

The dense disastrous air,

To burn old falsehood bare

And give the wind its ashes heaped and  
hoary ;

Love, that with eyes of ageless youth  
Sees on the breast of Freedom borne her nurs-  
ling Truth.

## 8.

For at his birth the sistering stars were one

That flamed upon it as one fiery star ;

Freedom, whose light makes pale the mount-  
ing sun,

And Song, whose fires are quenched when  
Freedom's are.

Or all that love not liberty let none

Love her that fills our lips with fire from far

To mix with winds and seas in unison

And sound athwart life's tideless harbor-bar :

Out where our songs fly free

Across time's bounded sea,

A boundless flight beyond the dim's sun car,

Till all the spheres of night

Chime concord round their flight

Too loud for blasts of warring change to  
mar,

From stars that sang for Homer's birth

These that gave our Landor welcome back  
from earth.

## 9.

as above his cradle, on his grave,

stars of our worship, lights of our desire !

never man that heard the world's wind  
rave

To you was truer in trust of heart and lyre :

Nor Greece nor England on a brow more  
brave

Behold your flame against the wind burn  
higher :

Nor all the gusts that blanch life's worldly  
wave

With surf and surge could quench its flaw-  
less fire :

No blast of all that blow

Might bid the torch burn low

That lightens on us yet as o'er his pyre,

Indomitable of storm.

That now no flaws deform

Nor thwart winds baffle ere it all aspire,

One light of godlike breath and flame,

To write on heaven with man's most glorious  
names his name.

## 10.

The very dawn was dashed with stormy dew

And streaked with fire as when God's hand  
would mar

Palaces reared of tyrants, and the blue

Deep heaven was kindled round her thunder-  
ous car,

That saw how swift a gathering glory grew

About him risen, ere clouds could blind or  
bar

A splendor strong to burn and burst them  
through

And mix in one sheer light things near and  
far.

First flew before his path

Light shafts of love and wrath,

But winged and edged as elder warriors  
are ;

Then rose a light that showed

Across the midsea road

From radiant Calpe to revealed Masar

The way of war and love and fate

Between the goals of fear and fortune, hope  
and hate.

## 11.

Mine own twice banished fathers' harbor-land,  
Their nursing-mother France, the well-be-  
loved,

By the arduous blast of sanguine sunrise fanned,  
Flamed on him, and his burning lips were  
moved

As that live statue's throned on Lybian sand

When morning moves it, ere her light faith  
roved

From promise, and her tyrant's poisonous  
hand

Fed hope with Corsic honey till she proved  
More deadly than despair  
And falselier even than fair,

Though fairer than all elder hopes removed  
As landmarks by the crime  
Of inundating time :

Light faith by grief too loud too long re-  
proved :

For even as in some darkling dance  
Wronged love changed hands with hate, and  
turned his heart from France,

## 12.

But past the snows and summits Pyrenean  
Love stronger-winged held more prevailing  
flight,

That o'er Tyrrhene, Iberian, and Egean  
Shores lightened with one storm of sound  
and light.

From earliest even to hoariest years one paean  
Rang rapture through the fluctuant roar of  
fight,

From Nestor's tongue in accents Achillean  
On death's blind verge dominant over night.  
For voice as hand and hand  
As voice for one fair land

Rose radiant, smote sonorous, past the height  
Where darkling pines enrobe  
The steel-cold Lake of Gaube,

Deep as dark death and keen as death to  
smite,

To where on peak or moor or plain  
His heart and song and sword were one to  
strike for Spain.

## 13.

Resurgent at his lifted voice and hand  
Pale in the light of war or treacherous fate  
Song bade before him all their shadows stand  
For whom his will unbarred their funeral  
grate.

The father by whose wrong revenged his land  
Was given for sword and fire to desolate  
Rose fire-encircled as a burning brand,  
Great as the woes he wrought and bore were  
great.

Fair as she smiled and died,

Death's crowned and breathless bride

Smiled as one living even on craft and hate :  
And pity, a star unrisen,  
Scarce lit Ferrante's prison

Ere night unnatural closed the natural gate  
That gave their life and love and light  
To those fair eyes despoiled by fratricide of  
sight.

## 14.

Tears bright and sweet as fire and incense fell  
In perfect notes of music-measured pain  
On veiled sweet heads that heard not love's  
farewell

Sob through the song that bade them rise  
again ;

Rise in the light of living song, to dwell  
With memories crowned of memory : so the  
strain

Made soft as heaven the stream that girdles  
hell

And sweet the darkness of the breathless  
plain,

And with Elysian flowers

Recrowned the wreathless hours

That mused and mourned upon their works  
in vain ;

For all their works of death

Song filled with light and breath,

And listening grief relaxed her lightening  
chain ;

For sweet as all the wide south  
She found the song like honey from the lion's  
mouth.

## 15.

High from his throne in heavens Simonides,  
Crowned with mild aureole of memorial  
tears

That the everlasting sun of all time sees  
All golden, molten from the forge of years,

Smiled, as the gift was laid upon his knees  
Of song that hang like pearls in mourners'  
ears,

Mild as the murmuring of Hymettian bees  
And honied as their harvest, that endears

The toil of flowery days ;

And smiling perfect praise

Hailed his one brother mateless else or  
peers :

Whom we that hear not him

For length of date grown dim

Hear, and the heart grows grieved of grief that  
hears ;

And hardest heights of sorrowing hours,  
Like snows of Alpine April, melt from tears to  
flowers.

## 16.

Therefore to him the shadow of death was  
none,  
The darkness was not, nor the temporal  
tomb :

And multitudinous time for him was one,  
Who bade before his equal seat of doom  
Rise and stand up for judgment in the sun  
The weavers of the world's large-historied  
loom,  
By their own works of light or darkness done  
Clothed round with light or girt about with  
gloom.

In speech of purer gold  
Than even they spake of old  
He bade the breath of Sidney's lips relume  
The fire of thought and love  
That made his bright life move  
Through fair brief seasons of benignant  
bloom  
To blameless music ever, strong  
As death and sweet as death-annihilating song.

## 17.

Thought gave his wings the width of time to  
roam,  
Love gave his thought strength equal to re-  
lease  
From bonds of old forgetful years like foam  
Vanished, the fame of memories that de-  
crease :  
So strongly faith had fledged for flight from  
home  
The soul's large pinions till her strife should  
cease :  
And through the trumpet of a child of Rome  
Rang the pure music of the flutes of Greece.  
As though some northern hand  
Rest from the Latin land  
A spoil more costly than the Colchian fleece  
To clothe with golden sound  
Of old joy newly found  
And rapture as of penetrating peace  
The naked north-wind's cloudiest clime,  
And give its darkness light of the old Sicilian  
time.

## 18.

He saw the brand that fired the towers of Troy  
Fade, and the darkness at Enone's prayer  
Close upon her that closed upon her boy,  
For all the curse of godhead that she bare :

And the Apollonian serpent gleam and toy  
With scathless maiden limbs and shudder-  
ing hair ;  
And his love smitten in their dawn of joy  
Leave Pan the pine-leaf of her charge to  
wear ;  
And one in flowery coils  
Caught as in fiery toils  
Smite Calydon with moaning unaware ;  
And where her low turf shrine  
Showed Modesty divine  
The fairest mother's daughter far more fair  
Hide on her breast the heavenly shame  
That kindled once with love should kindle  
Troy with flame.

## 19.

Nor less the light of story than of song  
With graver glories girt his godlike head,  
Reverted away from the temporal throng  
Of lives that live not toward the living dead.  
The shadows and the splendors of their throng  
Made bright and dark about his board and  
bed  
The lines of life and vision, sweet or strong  
With sound of lutes or trumpets blown,  
that led  
Forth of the ghostly gate  
Opening in spite of fate  
Shapes of majestic or tumultuous tread,  
Divine and direful things,  
These foul as priests or kings,  
Those fair as heaven or love of freedom, red  
With blood and green with palms and  
white  
With raiment woven of deeds divine and words  
of light.

## 20.

The thunder-fire of Cromwell, and the ray  
That keeps the place of Phocion's name  
serene  
And clears the cloud from Kosciuszko's day,  
Alternate as dark hours with bright between,  
Met in the heaven of his high thought, which  
lay  
For all stars open that all eyes had seen  
Rise on the night or twilight of the way  
Where feet of human hopes and fears had  
been.  
Again the sovereign word  
On Milton's lips was heard  
Living : again the tender three days' queen



Drew bright and gentle breath  
On the sharp edge of death :  
And, staged again to show of mortal scene,  
Tiberius, ere his name grew dire,  
Wept, stainless yet of empire, tears of blood  
and fire.

## 21.

Most ardent and most awful and most fond,  
The fervor of his Apollonian eye  
Yearned upon Hellas, yet enthralled in bond  
Of time whose years beheld her and passed  
by  
Silent and shameful, till she rose and donned  
The casque again of Pallas ; for her cry  
Forth of the past and future, depths beyond  
This where the present and its tyrants lie,  
As one great voice of twain  
For him had pealed again,  
Heard but of hearts high as her own was  
high,  
High as her own and his  
And pure as love's heart is,  
That lives through hope at once and mem-  
ory die :  
And with her breath his clarion's blast  
Was filled as cloud with fire or future souls  
with past.

## 22.

As a wave only obsequious to the wind  
Lies to the lifting breeze that bids it leap,  
Large started, and its thickening mane be-  
thinned  
By the strong god's breath moving on the  
deep  
From utmost Atlas even the extremest Ind  
That shakes the plain where no men saw nor  
reap,  
So, moved with wrath toward men that ruled  
and stoned  
And pity toward all tears he saw men  
shed,  
Arose to take man's part  
His loving lion heart,  
Kind as the sun's that has in charge to  
keep  
Earth and the seed thereof  
Safe in his lordly love,  
Strong as sheer truth and soft as very sleep ;  
The mightiest heart since Milton's leapt,  
The gentlest since the gentlest heart of Shake-  
speare slept.

## 23.

Like the wind's own on her divided sea  
His song arose on Corinth, and aloud  
Recalled her Isthmian song and strife when  
she  
Was thronged with glories as with gods in  
crowd  
And as the wind's own spirit her breath was  
free  
And as the heaven's own heart her soul was  
proud,  
But freer and prouder stood no son than he  
Of all she bare before her heart was bowed :  
None higher than he who heard  
Medea's keen last word  
Transpierce her traitor, and like a rushing  
cloud  
That sundering shows a star  
Saw pass her thunderous car  
And a face whiter and deadlier than a shroud  
That lightened from it, and the brand  
Of tender blood that falling seared his suppli-  
ant hand.

## 24.

More fair than all things born and slain of fate,  
More glorious than all births of days and  
nights,  
He bade the spirit of man regenerate,  
Rekindling, rise and reassume the rights  
That in high seasons of his old estate  
Clothed him and armed with majesties and  
might  
Heroic, when the times and hearts were great  
And in the depths of ages rose the heights  
Radiant of high deeds done  
And souls that matched the sun  
For splendor with the lightnings of their  
lights  
Whence even their uttered names  
Burn like the strong twin flames  
Of song that shakes a throne and steel that  
smites :  
As on Thermopylae when shone  
Leonidas, on Syracuse Timoleon.

## 25.

Or, sweeter than the breathless buds when  
spring  
With smiles and tears and kisses bids them  
breathe,  
Fell with its music from his quiring string

Fragrance of pine-leaves and odorous heath  
Twined round the lute whereto he sighed to  
sing

Of the oak that screened and showed its  
maid beneath,  
Who seeing her bee crawl back with broken  
wing

Faded, a fairer flower than all her wreath,  
And paler, though her oak  
stood scathless of the stroke  
More sharp than edge of axe or wolfish teeth,  
That mixed with mortals dead  
Her own half heavenly head  
And life incorporate with a sylvan sheath,  
And left the wild rose and the dove  
A secret place and sacred from all guests but  
Love.

26.

But in the sweet clear fields beyond the river  
Dividing pain from peace and man from  
shade

He saw the wings that there no longer quiver  
Sink of the hours whose parting footfalls  
fade

On ears which hear the rustling amaranth  
shiver

With sweeter sound of wind than ever made  
Music on earth : departing, they deliver  
The soul that shame or wrath or sorrow  
swayed ;

And round the king of men  
Clash the clear arms again,  
Clear of all soil and bright as laurel braid,  
That rang less high for joy  
Through the gates fallen of Troy  
Than here to hail the sacrificial mail,  
Iphigeneia, when the ford  
First-flowing of sorrows brought her father and  
their lord.

27.

And in the clear gulf of the hollow sea  
He saw light glimmering through the grave  
green gloom

That hardly gave the sun's eye leave to see  
Cymodameia ; but nor tower nor tomb,  
No tower on earth, no tomb of waves may be,  
That may not sometime by diviner doom  
Be plain and previous to the poet ; he  
Bids time stand back from him and fate  
make room

For passage of his feet,

Strong as their own are fleet,  
And yield the prey no years may reassume  
Through all their clamorous track,  
Nor night nor day win back  
Nor give to darkness what his eyes illumine  
And his lips bless for ever : he  
Knows what earth knows not, sings truth sung  
not of the sea.

28.

Before the sentence of a curule chair  
More sacred than the Roman, rose and stood  
To take their several doom the imperial pair  
Diversely beauteous of Venus, and in mood  
Diverse as their one mother, and as fair,  
Though like two stars contrasted, and as good.  
Though different as dark eyes from golden hair ;  
One as the red planet red like blood  
That bears among the stars  
Fierce witness of her Mars

In bitter fire by her sweet light subdued ;  
One in the gentler skies  
Sweet as her amorous eyes :  
One proud of worlds and seas and darkness  
rude

Composed and conquered ; one content  
With lightnings from loved eyes of lovers  
lightly sent.

29.

And where Alpheus and where Ladon ran  
Radiant, by many a rushy and rippling cove  
More known to glance of god than wandering  
man,

He sang the strife of strengths divine that  
strove,  
Unequal, one with other, for a space,  
Who should be friends forever in heaven  
above

And here on pastoral earth : Arcadian Pan,  
And the awless lord of kings and shepherds,  
Love :

All the sweet strife and strange  
With fervid counterchange  
Till one fierce wail through many a glade  
and grove  
Rang, and in each made shiver  
The reeds of every river,  
And the warm airs waxed wintry that it  
clove,

Keen-edged as ice-retempered brand ;  
Nor might god's hurt and healing save of god-  
like hand.

## 30.

As when the jarring gates of thunder ope  
 Like earthquake felt in heaven, so dire a cry,  
 So fearful and so fierce — 'Give the sword  
 scope!' —  
 Rang from a daughter's lips, darkening the  
 sky  
 To the extreme verge of all its endless cope  
 With strokeless horror; not the bolts of heaven  
 Whose colour is the smoky, whose sound is  
 the hoarse  
 Might well endure to see the adulteress die,  
 The husband slayer for one  
 By sword-stroke of her son,  
 Unutterable, unimaginable on high,  
 On earth abhorrent, tell  
 Beyond all scourge of hell,  
 Yet righteous as redemption: Love stood  
 nigh,  
 Mute, sister-like, and closer clung  
 Than all fierce forms of threatening coil and  
 maddening tongue.

## 31.

All these things heard and seen and sung of old,  
 He heard and saw and sang them. Once  
 again  
 Might foot of man tread, eye of man behold  
 Things unbeholden save of ancient men,  
 Ways save by gods untrodden. In his hold  
 The staff that stayed through some Ætnean  
 glen  
 The steps of the most highest, most awful-  
 souled  
 And mightiest-mouthed of singers, even as  
 then  
 Became a prophet's rod,  
 A lyre on fire of God,  
 Being still the staff of exile: yea, as when  
 The voice poured forth on us  
 Was even that of Eschylus,  
 And his one word great as the crying of ten,  
 Crying in men's ears of wrath toward  
 wrong,  
 Of love toward right immortal, sanctified with  
 song.

## 32.

Him too whom none save one before him ever  
 Beheld, nor since hath man again beheld,  
 Whom Dante seeing him saw not, nor the  
 giver

Of all gifts back to man by time withholden,  
 Shakespeare — him too, whom sea-like ages  
 sever,  
 As waves divide men's eyes from lights up-  
 holden  
 To landward, from our songs that find him  
 never,  
 Seeking, though memory fire and hope em-  
 bolden —  
 Him too this one song found,  
 And raised at its sole sound  
 Up from the dust of darkling dreams and  
 olden  
 Legends forlorn of breath,  
 Up from the deeps of death  
 Ulysses: him whose name turns all songs  
 golden,  
 The wise divine strong soul, whom fate  
 Could make no less than change and chance  
 behold him great.

## 33.

Nor stands the seer who raised him less august  
 Before us, nor in judgment frail and rather,  
 Less constant or less loving or less just,  
 But fruitful-ripe and full of tender faith,  
 Holding all high and gentle names in trust  
 Of time for honor; so his quickening breath  
 Called from the darkness of their martyred  
 dust  
 Our sweet Saints Alice and Elizabeth,  
 Revived and re-inspired  
 With speech from heavenward fired  
 By love to say what Love the Archangel  
 saith  
 Only, nor may such word  
 Save by such ears be heard  
 As hear the tongues of angels after death  
 Descending on them like a dove  
 Has taken all earthly sense of thought away  
 but love.

## 34.

All sweet, all sacred, all heroic things,  
 All generous names and loyal, and all wise,  
 With all his heart in all its wayfarings  
 He sought, and worshipped, seeing them  
 with his eyes  
 In very present glory, clothed with wings  
 Of words and deeds and dreams immortal  
 rise  
 Visible more than living slaves and kings.  
 Audible more than actual vows and lies:

These, with scorn's fiercest rod,  
 These and the Lord their God,  
 The Lord their likeness, tyrant of the skies  
 As they Lord Gods of earth,  
 These with a rage of mirth  
 He mocked and scourged and spat on, in  
 such wise  
 That none might stand before his rod,  
 And these being slain the Spirit alone be lord  
 or God.

## 35.

For of all souls for all time glorious none  
 Loved Freedom better, of all who have lov-  
 ed her best,  
 Than he who wrote that scripture of the sun  
 Writ as with fire and light on heaven's own  
 crest,  
 Of all words heard on earth the noblest one  
 That ever spake for souls and left them blest :  
 GLADLY WE SHOULD REST EVER, HAD WE  
 WON

FREEDOM : WE HAVE LOST, AND VERY  
 GLADLY REST.

O poet hero, lord  
 And father, we record  
 Deep in the burning tablets of the breast  
 Thankfully those divine  
 And living words of thine  
 For faith and comfort in our hearts imprest  
 With strokes engraven past hurt of years  
 And lines inured with fire of immemorial tears.

## 36.

But who being less than thou shall sing of thee  
 Words worthy of more than pity or less than  
 scorn ?  
 Who sing the golden garland woven of three,  
 Thy daughters, Graces mightier than the  
 Morn,  
 More godlike than the graven gods men see  
 Made all but immortal, human born  
 And heavenly natured ? With he first came  
 He,  
 Led by the living hand, who left forlorn  
 Life by his death, and time  
 More by his life sublime  
 Than by the lives of all whom all men  
 mourn,  
 And even for mourning praise  
 Heaven, as for all those days  
 These dead men's lives clothed round with  
 glories worn

By memory till all time lie dead,  
 And higher than all behold the bay round  
 Shakespeare's head.

## 37.

Then, fairer than the fairest Grace of ours,  
 Came girl with Grecian gold the second  
 Grace,  
 And verier daughter of his most perfect hours  
 Than any of latter time or alien place  
 Named, or with hair inwoven of English  
 flowers  
 Only, nor wearing on her stacher face  
 The lordlier light of Athens. An the Powers  
 That graced and guarded round that holiest  
 race,

That heavenliest and most high  
 Time hath seen live and die,  
 Poured all their power upon him to retrace  
 The erased mortal roll  
 Of Love's best sovereign scroll  
 And Wisdom's warm from Freedom's wide  
 embrace,  
 The scroll that on Aspasia's knees  
 Laid once made manifest the Olympian Peri-  
 cles.

## 38.

Clothed on with tenderest weft of Tuscan  
 air,  
 Came laughing like Etrurian spring the  
 third,  
 With green Valleys's hill-flowers in her hair  
 Deep-drenched with May-dews, in her voice  
 the bird  
 Whose voice hath night and morning in it ;  
 her  
 As the ambient gold of wall-flowers that  
 engird  
 The walls engirdling with a circling stair  
 My sweet San Gimignano : nor a word  
 Fell from her flowerlike mouth  
 Not sweet with all the south ;  
 As though the dust shrined in Certaldo  
 stirred  
 And spake, as o'er it shone  
 That bright Pentameron,  
 And his own vines again and chestnuts  
 heard  
 Boccaccio : nor swift Elsa's chime  
 Mixed not her golden babble with Petrarca's  
 rhyme.

## 39.

No lovelier laughed the garden which receives  
 Yet, and yet hies not from our following  
     eyes  
 With soft rose-laurels and strawberry-leaves,  
 Ternissa, sweet as April-colored skies,  
 Bowed like a flowering reed when May's wind  
     heaves  
 The reed-bed that the stream kisses and  
     signs,  
 In love that shrinks and murmurs and believes  
 What yet the wisest of the starriest wise  
     Whom Greece might ever hear  
     Speaks in the gentlest ear  
 That ever heard love's lips philosophize  
     With such deep reasoning words  
     As blossoms use and birds,  
 Nor heeds Leontion lingering till they rise  
     Far off, in no wise over far,  
 Beneath a heaven all amorous of its first-born  
     star.

## 40.

What sound, what storm and splendour of  
     what fire,  
 Darkening the light of heaven, lightening  
     the night,  
 Rings, rages, flashes round what ravening  
     pyre  
 That makes time's face pale with its reflex  
     light  
 And leaves on earth, who seeing might scarce  
     respire,  
 A shadow of red remembrance? Right nor  
     might  
 Alternating wore ever shapes more dire  
 Nor manifest in all men's awful sight  
     In form and face that wore  
     Heaven's light and likeness more  
 Than these, or held suspense men's hearts  
     at height  
 More fearful, since man first  
 Slaked with man's blood his thirst,  
 Than when Rome clashed with Hannibal in  
     fight,  
 Till tower on ruining tower was hurled  
 Where Scipio stood, and Carthage was not in  
     the world.

## 41.

Nor lacked there power of purpose in his hand

Who carved their several praise in words of  
     gold

To bare the brows of conquerors and to brand  
 Made shelterless of laurels bought and sold  
 For price of blood or incense, dust or sand,  
 Triumph or terror. He that sought of old  
 His father Ammon in a stranger's land,  
 And shrank before the serpentine fold,  
 Stood in our seer's wide eye  
 No higher than man most high,  
 And lowest in heart when highest in hope to  
     hold  
 Fast as a scripture furled  
 The scroll of all the world  
 Sealed with his signet: nor the blind and  
     bold  
 First thief of empire, round whose head  
 Swarmed carrion flies for bees, on flesh for  
     violets red.\*

## 42.

As fire that kisses, killing with a kiss,  
 He saw the light of death, riotous and red,  
 Flare round the bent brows of Semiramis  
 Re-risen, and mightier, from the Assyrian  
     dead,  
 Kindling, as dawn a frost-bound precipice,  
 The steady snows of Russia, for the tread  
 Of feet that felt before them crawl and hiss  
 The snaky lines of blood violently shed  
     Like living creeping things  
 That writhe but have no stings  
 To scare adulterers from the imperial bed  
     Bowed with its load of lust,  
     Or chill the ravenous gust  
 That made her body a fire from heel to head;  
 Or change her high bright spirit and clear,  
 For all its mortal stains, from taint of fraud or  
     fear.

## 43.

As light that blesses, hallowing with a look,  
 He saw the godhead in Vittoria's face  
 Shine soft on Buonarroti's, till he took,  
 Albeit himself God, a more godlike grace.  
 A strength more heavenly to confront and  
     brook  
 All ill things coiled about his worldly race,  
 From the bright scripture of that present book

\* Thy lifelong works, Napoleon, who shall write?  
 Time, in his children's blood who takes delight.

*From the Greek of Lander.*

Wherein his tired grand eyes got power to trace

Comfort more sweet than youth,  
And hope whose child was truth,

And love that brought forth sorrow for a space,

Only that she might hear

Joy: these things, written there,

Even his soul in high heaven a heaven-  
lier place,

For his own glory, whose glory and glow  
The spirit of Michael Angelo.

## 44.

With balms and dews of blessing he consoled  
The fair fame wounded by the black priest's  
tongue,

And washed off her blithe and  
bold

Boy-bridgroom's blood, that seemed so  
long to hang

On her fair hand, even till the stain of old  
Was cleansed with healing song, that after  
sang

sharp truth by sweetest singers' lips untold  
Of pale Beatrice, though her death-note rang  
From other strings divine

Ere his rekindling line

With yet more piteous and intolerant pang  
Pierced all men's hearts anew

That heard her passion through

Till fierce from throes of fiery pity sprang  
Wrath, armed for chase of monstrous  
beasts,

strong to lay waste the kingdom of the seed of  
priests.

## 45.

He knew the highest and humbleness, the  
mirth

And majesty of meanest men born free,

He made with Luther's or with Hefer's birth  
The whole world worthier of the sun to see:

The wealth of spirit among the snows, the  
dearth

Wherein souls festered by the servile sea  
That saw the lowest of even crowned heads on  
earth

Thronged round with worship in Parthenope.

His hand bade Justice guide

Her child Tyrannicide,

Light winged by me that brings the dawn to  
be;

And pierced with Tyrrel's dart  
Again the riotous heart

That mocked at mercy's tongue and man-  
hood's knee:

And ope'd the cell where kinglike death  
Hung o'er her brows disrowned who bare  
Elizabeth.

## 46.

Toward Spenser or toward Bacon proud or  
kind

He bared the heart of Essex, twain and one,  
For the base heart that soiled the starry mind  
Stern, for the father in his child undone  
Soft as his own toward children, stamped and  
signed

With their sweet image visibly set on  
As by God's hand, clear as his own designed  
The likeness radiant out of ages gone

That none may now destroy

Of that high Roman boy

Whom Julius and Cleopatra saw their son

True-born of sovereign seed,

Foredoomed even thence to bleed,

The stately grace of bright Caesarion,

The head unbent, the heart unbowed,

That not the shadow of death could make less  
clear and proud.

## 47.

With gracious gods he communed, honoring  
thus

At once by service and similitude,  
Service devout and worship emulous  
Of the same golden Muses once they wooed.  
The names and shades adored of all of us,

The nurslings of the brave world's earlier  
brood,

Grown gods for us themselves: Theocritus

First, and more dear Catullus, names be  
dewed

With blessings bright like tears

From the old memorial years,

And loves and lovely laughter, every mood

Sweet as the drops that fell

Of their own cœnomel

From living lips to cheer the multitude

That feeds on words divine, and grows

More worthy, seeing their world reblossom like  
a rose.

## 48.

Peace, the soft seal of long life's closing story,  
 The sweet music that no strange note jars,  
 Crowned not with gentler hand the years that  
     glory  
 Crowned, but could hide not all the spirit  
     and ears  
 Time writes on the inward strength of war  
     rings heavy  
 With much long warfare, and with gradual  
     bars  
 Blindly pent in; but these, being temporary,  
 Broke, and the power came back that pres-  
     ion jars;  
     And at the lovely last  
     Above all anguish put  
 Before his own the sightless eye like stars  
     Arose that watched arise  
     Like stars in other skies  
 Above the stir of ships and haughty ears  
     The Dioscurian songs divine  
 That lighten all the world with lightning of  
     their line.

## 49.

He sang the last of Homer, having sung  
 The last of his Ulysses, bright and wide  
 For him time's dark strait ways, like clouds  
     that clung  
 About the day's sun, doubtful to divide,  
 Weaved in his spiritual eye-shot, and his tongue  
 Space as his soul bore witness, that desisted,  
 Like those twin towering lights in darkness  
     hung,

Homer, and grey Laertes at his side  
 Kingly as kings are none  
 Beneath a later sun,  
 And the sweet maiden ministering in pride  
 To sovereign and to age  
 In their more sweet converse,  
 These things he sang, but felt as cold,  
     and  
 And it death be not, if life be,  
 As Homer and as Milton are in heaven is he

## 50.

Poet whose large-eyed loyalty of love  
 Was pure toward all high poets, all their  
     kind  
 And all bright words and all sweet works  
     thereof;  
 Strong like the sun, and like the sunlight  
     kind;  
 Heart that no fear but every grief might move  
 Wherewith men's hearts were bound or  
     powers that bind;  
 The purest soul that ever proof could prove  
 From taint of tortuous or of envious mind;  
     Whose eyes glaze and clear  
     Nor shame nor ever fear  
 But only pity or glorious wrath could  
     blind;  
     Name set for love apart,  
     Held lifelong in my heart,  
 Face like a father's toward my face inclined:  
 No gift like thine are mine to give,  
 Who by thine own words only bid thee hail,  
     and live.

## OFF SHORE.

WHEN the might of the summer  
 Is most on the sea;  
 When the days overcome her  
 With joy but to be,  
 With rapture of royal enchantment, and sor-  
     cery that sets her not free,  
 But for hours upon hours  
 As a duell she remains  
 Spell-bound as with flowers

And content in their chains,  
 And her loud steeds fret not, and lift not  
 Lock of their deep white manes;  
 Then only, far under  
 In the depths of her hold,  
 Some gleam of its wonder  
 Man's eye may behold,  
 Its wild weed forests of crimson and russet  
 and olive and gold.

Still deeper and dimmer  
And goodlier they glow  
For the eyes of the swimmer  
Who scans them below  
He crosses the zone of their flowerage that  
knows not of sunshine and snow.

Soft blossomless frondage  
And foliage that gleams  
As to prisoners in bondage  
The light of their dreams,  
The desire of a dawn unbeholden, with hope  
on the wings of its beams.

Not as prisoners entombed  
Waxen haggard and wizened,  
But consoled and illumed  
In the depths of their prison  
With delight of the light everlasting and vision  
of dawn on them risen,

From the banks and the beds  
Of the waters divine  
They lift up their heads  
And the flowers of them shine  
Through the splendor of darkness that clothes  
them of water that glimmers like wine.

Bright bank over bank  
Making glorious the gloom,  
Soft rank upon rank,  
Strange bloom after bloom,  
They kindle the liquid low twilight, and dusk  
of the dim sea's womb.

Through the subtle and tangible  
Gloom without form,  
Their branches, infrangible  
Ever of storm  
spread softer their sprays than the shoots of the  
woodland when April is warm.

As the flight of the thunder, full  
Charged with its word,  
Dividing the wonderful  
Depths like a bird,  
speaks wrath and delight to the heart of the  
night that exults to have heard,

So swiftly, though soundless  
In silence's ear,  
Light-winged from the boundless  
Blue depths full of cheer,  
speaks joy to the heart of the waters that part  
not before him, but hear.

Light, perfect and visible  
Godhead of God,  
God indivisible,  
Lifts but his rod,  
And the shadows are scattered in sunder, and  
darkness is light at his nod.

At the touch of his wand,  
At the nod of his head  
From the spaces beyond  
Where the dawn hath her bed,  
Earth, water, and air are transfigured, and  
rise as one risen from the dead.

He puts forth his hand,  
And the mountains are thrilled  
To the heart as they stand  
In his presence, fulfilled  
With his glory that utters his grace upon  
earth, and her sorrows are stilled.

The moan of her travail  
That groans for the light  
Till day spring unravel  
The web of the night,  
At the sound of the strings of the music of  
morning, falls dumb with delight.

He gives forth his word,  
And the word that he saith,  
Ere well it be heard,  
Strikes darkness to death ;  
For the thought of his heart is the sunrise, and  
dawn as the sound of his breath.

And the strength of its pulses  
That passion makes proud  
Confounds and convulses  
The depths of the cloud  
Of the darkness that heaven was engirt with,  
divided and rent as a shroud,

As the veil of the shrine  
Of the temple of old  
When darkness divine  
Over noonday was rolled ;  
So the heart of the night by the pulse of the  
light is convulsed and controlled.

And the sea's heart, groaning  
For glories withdrawn,  
And the waves' mouths, moaning  
All night for the dawn,  
Are uplift as the hearts and the mouths of the  
singers on leaside and lawn.



And the sea-birds, winging  
On the wings of the wind,  
Darting and dashing,  
Fill the air with their din;  
Fills full with the sound of their wings, till it  
burns in the heart of the wind.

Tell the way of the wind  
As a water-bird  
In the air, that the wind  
That the wind is in the heart,  
And the wind that the wind is in the heart  
And the wind that the wind is in the heart

With music and wind  
In the light of the wind,  
In the light of the wind,  
Of the wind that the wind  
On the grasses of earth, and the wind that en-  
kindles the wing of the wind.

White glories of wings  
As of scattering winds  
That flock from the winds  
Of the sunrise in the wind  
With the wind for a heart, and the wind hasten or  
halt at the change of his word.

As the watchword's change  
When the wind's word shifts,  
And the sky's grey change,  
And the white squall drifts  
Up sharp from the sea, vexing the sea  
till the low cloud has.

At the charge of his word  
Bidding pause, bidding haste,  
When the ranks are stirred  
And the lines displaced,  
They scatter as wild swans parting adrift on  
the wing of the wind.

At the hush of his word  
In a pause of his breath  
When the water have heard  
His will that he saith,  
They stand as a flock, pointed close in its fold  
for division of death.

As a flock of division  
Of a flock of the wind,  
A flock of the wind,  
Of a flock of the wind,  
So glimmer their wings and their sheetings  
as clouds on the stream of the wind.

But the sun stands fast,  
And the sea burns bright,  
And the flight of them part  
Is no more than the flight  
of the snow-soft swarm of serene wings poised  
and about in the light.

Like flowers upon flow  
In a festival way  
When hours alter hours  
Shed grace on the day,  
White blossom like butterflies hover and gleam  
through the wings of the spray.

Like snow-colored petal  
Of blossoms that flee  
From storm that unsettle  
The flower as the tree  
They flutter, a legion of flowers on the wing,  
through the field of the sea.

Through the furrowless field  
Where the foam-blooms  
And the secrets are sealed  
Of their harvest below  
They float in the path of the sunbeams, as  
flakes or as blossoms of snow.

Till the sea's ways darken,  
And the God, withdrawn,  
Give ear not or hearken  
If prayer on him fawn,  
And the sun's self seem but a shadow, to  
be a shadow of the dawn.

No shadow, but rather  
God, father of song,  
Shew grace to me, Father  
God, loved of me long,  
That I be not the light of thy face, that my  
work be not the work of the wind.

While yet I make forward  
With face toward thee  
Returned yet in shoreward,  
Be thou upon me;  
Be thou upon my forehead or ever I turn  
from the sea.

Be thou kiss on my brow  
Be the light of thy grace,  
Be thy glance on me now  
From the pride of thy place:  
As the sign of a sire to a son be the light on  
my face of thy face.

Thou wast father of all  
 Times hailed and adored,  
 And the sense of thy power  
 Great harp, and no word  
 Was the joy in the soul of the singers that  
 Hailed thee for master and lord,

Fair father of all  
 In thy ways that have trod,  
 That have risen at thy call,  
 That have thrilled at thy nod,  
 Shine, lighten upon me, O sun that we  
 See to be God,

As my soul has been dutiful  
 Only to thee,  
 O God most beautiful,  
 Lighten thou me,  
 As I swim through the dim long rollers, with  
 Cyclops uplift from the sea,

Be praised and adored of us  
 All in accord,  
 Father and lord of us  
 Always adored,  
 The slayer and the sayer and the harper, the  
 Light of us all and our lord,

At the sound of thy lyre,  
 At the touch of thy rod,  
 Air quakes to him  
 By the foot of the tread,  
 The saviour and healer and singer, the living  
 and visible God,

The years are before thee  
 As shadows of thee,  
 As men that adore thee,  
 As cloudlets that flee :  
 But thou art the God, and thy king-  
 dom heaven, and thy shrine is the sea,

AFTER NINE YEARS.

TO JOSEPH MAZZINI.

*Prima dicte mihi, Summa dicte Cameræ.*

1.

The shadows fallen of years are nine  
 Since heaven grew seven times more divine  
 With thy soul entering, and the dearth  
 Of soul on earth  
 How sevenfold sadder, wanting One  
 Whose light of life, quenched here and done,  
 Burns there eternal as the sun.

2.

Beyond all word, beyond all deed,  
 Beyond all thought beloved, what need  
 Of death or love that speech should be,  
 Of thou of me ?  
 No word, no prayer, no cry,  
 No praise or hail or mourn thee by,  
 As when thou too wast man as I.

3.

Nay, never, nor as any born  
 Save one whose name priests turn to scorn  
 Whom haply, though we know not now,  
 Was man as thou,  
 A wanderer branded with men's blame,  
 Love's past man's utterance : yea, the same,  
 Perchance, and as his name thy name.

4.

Thou was as very Christ—not he  
 Degraded into Deity,  
 And priest-polluted by such prayer  
 As persons air,  
 Tongue-worship of the tongue that slays,  
 False faith and parrioidal praise  
 But the man crowned with suffering days

478 *FOR A PORTRAIT OF FELICE ORSINI.*

5.

God only, being of all mankind  
Most matchless, of most equal mind  
And heart most perfect, more than can  
Be heart of man  
Once in ten ages, born to be  
As haply Christ was, and as we  
Knew surely, seeing, and worshipped thee.

6.

To know thee—this at last was ours,  
God, clothed upon with human hours,  
O face beloved, O spirit adored,

Saviour and lord !

That was not only for thine own  
Redeemer—not of these alone  
But all to whom thy word was known.

7.

Ten years have wrought their will with me  
Since first my words took wing for thee  
When thou wast even as now above  
Me, and my love.  
As then thou knewest not scorn, so now  
With that beloved benignant brow  
Take these of him whose light was thou.

*FOR A PORTRAIT OF FELICE ORSINI.*

STEADFAST as sorrow, true sad, and sweet  
With underlights of love and faith, more  
strong  
Thou lookest and I hate and all ill thoughts which  
throng,  
Haply, and hope's or fear's world-wandering,  
That find no rest from wandering till they meet  
Death, bearing palms in hand and crowns of  
song ;

His face, who thought to vanquish wrong  
with wrong,  
Erring, and make rage and redemption  
meet,  
Havoc and freedom : weaving in one web  
Good with his right hand, evil with his left ;  
But all a hero lived and erred and died ;  
Looked thus upon the living world he left  
So bravely that with pity less than pride  
Men hail him Patriot and Tyrannicide.

*EVENING ON THE BROADS.*

OVER two shadowless water, drift as a pin-  
nace in peril,  
Hangs as in heavy air, charged with in-  
resolute light,  
Softly the sun, the sun, the sun, while  
the day  
Waves and wastes of the land half-reposessed  
by the night,  
Inland glimmer the shallow, deep and afar in  
the breathless

Twilight : yonder the depths darken afar and  
asleep,  
Slowly the splendour of both out of heaven  
descends on the deathless  
Waters : hardly the light lives on the face of  
the day  
Halfly, for here for awhile. All over the grey  
sup shadow  
Hover the colours and clouds of twilight,  
void of a star.

As a bird unfledged is the broad-winged night,  
whose winglets are callow

Yet, but soon with their plumes will she  
cover her brood from afar,  
Cover the brood of her worlds that cumber  
the skies with their blossom

Thick as the darkness of leaf-shadowed  
spring is encumbered with flowers.

World upon world is enwound in the bountiful  
girth of her bosom,

Warm and lustrous with life lovely to look on  
as ours.

Still is the sunset adrift as a spirit in doubt  
that dissembles

Still with itself, being sick of division and  
dimmed by dismay —

Nay, not so; but with love and delight beyond  
passion it trembles.

Fearful and fain of the night, lovely with  
love of the day:

Fain and fearful of rest that is like unto death,  
and begotten

Out of the womb of the tomb, born of the  
seed of the grave:

Lovely with shadows of loves that are only  
not wholly forgotten,

Only not wholly suppressed by the dark as a  
wreck by the wave.

Still there linger the loves of the morning and  
noon, in a vision

Blindly beheld, but in vain: ghosts that are  
tired, and would rest.

But the glories beloved of the night rise all too  
dense for division,

Deep in the depth of her breast sheltered as  
doves in a nest.

Fainter the beams of the loves of the daylight  
season enkindled

Wane, and the memories of hours that were  
fair with the love of them fade:

Loftier, aloft the lights of the sunset stricken  
and dwindled,

Gather the signs of the love at the heart of the  
night new-made.

New-made night, new-born of the sunset, im-  
measurable, endless,

Opens the secret of love hid from of old in  
her heart,

In the deep sweet heart full-charged with fault-  
less love of the friendless

Spirits of men that are eased when the wheels  
of the sun depart.

Still is the sunset afloat as a ship on the waters  
upholden

Full-sailed, wide-winged, poised softly forever  
asway—

Nay, not so, but at least for a little, awhile at  
the golden

Limit of arching air fain for an hour to delay.  
H to the bar of the sand-bank, steep yet

lope to the gleaming  
Waste of the water without, waste of the  
water within,

Lights overhead and lights underneath seem  
double, doubly arching,

Whether the day be done, whether the night  
may begin.

Far and afar and farther again they falter and  
hover,

Warm on the water and deep in the sky, and  
pale on the cloud:

Colder again and slowly remoter, afraid to re-  
cover

Breath, yet fain to revive, as it seems, from  
the skirt of the shroud.

Faintly the heartbeats shorten and pause of the  
light in in the westward

Heaven, as eastward quicken the paces of  
star upon star

Hurried and eager of life as a child that strains  
to the breast-ward

Eagerly, yearning forth of the deeps where  
the ways of them are,

Glad of the glory of the gift of their life and  
the wealth of its wonder.

Fain of the night and the sea and the sweet  
wan face of the earth.

Over them air grows deeper, intense with de-  
light in them: under

Things are thrilled in their sleep as with  
sense of a sure new birth.

But here by the sand-bank watching, with eyes  
on the sea-line, stranger

Grows to me also the weight of the sea-  
ridge gazed on of me,

Heavily heaped up, changefully changeless,  
void though of danger

Void not of menace, but full of the might of  
the dense dull sea.

Like as the wave is before me, behind is the  
bank deep-drifted:

Yellow and thick as the bank is behind me  
in front is the wave.

As the wall of a prison imprisoning the mere  
is the girth of it little:

But the ridge of water in front is erect as  
the wall of a grave.

And the crests of it crumble and topple and  
change, but the wall is not broken:

Standing still dry-shod, I see it as higher  
than my head,

Moving inland, away from the sea, reared up as in  
 Still of a perfect view, still in the foam of  
 it sh—  
 And even—  
 High over—  
 And the—  
 Cloud—  
 Up—  
 Some—  
 A wall—  
 Of—  
 And the—  
 Winged—  
 By the—  
 The—  
 Stained—  
 Grimy—  
 No—  
 The—  
 Low—  
 N—  
 V—  
 On—  
 In the—  
 Hop—

And trampled to death by the rage of the feet  
 of her foam-tipped horses  
 Whose manes are yellow as plague, and as  
 children of pestilence hang,  
 That wave in the foul faint air of the breath of  
 a death-stricken city :  
 So maddening heaves she the manes of her  
 rollers knotted with sand,  
 Discolored, opaque, suspended in sign as of  
 strength without pity,  
 That shake with flameless thunder the low  
 long length of the strand.  
 Here, far on the farther extreme of the shore  
 it lengthens  
 Northward, lonely for miles, ere ever a  
 village begin,  
 On the lapsing land that recedes as the growth  
 of the long sea strengthens  
 shoreward, thrusting further and further its  
 outworks in,  
 Here in Shakespeare's vision, a flower of her  
 kin forsaken,  
 Lay in her golden raiment alone on the wild  
 wave's edge,  
 Surely by no shore else, but here on the bank  
 storm-shaken,  
 Pradita, bright as a dew-drop engilt of the sun  
 on the sedge,  
 Here on a shore unbeheld of his eyes in a  
 dream he beheld her  
 Outcast, fair as a fairy, the child of a far-off  
 king :  
 And over the babe-flower gently the head of a  
 pastoral elder  
 Bowled, compassionate, hoar as the hawthorn-  
 blossom in spring,  
 And kind as harvest in autumn : a shelter of  
 shade on the lonely  
 Shelterless unknown shore scourged of im-  
 placable waves :  
 Here, where the wind walks royal, alone in his  
 reign, as if only  
 Sounds to the surges a wail as of triumph  
 that conquers and craves.  
 All the waters and wastes are his empire of  
 old and new  
 From barren and stagnant slumber at only  
 the sound of his breath :  
 Yet the longer he roared not that aches in his  
 heart, nor the goal overtaken  
 That his wild waves run for and labor as  
 for the realm of death.  
 All the shore and sea and expects with a blind  
 quest  
 Seen, what unknown of its own sad heart,  
 grown heart sick of strife :

Till sometime its wild heart maddens, and  
 moans, and the vast dilation  
 Takes wing with the clouds on the waters,  
 and wails to be quit of its life.  
 For the spirit and soul of the waste is the wind,  
 and his wings with their waving  
 Darken and lighten the darkness and light  
 of it thickened or thinned,  
 But the heart that impels them is even as a  
 conqueror's insatiably craving  
 That victory can fill not, as power cannot  
 satiate the want of the wind.  
 All these moorlands and marshes are full of  
 his might, and oppose not  
 Aught of defence nor of barrier, of forest or  
 precipice piled :  
 In the will of the wind works ever as his that  
 desires what he knows not,

And the wail of his want unfulfilled is as one  
 making moan for her child.  
 And the cry of his triumph is even as the cry-  
 ing of hunger that maddens  
 The heart of a strong man aching in vain as  
 the wind's heart aches :  
 And the sadness itself of the land for its in-  
 finite solitude saddens  
 More for the sound than the silence athirst  
 for the sound than the silence  
 And the sunset at last and the twilight are  
 dead : and the darkness is breathless  
 With fear of the wind's breath rising that  
 seems and seems not to sleep :  
 But a sense of the sound of it always, a spirit  
 un-leaping and deathless,  
 Ghost or God, evermore moves on the face  
 of the deep.

## THE EMPEROR'S PROGRESS.

## A STUDY IN THREE STAGES.

(On the Busts of Nero in the Uffizj.)

## I.

A CHILD of brighter than the morning's birth  
 And lovelier than all smiles that may be  
 smiled  
 Save only of little children undeveloped,  
 Sweet, perfect, witless of their own dear worth,  
 Live rose of love, mute melody of love,  
 Glad as a bird is when the woods are mild,  
 Adorable as is nothing save a child,  
 Hails with wide eyes and lips his life on earth,  
 A lovely life with all its heaven to be,  
 And whose robes are in a dream of gold,  
 Is his own heart a frozen well of tears,  
 And a deep-dread and fearful pity of thee  
 And God would not let a father see the face  
 The incumbent horror of impending years.

## II.

Man, that wast godlike being a child, and  
 Now, a thankless god, art no more in youth  
 For all thy grace and lordliness of youth,

The crown that bids men's branched foreheads  
 bow  
 Much more has branded and bowed down thy  
 brow  
 And gnawn upon it as with fire or tooth  
 Of steel or snake so sorely, that the truth  
 Seems here to bear false witness. Is it thou,  
 Child? and is all the summer of all thy spring  
 This? are the smiles that drew men's kisses  
 down  
 All faded and transfused to the crown  
 That grieves thy face? Art thou this weary  
 crown  
 Then is no slave's load heavier than a crown  
 And such a thrall no bondman as a king.

## III.

Misery, beyond all men's most miserable,  
 Absolute, whole, defiant of defence,  
 Inevitable, inexplicable, intense,  
 More vast than heaven is high, more deep than  
 hell,  
 Past cure or charm of solace or of spell,

Possesses and pervades the spirit and sense	"Misery of miseries, all is misery," saith
Whereto the expanse of the earth pays trib- ute : whence	The heavy fair faced lateral head, at strife With its own lusts that burn with feverous breath
Breeds evil only, and broods on fumes that swell	Lips which the loathsome bitterness of life
Rank from the blood of brother and mother and wife.	Leaves fearful of the bitterness of death

### THE RESURRECTION OF ALCILIA.

(Gratefully inscribed to Dr. A. B. Grosart.)

SWEET song-flower of the Mayspring of our song,	Above thy Maybloom, hiding from our gaze The life that in thy leaves lay sweet and strong.
Be welcome to us, with loving thanks and praise	For thine have life, while many above thine head
To his good hand who travelling on strange ways	Piled by the wind lie blossomless and dead. So now disburdened of such load above
Found thee forlorn and fragrant, lain along Beneath dead leaves that many a winter's wrong	That lay as death's own dust upon thee shed By days too deaf to hear thee like a dove
Had rained and heaped through high three centuries' maze	Murmuring, we hear thee, bird and flower of love.

### THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY.

(On the refusal by the French Senate of the plenary amnesty demanded by Victor Hugo, in his speech of July 19th for the surviving exiles of the Commune.)

Thou shouldst have risen as never dawn yet rose,	Flower of the heart of morning's mystic rose, Dawn of the very dawn of very day,
Day of the sunrise of the soul of France, Dawn of the whole world's morning, when the France	When the sun brighter breaks night's ruin- ous prison,
Of all the world had end, and all its woes Respite, prophetic of their perfect close.	Thou shouldst have risen as yet no dawn has risen.
Light of all tribes of men, all names and clans.	Evoked of him whose word puts night away. Our father, at the music of whose word
Dawn of the whole world's morning and of man's,	Exile had ended, and the world had heard.

July 5, 1889.







Till fourfold morning rise  
Of starshine on his eye,  
Dawn of the spheres that beat steep heaven  
across—

At height of night with semblance of a cross  
Whose grace and costly glory  
Fouled the very purgatory  
With their flannels rose all heaven  
glow-glad  
To love thereof it fell  
To love's joy of loving; so many there  
To be bright with welcome now their soother  
ears.

O happy stars, whose mirth  
The saddest soul on earth— [bless,  
That ever soared and sang found strong to  
brightening his life's harsh load of heaviness—

With comfort sown like seed  
In dream though not in deed [vine,  
On sprinkled wastes of darkling thought dis-  
till all your lights now shine  
With all as glorious gladness on his eyes  
For whom in deed and not in dream they rise.

As those great twins of air  
Hailed once with oldworld prayer  
On all folk always faring forth by sea,  
To now may these for grace and guidance lead  
To guard his sail and bring  
Again to brighten spring

The face we look for and the hand we lack  
Still, till they light him back,  
As welcome as to first discovering eyes  
Their light rose ever, soon on his to rise.

A parting now he goes  
To come now true back to snows,  
So back to spring from summer may next year  
Rejoice him, and our hearts receive him here,  
The best good going that spring  
Held ever grace to bring  
At fortune's hardest hour of stable birth,  
Puck to love's home-bright earth,  
To eyes with eyes that commune, hand with  
hand,  
And the old warm bosom of all our mother-  
land.

Earth and sea-wind and sea  
And stars and sunlight be  
Alike all prosperous for him, and all hours  
Have all one heart, and all that heart as ours.  
All things as good as strange  
Crown all the season's change  
With changing flower and compensating fruit  
From one year's ripening root;  
Till next year brings us, roused at spring's  
recall,  
A heartier flower and goodlier fruit than all.

March 20, 1880.

## BY THE NORTH SEA.

"We are what suns and winds and waters make us."—LAXFORD.

SEA, wind and sun, with light and heat and earth  
The spirit of man full long—his heart  
That reaches to the main, but cannot reach  
Gains heart to hold his soul to earth and earth  
To know the secret of his Mother's heart  
In silence, and to know that he will never part  
Death as the shadow of the light in the  
Passion, which is hidden in the shelter of death.

Brother, to whom our Mother is to me  
Is dearer than all forms of day and night,  
This song I give you, O Mother, in thank  
That you are my Mother, and that I am your  
A song the sea and the sun and the wind  
Where naught of man's measure is, the sun.

## BY THE NORTH SEA.

## I

## L

A LAND that is lonelier than ruin :  
 A sea that is stranger than death :  
 Far fields that a rose never blew in,  
 Wan waste where the winds lack breath :  
 Waste endless and boundless  
 But of man's passions full :  
 Where earth lies exhausted, as powerless  
 To strive with the sea.

## 2.

Far flickers the flight of the swallows,  
 Far flutters the weed of the grass,  
 Spun dense over the late hollows  
 More pale than the flowers as they pass :  
 Thick woven as the web of a witch,  
 Round the heart of a thrall that hath sinned,  
 Whose youth and the wrecks of its riches  
 Are waits on the wind.

The pastures are herdless and sheepless  
 No pasture or shelter for herds :  
 The wind is relentless and sleepless  
 And restless and songless the birds ;  
 Their cries mean at the last :  
 Their wings are as lightnings that flee :  
 For the land has two lords that are deathless :  
 Death's self, and the sea.

## 4.

These twain, as a king with his fellow,  
 Hold converse of desolation :  
 And her waters are haggard and yellow  
 And crass with the scurf of the beach :  
 And his garments are grey as the hoary  
 Wan sky where the day has been :  
 And his power is to her, and his glory,  
 As hers unto him.

## 5.

In the pride of his power she rejoices,  
 In her glory he glows and is glad :  
 In her darkness the sound of his voice is,  
 With his breath she dilates and is mad :  
 'If thou slay me, O death, and outlive me,  
 Yet thy love hath fulfilled me of thee.'  
 'Shall I give thee not back if thou give me,  
 O sister, O sea ?'

## 6.

And year upon year dawns living,  
 And age upon age drops dead :  
 And his hand is not weary of giving,  
 And the thirst of her heart is not fed :  
 And the hunger that moans in her passion,  
 And the rage in her hunger that roars,  
 A wolf's that the winter lays lash on,  
 Still calls and implores.

## 7.

Her walls have no granite for girder,  
 No fortalice fronting her stands :  
 But reefs the bloodguiltiest of murder  
 Are less than the banks of her sands :  
 These number their slain by the thousand ;  
 For the ship hath no surety to be,  
 When the bank is abreast of her bows and  
 Aflush with the sea.

## 8.

No surety to stand, and no shelter  
 To dawn out of darkness but one,  
 Out of waters that hurtle and welter  
 No power to draw with the sun  
 But a rest from the wind as it passes,  
 Where, hardly redeemed from the waves,  
 Lie thick as the blades of the grasses  
 The dead in their graves.

9.

A multitude noteless of numbers,  
As wild weeds cast on an heap ;  
And sounder than sleep are their slumbers,  
And softer than song is their sleep ;  
And sweeter than all things and stronger  
The sense, if perchance it may be,  
That the wind is divested of danger  
And scatheless the sea.

10.

That the roar of the banks they breasted  
Is hurtless as bellowing of herd ;  
And the strength of his wings that invested  
The wind, as the strength of a bird's ;  
As the sea-mew's might or the swallow's  
That cry to him back if he cries,  
As over the graves and their hollows  
Days darken and rise.

11.

As the souls of the dead men disburdened  
And clean of the sins that they sinned,  
With a lovelier than man's life guarded  
And delight as a wave's in the wind,  
And delight as the wind's in the billow,  
Birds pass, and deride with their glee  
The flesh that has dust for its pillow  
As wrecks have the sea.

12.

When the days of the sun wax dimmer,  
Wings flash through the dusk like beams ;  
As the clouds in the lit sky glimmer,  
The bird in the graveyard gleams ;

As the cloud at its wing's edge whitens  
When the clarions of sunrise are heard,  
The graves that the bird's note brightens  
Grow bright for the bird.

13.

As the waves of the numberless waters  
That the wind cannot number who giles  
Are the sons of the shore and the daughters  
Here lulled by the chime of the tides ;  
And here in the press of them standing  
We know not if these or if we  
Live truest, or anchored to landing  
Or drifted to sea.

14.

In the valley he named of decision  
No denser were multitudes met  
When the soul of the seer in her vision  
Saw nations for doom of them set ;  
Saw darkness in dawn, and the splendor  
Of judgment, the sword and the rod ;  
But the doom here of death is more tender  
And gentler the god.

15.

And gentler the wind from the dreary  
Sea-banks by the waves overlapped,  
Being weary, speaks peace to the weary  
From slopes that the tide-stream hath  
sapped ;  
And sweeter than all that we call so  
The seal of their slumber shall be  
Till the graves that embosom them also  
Be sapped of the sea.

II

1.

For the heart of the waters is cruel,  
And the kisses are dire of their lips,  
And their waves are as fire is to fuel  
To the strength of the sea-faring ships,  
Though the sea's eye gleam as a jewel  
To the sun's eye back as he dips.

2.

Though the sun's eye flash to the sea's  
Live light of delight and of laughter,  
And her lips breathe back to the breeze  
The kiss that the wind's lips waft her  
From the sun that subsides, and sees  
No gleam of the storm's dawn after.

## BY THE NORTH SEA.

3.

And the waters of the wide sea stretch  
Where the borders are in distance no fear  
Of changeless nature's changeless  
Of changeless nature's changeless

4.

The waves roll as rinks or rolled  
Too close for the storm to sever :  
The lens lie naked and cold ;  
Your heart fails utterly never :  
The lists are set from of old ;  
And the warfare ends with for ever.

### III.

1.

Mile and mile, and mile, and mile,  
Lies on the long sea's edge, where waters  
change !  
Sign or token of some eldest nation  
Here would make the strange land not so  
strange.  
Time-forgotten, yet since time's creation,  
Seem these borders where the sea's  
range.

2.

Slowly, slowly, full of peace and wonder,  
Grows his heart with a long here alone,  
Earth and all its things, of earth sink under,  
Deep as deep, in a sink a tone,  
Hardly knows it in the rollers that roll,  
Hardly whence the lonely wind will blow.

3.

Tall the plumage of the rush-flower toss,  
Sharp and soft in many a curve and trace,  
Gleam and glow the sea-color, the sea's  
glow, splendid from the end of the  
Streak on streak of glimmering  
All the land sea-saturate as with wine

4.

Far, and far between, in divers orders,  
Clear grey steeples cleave the low grey  
Fast and firm as time-unshaken wonder,  
Hearts made sure by faith, by hope and  
These alone in all the wild sea-borders  
Fear no blast of days and nights that die.

5.

All the land is like as one man's face is,  
Pale and troubled still with change of care,  
Doubt and death pervade her clouded spaces ;  
Still the length of life and peace are  
There's done amid these weary places,  
Seem not how the wild world frets and lures.

6.

Firm and fast where all is cloud that change-  
Cloud-clogged sunlight, cloud by sunbeams  
Steady, sweet, slow, the sand in a tree,  
Watch the towers and tombs of men that  
Calm as calm as earth whose only change is  
Wind, and light, and wind and cloud, and  
wind.

7.

Out and in and out the sharp straits wander,  
In and out and in the wild way strive,  
Starred and paved and lined with flower, the  
Cold as roll as the gold of hives,  
Solely and multi-form ; but yonder,  
See what sign of life or death survives

8.

So, the only when the songs of olden  
Hans where young whose robes were golden,  
Hymned of Homer when his years were golden,  
Known of only when the world was pure,  
Here is Hades, manifest, beholden,  
Surely, surely here, it ought be sure !



## BY THE NORTH STAR.

[illegible]

6.

Oberste der 1. Division des 1. Regiments  
Oberleutnant der 1. Division des 1. Regiments  
Major der 1. Division des 1. Regiments  
Kapitän der 1. Division des 1. Regiments  
Leutnant der 1. Division des 1. Regiments  
Fähnrich der 1. Division des 1. Regiments

7.

There is a lot of talk about giving  
to the poor. But the only way  
to give to the poor is to give  
to the poor. The only way to give  
to the poor is to give to the poor.  
The only way to give to the poor  
is to give to the poor. The only way  
to give to the poor is to give to the poor.

[illegible][illegible]

10.

What is fire, that its flame should burn  
 her?  
 What is wind, that it should fan her hair?  
 What is lightning, that it should enter  
 her door?  
 What does she know, when the voice  
 of Shiva, the lightning, the wind,  
 the darkness by thunder becometh  
 But she knows him, her lord and her love,  
 The godhead of wind

11.  
For a season his wings are about her,  
His breath on her lips for a space;  
So close he was not without her  
In the width of his worldwide space.  
Though the forests bow down, and the mountains  
Tremble,  
Wax dark, and the tribes of them flee,  
He sits, he waits on in the fountains  
Of the sea.

12.

There are those too of mortals that love him  
There are souls that desire and require,  
In the glories of midnight above him  
Or beneath him the day-springs of fire;  
And their hearts are as harps that approve him  
And praise him as chords of a lyre  
That were fain with their music to move him  
To meet their desire.

13.

To descend through the darkness to grace  
    thine ;  
Till darkness were lovelier than light :  
To encompass and grasp and embrace them,  
Till their weakness were one with his might,  
With the strength of his wings to caress them.

With the blast of his breath to set free ;  
With the mirth of his thunders to bless them  
For sons of the sea.

14.

He have the toil and the guerdon  
That the wind has eternally : these  
In the boon and the burden  
Of the sleepless unsatisfied breeze,  
He is not, but seeking rejoices  
That possession can work him no wrong :

And the voice at the heart of their voice is  
The sense of his song.

15.

For the wind's is their doom and their blessing ;  
To desire, and have always above  
A possession beyond their possessing,  
A love beyond reach of their love.  
Green earth has her sons and her daughters,  
And these have their guerdons ; but we  
Are the wind's and the sun's and the water's,  
Elect of the sea.

V.

1.

She set too seeks and rejoices,  
She loves and loves and gains  
The joy of her heart's own choice is  
Her own, and as ours are her pains ;  
The thoughts of our hearts are her voice,  
And hers is the pulse of our veins.

2.

They that know not of death  
Nor lie for their fruit's sake fallow  
Are large in the depth of their march ;  
But inshore here in the shallow,  
Buried with encumbrance of earth,  
Their skirts are turbid and yellow.

3.

The grime of her greed is upon her  
The sign of her deed is her soil ;  
As the earth's is her own dishonor,  
And corruption the crown of her toil ;  
She hath spoiled and devoured, and her honor  
Is this, to be shamed by her spoil.

4.

But afar where pollution is none,  
Nor ensign of strife nor endeavor,  
Where her heart and the sun's are one,  
And the soil of her sin comes never,  
She is pure as the wind and the sun,  
And her sweetness endureth for ever.

VI.

1.

Death, and change, and darkness everlasting,  
That hears not what the daystar saith,  
That forgets all remembrance and forecasting,  
That has no memory that it once drew breath ;  
That sees the washing tides and wasting,  
That rules and rule this land of utter death.

2.

Of change, darkness of darkness, hidden,  
Of death of very death, begun  
None knows.—the knowledge is for-  
bidden—

Self-begotten, self-proceeding, one,  
Born, not made—abhorred, unchained, unchild-  
den,  
Night stands here defiant of the sun.

3.

Change of change, and death of death begotten,  
Darkness born of darkness, one and three,  
Ghostly godhead of a world forgotten,  
Crowned with heaven, enthroned on land and  
sea,  
Here, where earth with dead men's bones is  
rotten,  
God of Time, thy likeness worships thee.



## 4.

Lowly basins of thy desolation,  
Shaped by the ice of thy night, O Lord,  
For mass and miracle in creation  
Serve thee of all things living and abhorred;  
Thou thyself is here thine incarnation,  
Thine of all things born on earth abored.

## 5.

Adapted worship there are feared of thee;  
Not in vain thy worship thou dost lend;  
In vain it shall improve thee and improve thee,  
Made more of thyself with our change of  
thine;  
All shall be, though all be not, thy love of thee,  
Glad, that is part of what thy love is here.

## 6.

Here thy things are made of thy things,  
Here thy things are made of thy things;  
Here thy things are made of thy things,  
Here thy things are made of thy things;  
Here thy things are made of thy things,  
Here thy things are made of thy things.

## 7.

Here, where sleep the scolded skulls his duty,  
Flowering time-wise through the clear live  
calm,  
Rise triumphal, crowding all a city,  
Rise exultant with prayer and psalm,  
Be thou thyself thy holy prayer,  
Thine, that thou thyself thy holy prayer.

## 8.

Chant thou, Hospice wrought in faultless fashion,  
Hail thou, champion of beauteous and sublime,  
Wide and sweet and glorious as compassion,  
Full of multitudes with force of death and life,  
Filled with spirit of prayer and thrilled with  
passion,  
Hailed a God more merciful than Time.

## 9.

Ah, less mighty, less than Time prevailing,  
Shrink, expelled, made nothing at his nod,  
Lest thou be struck across the sea-line sailing,  
Lest he, stricken by his master's rod.

'Where is man?' the choulder murmurs walling;  
Back the mute shrine thunders — 'Where is  
God?'

## 10.

Here is all the end of all long story —  
Dust, and grass, and barren silent stones,  
Dead, like him, one hollow tower and lonely  
Naked in the seawind stands at noon,  
Filled and thilled with his perpetual story;  
Here, where earth is dense with dead men's  
bones.

## 11.

Low and loud, a long, a voice for ever,  
Sings the wave, the wave, the wave, the wave,  
The wave, the wave, the wave, the wave,  
The wave, the wave, the wave, the wave,  
The wave, the wave, the wave, the wave,  
The wave, the wave, the wave, the wave.

## 12.

Now displace, drenched and desecrated,  
Now by Time's hand is drenched and desecrated,  
These poor dead that sleep here, the water  
Long the archangel's re-creating word,  
Closed about with roots and walls light-gated,  
Till the blast of judgment should be heard.

## 13.

Naked, shamed, and of consecration,  
Corpse and grave, the very graves,  
Scattered, scattered, shaken in their tot,  
Spurred and scourged of wind and sea,  
Dead, beyond man's desolation,  
Shrink and sink into the waste of waves.

## 14.

Dead, with bare white piteous bones per-  
ished,  
Shrink, down the loose collapsing walls,  
Dead, the sea devours and gives not back,  
Gapes and shide an open, the bones on a  
shock.

15.

ows on rows and line by line they crumble,  
They that thought for all time through to be.  
Is a stone whereon a child might stumble

Breaks the grim field paced alone of men,  
Earth, and man, and all their gods, with  
humble,  
Here, where Time brings pasture to the sea.

VII.

I.

I far on the headland exalted,  
But beyond in the curl of the bay,  
In the depth of his dome deep-vaulted  
Our father is lord of the day,  
Our father and lord that we follow,  
Our deathless and ageless is he;  
His robe is the whole sky's hollow,  
His sandal the sea.

2.

On the horn of the headland is sharper,  
On her green floor glitters with fire,  
Has the sun for a harper,  
Our father has the sea for a lyre,  
The waves are a pavement of amber,  
On the feet of the sea-winds trod  
I have seen in a god's presence a chandler  
Our father, the God.

3.

Our lord and changeful and hoary,  
Our father and God of the land:  
The air is fulfilled of the glory  
That is shed from our lord's right hand,  
The glory of all of us ever,  
The glory be only to thee  
In heaven, that is void of thee never  
And earth, and the sea.

4.

On the shore, whereof all is beholden,  
I have seen now the shadow of this death,  
The place of the sepulchres, olden

And emptied and vain as a breath.  
The bloom of the bountiful heather  
Laughs broadly beyond in thy light,  
As dawn, with her glories to gather,  
At darkness and night.

5

Though the Gods of the night lie rotten  
And their honor be taken away  
And the noise of their names forgotten,  
Thou, Lord, art God of the day.  
Thou art father and saviour and spirit,  
O Sun, of the soul that is free  
And hath grace, thy grace to inherit  
Thine earth and the sea.

6.

On the hills and the sands and the beaches,  
The waters adrift and afar,  
The banks and the creeks and the reaches,  
How glad of thee all these are!  
The flowers, overflowing, overcrowded,  
Are drunk with the mad wind's mirth:  
The delight of thy coming unclouded  
Makes music of earth.

7

I, last least voice of her voices,  
Give thanks that were mute in me long  
To the soul in my soul that I follow  
For the song that is over my song.  
Time gives what he gains for the giving  
Or takes for his tribute of me:  
My dreams to the wind everliving,  
My song to the sea.



Have the men that pursued and de ired them  
sub-lued, by the help of us only befriended,  
With such hats as a quail, a flamingo, a goose,  
or a cock's comb staring and splendid.  
All best good things that befall men come from  
us birds, as is plain to all reason :  
For first we proclaim and make known to  
them spring, and the winter and autumn  
in season ;  
Bid sow, when the crane starts clanging for  
Afric, in shrill-voiced emigrant number,  
And calls to the pilot to hang up his rudder  
again for the season, and slumber ;  
And th weave a cloak for Orestes the thief,  
lest he strip men of theirs if it freezes.  
And again thereafter the kite reappearing  
announces a change in the breezes,  
And that here is the season for shearing your  
sheep of their spring wool. Then does  
the swallow

Give you notice to sell your greatcoat, and  
provide something light for the heat that's  
to follow.  
Thus are we as Ammon or Delphi unto you,  
Dodona, nay, Phoebus Apollo.  
For, as first ye come all to get auguries of birds,  
even such is in all things your carnage,  
Be the matter a matter of trade, or of earning  
your bread, or of any one's marriage.  
And all things ye lay to the charge of a bird that  
belong to discerning prediction :  
Winged fame is a bird, as you reckon : you  
sneeze and the sign's as a bird for con-  
viction :  
All tokens are "birds" with you—sounds  
too, and lackeys, and donkeys. Tl  
must it not follow  
That we ARE to you all as the manifest god-  
head that speaks in prophetic Apollo?

## ATHENS:

## AN ODE.

Up from under earth again like fire the violet  
kindle, [Str. 1.]

Ere the holy buds and hoar on olive-  
branches bloom,  
Ere the crescent of the last pale month of win-  
ter dwindle,

Shrink, and fall as falls a dead leaf on the  
dead month's tomb.

Round the hills whose heights the first-born  
olive-blossom brightened,

Round the city brow-bound once with  
violets like a bride,

Up from under earth again a light that long  
since lightened

Breaks, whence all the world took comfort  
as all time takes pride.

Pride have all men in their fathers that were  
free before them,

In the warriors that begat us free-born pride  
have we:

But the fathers of their spirits, how may men  
adore them,

With what rapture may we praise, who  
bade our souls be free?

Sons of Athens born in spirit and truth are  
all born free men:

Most of all, we, nurtured where the north  
wind rolls his reign:

Children all we sea-folk of the Salaminian  
seam:

Sons of them that beat back Persia they  
that beat back Spain,

Since the songs of Greece fell silent, none like  
ours have risen:

Since the sails of Greece fell slack, no ships  
have sailed like ours:

How should we lament not, if her spirit sit  
in prison?

How should we rejoice not, if her wreaths  
renew their flowers?

All the world is sweeter, if the Athenian violet  
awaken:

All the world is brighter, if the Athenian  
sun return:

All things foul on earth wax fainter, by that  
sun's light stricken:

All ill growths are withered, where those  
fragrant flower-rights burn.

All the wandering waves of seas with all their  
warring waters

Roll the record on forever of the sea-fight  
there,

When the capes were battle's lists, and all the  
straits were slaughter's,

And the myriad Medes as foam-flakes on the  
scattering air,

Ours the lightning was that cleared the north  
and lit the nations,

But the light that gave the whole world light  
if I was she:

Ours an age or twain, but hers are endless  
generations:

All the world is hers at heart, and most of  
all are we.

Ye that bear the name about you of  
glory, [Ant. 1.]

Men that wear the sign of Greeks upon  
sealed,

Yours is yet the choice to write yourselves in  
story

Sons of them that fought the Marathon  
field.

Slaves of no man were ye, said your  
poet,

Neither subject unto man as underlings:  
Yours is now the season here wherein to show  
it,

If the seed ye be of them that knew not  
kings.

If ye be not, swords nor words alike found  
brittle

From the dust of death to raise you shall  
prevail:

Subject swords and dead men's words may  
stead you little,

If their old king-hating heart within you fail.

If your spirit of old, and not your bonds, be  
broken,

If the kingless heart be molten in your  
breasts,

By what signs and wonders, by what word or  
token,

Shall ye drive the vultures from your eagles'  
nests?

All the gains of tyrants Freedom counts for  
losses;

Nought of all the work done holds she worth  
the work,

When the slaves whose faith is set on crowns  
and crosses

Drive the Cossack bear against the tiger  
 Turk.  
 Neither cross nor crown nor crescent shall ye  
 bow to.

Nought of Araby nor Jewry, priest nor king:  
 As your watchword was of old, so be it now  
 to be.

As from lips long stilled, from yours let  
 healing spring.  
 Through the fights of old, your battle-cry was  
 healing.

And the Saviour that ye called on was the  
 Son:

Down by dawn behold in heaven your God,  
 risen:

Light from darkness as when Marathon was  
 won.

Gods were yours yet strange to Turk or Galli-  
 lean.

Light and Wisdom only then as gods adored:  
 Pallas was your shield, your comforter was  
 Pean.

From your bright world's navel spake the  
 Sun your Lord.

Though the names be lost, and changed the  
 signs of Light and Wisdom be, [*Ep. 1.*  
 By these only shall men conquer, by these  
 only be set free:

When the whole world's eve was Athens,  
 these were yours, and theirs were ye.

Light was given you of your wisdom, light ye  
 gave the world again:

As the sun whose godhead lightened on her  
 soul was Hellas then:

Yea, the least of all her children as the chosen  
 of other men.

Change your hearts not with your garments,  
 nor your faith with creeds that change:

Truth was yours, the truth which time and  
 chance transform not nor estrange:

Purer truth nor higher abides not in the reach  
 of time's whole range.

Gods are they in all men's memories and for  
 all time's periods.

They that hurled the host back seaward which  
 had scourged the sea with rocks:

Gods for us are all your fathers, even the  
 least of these as gods.

In the dark of days the thought of them is  
 with us, strong to save.

They that had no lord, and made the Great  
 King lesser than a slave;

They that rolled all Asia back on Asia, broken  
 like a wave.

No man's men were they, no master's and no  
 God's but these their own:

Gods not loved in vain nor served amiss, nor  
 all yet overthrown:

Love of country, Freedom, Wisdom, Light,  
 and none save these alone.

King by king came up against them, sire and  
 son, and turned to flee:

Host on host roared westward, mightier each  
 than each, if more might be:

Field to field made answer, clamorous like as  
 wave to wave at sea.

Strife to strife responded, loud as rocks to  
 clangorous rocks respond

Where the deep rings wreck to seamen head  
 in tempest's thrall and bond.

Till when war's bright work was perfect peace  
 as radiant rose beyond:

Peace made bright with fruit of battle, stronger  
 made for storm gone down,

With the flower of song held heavenward for  
 the violet of her crown

Woven about the fragrant forehead of the fos-  
 tress maiden's town.

Gods arose alive on earth from under stroke  
 of human hands:

As the hands that wrought them, these are  
 dead, and mixed with time's dead sands:

But the godhead of supernal song, though  
 these now stand not, stands.

Pallas is not, Phoebus breathes no more in  
 breathing brass or gold:

Clytemnestra towers, Cassandra wails, for-  
 ever: Time is bold,

But nor heart nor hand hath he to unwrite  
 the scriptures writ of old.

Dead the great chryselephantine God, as dew  
 last evening shed:

Dust of earth or foam of ocean is the symbol  
 of his head:

Earth and ocean shall be shadows when Pro-  
 metheus shall be dead.

Fame around her warriors living rang through  
 Greece and lightened, [*Str. 2.*

Moving equal with their stature, statly  
 with their strength:

Thebes and Lacedæmon at their breathing  
 presence brightened,

Sense or sound of them filled all the live  
 land's breadth and length.

All the lesser tribes put on the pure Athenian  
 fashion,

One Hellenic heart was from the mountains  
 to the sea:

Sparta's bitter self grew sweet with high half-  
 human passion,

And her dry thorns flushed aflower in strait  
 Thermopyæ.

Flashed out the flowers had fallen, and all  
the darts died fruitless,

So that the signs of after men, the children  
of the morning,

Took the tale up of her glories, transient else  
and rootless,

And in ears and hearts of all men left the  
praise of Greece,

Fair the win-time was when still, as beacon  
answering beacon,

So that loud flashes, light, and thundered  
the air of winter,

Put the strength of the morning in it, with power  
to work the world,

Nor may here be passed from hand to  
hand the year

If the thing deed be saved, not, ere it die for  
ever,

By the hands and lips of men more wise  
than the stars and stars,

If the signs of the take heed, that the  
darts die,

So that with purple and gold of  
the morning,

So that the burning heart of boy and man alike  
die,

Hearing words which made it seem of old  
for all who sang

That their heaven of heavens waxed happier  
when from men's voices

*Well-beloved Harmodius and Aristogiton*  
rose,

Never fell such fragrance from the flower-  
month's rose-red lark

As from chaplets on the bright friends'  
brows who slew their lord;

Greener grew the leaf and balmier blew the  
flower of myrtle

When its blossom sheathed the sheer tyrannicidal  
sword,

None so glorious garland crowned the feast  
Panathenæan

As this wreath too frail to fetter fast the  
Cyprian dove;

None so fiery song springing upwards annual  
as the psalm

Praising perfect love of friends and perfect  
country's love,

Higher than highest of all those heavens  
wherefrom the stars

Song of Homer shone above the rolling  
light,

Gleams like spring's green bloom on boughs  
all gaunt and gnarry

Soft live splendor as of flowers of foam in  
flight,

Higher than highest of all those heavens  
wherefrom the stars

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flight,

Higher than highest of all those heavens  
wherefrom the stars

Song of Homer shone above the rolling  
light,

Flaw was taken, a torch funereal for the king's  
 triumphal head  
 Dire indeed the birth of Leda's womb that  
 had God's self to sire  
 A flower, a flower of love that stung the soul  
 with tangles that gnaw like fire;  
 But the twin-born human-rathered sister-  
 flower bore fruit more dire,  
 Since the cry that called on airy heaven and  
 all swift winds on wing,  
 Wells of river-heads, and countless laugh of  
 waves past reckoning,  
 All which brought forth all, and the orb'd  
 sun it looks on everything,  
 All that cry fills yet men's hearts more  
 than of heart-devouring dread  
 Than the murmurings with sad mocking, how  
 the child whose blood he shed  
 Might clasp fast and kiss her father where the  
 dead salute the dead  
 But the later note of anguish from the lips  
 that mock'd her lord,  
 When her son's hand bared against the breast  
 of his mother's sword,  
 How might man endure, O Leda, to hear  
 it and record?  
 How might man endure, being mortal yet, O  
 thou most highest, to know  
 How record, being born of woman? Surely  
 not thy Pities near,  
 Surely thus beheld, this only, blasted hearts  
 to death with fear.  
 Not the hissing hair, nor flakes of blood that  
 oozed from eyes of fire,  
 Nor the snort of savage sleep that snuffed the  
 lingering heart's desire  
 Where the hunted prey found hardly space  
 and harbor to retire;  
 He whose likeness called them—"Sleep ye,  
 ho? what need of you that sleep?"  
 A wail no more, where she was, of all  
 shames that night may keep  
 (How dark as death and deeper than men's  
 dreams of Leda are deep)  
 The innocence of her husband, she the  
 hush of her son,  
 More than we was she, the shadow that no  
 God withstands but one,  
 Wisdom equal-eyed and stronger and more  
 splendid than the sun,  
 Yea, no God may stand between us and the  
 shadows of our deeds,  
 Nor the light of dreams that lighten darkness,  
 or the prayer that pleads,  
 But the wisdom equal-souled with heaven,  
 the light alone that leads,  
 Light whose law bids home those childless  
 children of eternal night,

Soothed and reconciled and mastered and  
 transmuted in men's sight  
 Who behold their own souls, clothed with  
 darkness once, now clothed with light,  
 King of kings and father crowned of all our  
 fathers crowned of all  
 Lord of all the lords of song, whose head all  
 heads bow down before,  
 Glory be to thee from all thy sons in all  
 tongues evermore.

Rose and vine and olive and deep ivy-bloom  
 drawing 1809. 3.  
 Close the goodliest grave that e'er they  
 closest night drew  
 Keep the wind from wasting and the sun  
 from too strong shining  
 Where the sound and light of sweetest  
 songs still float and shine,  
 Here the music seems to illumine the shade,  
 the light to whisper  
 Song, the flowers to put not odors only  
 forth, but words  
 Sweeter far than fragrance: here the warbling  
 wreaths twine crisp  
 Far, and louder far exults the note of all  
 wild birds,  
 Thoughts that change us, joys that crown  
 and sorrows that enthronous,  
 Passions that enrobe us with a clearer air  
 than ours,  
 Move and breathe as living things behead  
 round white Colonus,  
 And fiercer than melodies and visible than  
 flowers,  
 Love, in fight unconquered, Love, with spoils  
 of great men laden  
 Never sang so sweet from throat of woman  
 or of dove:  
 Love, whose bed by night is in the soft cheek  
 of a maiden,  
 And his march is over seas, and low roofs  
 lack not Love:  
 Nor may one of all that live, ephemeral or  
 eternal,  
 Fly nor hide from Love: but whoso clasps  
 him fast goes mad,  
 Never since the first-born year with flowers  
 first-born grew vernal  
 Such a song made listening hearts of levers  
 glad or sad,  
 Never sounded note so radiant at the rayless  
 portal  
 Opening wide on the all-concealing lowland  
 of the dead  
 As the music mingling, when her doomsday  
 marked her mortal,



From her own and old men's voices round  
 Round the grave her bride-house, hewn for  
 Where, shut out from sunshine, with no  
 But beloved of all her dark and fateful  
 But with all time's tears and praise be-  
 Well-beloved of outcast father and self-  
 Born, yet unpoluted, of their blind in-  
 Best-beloved of him for whose dead sake she  
 Hallowing by her own life's gift her own  
 Not with wine or oil nor any less libation  
 Hallowed, nor made sweet with humbler  
 Not with only these redeemed from desecra-  
 But with blood and spirit of life poured  
 forth to death;  
 Bloo' unspotted, spirit unsullied, life devoted,  
 Sister too supreme to make the bride's  
 hope good,  
 Daughter too divine as woman to be noted,  
 Spouse of only death in matchless maiden-  
 hood,  
 Yea, in her was ail the prayer fulfilled, the  
 saying  
 All accomplished—*What thou wilt reward  
 let me receive*  
*Hallowed innocence of word and all deeds,  
 and life*  
*Will be law thereof, be set on holier air,  
 Far on high and purely stable, whereof only  
 Heaven's light is, nor do with of mortal  
 mind*  
*Bring them to life, nor full illusion full to  
 give*  
*Since thou art in the God, and grows*  
 To the light of a deeper darkness where she  
 As the sun is in the flower, seen aright,  
 As the heart is in the flesh,  
 As the heart is in the flesh, with laurels from  
 the field,  
 Deep inwound with ivy and wild vine in-  
 woven,  
 Where a godhead known and unknown  
 makes man pale,  
 But the darkness of the twilight noon is cloven

Stal with shall sweet moan of man,  
 Cloistering there they may sweet  
 Where the fearful gods look gentler than  
 And the grove thronged through with birds of  
 Grows not pale nor dumb with sense of  
 dark  
 There her father, called up now by synec-  
 Passed with tenderest words away by way  
 Not by sea-storm stricken down, nor touch-  
 To the dark  
 Third of three that ruled in Athens, he  
 with sceptral song for staff,  
 Gladdest heart that God gave ever mortal  
 wine of  
 Clearest eye that beheld ever to the bi-  
 lip's  
 Praise be thine as theirs whose tragic be-  
 the loftier leaf on  
 For the live and lyric lightning of thy honey-  
 hearted words,  
 Soft like sunny dewy wings of clouds and  
 bright as crying of birds;  
 Full of all sweet rays and notes that make of  
 earth and air and sea  
 One great light and sound of laughter from  
 one great God's heart, to be  
 Sign and semblance of the gladness of man's  
 life where men breathe free,  
 With no Loisian sound obscure God uttered  
 once, and all time heard,  
 All the soul of Athens, all the soul of England,  
 in that word;  
 Rome arose the second child of freedom;  
 northward rose the third,  
 Ere her Boreal dæmon came kindling seas above  
 and fields of snow,  
 Yet again, while Europe groaned and grovel-  
 led, shrank the suns of low  
 Dawn spread over Genoa, Venice bright  
 with Daedalus  
 Dead was Helas, but Ausonia by the light  
 of dead men's deeds  
 Rose and walked awhile alive, though mocked  
 as when the ten-fire leads  
 By the creed wrought faith of faithless souls  
 that mock their doubts with creeds,  
 Dead are these, and man is risen again: and  
 haply now the Three  
 Yet coequal and triune may stand in story,  
 marked as free

In the token of the washing of the waters of  
the sea,  
Athens first of all earth's kindred many-  
tongued and many-kindred  
Had the sea to friend and comfort, and to  
kinsman had the wind.  
She that bare Columbus next: then she that  
made her spot of Ind,  
She that hears not what man's rage but only  
what the sea-wind saith;  
She that turned Spain's ships to cloud-wrack  
at the blasting of her breath,  
By her strengths of strong-souled children and  
of strong winds done to death,  
North and south the Great King's galleons  
went in Persian wise: and here

She, with Eschvian music on her lips that  
laughed back fear,  
In the face of Time's grey godhead shook the  
splendor of her spear.  
Fair as Athens then with foot upon her foe-  
man's front, and strong  
Even as Athens for redemption of the world  
from sovereign wrong,  
Like as Athens crowned she stood before the  
sun with crowning son:  
All the world is theirs with whom is freedom:  
first of all the free,  
Blest are they whom song has crowned an  
clothed with blessing: these as we,  
These alone have part in spirit with the sun  
that crowns the sea.

## THE STATUE OF VICTOR HUGO.

1.  
SINCE in Athens God stood plain for adora-  
tion,  
Since the sun beheld his likeness reared in  
stone,  
Since the bronze or gold of human consecra-  
tion  
Gave to Greece her guardian's form and  
feature shown,  
Never hand of sculptor, never heart of nation,  
Found so glorious aim in all these ages  
flown  
As is theirs who rear for all time's acclamation  
Here the likeness of our mightiest and  
their own.

2.  
Theirs and ours and all men's living who be-  
hold him  
Crowned with garlands multiform and  
manifold;  
Praise and thanksgiving of all mankind enfold  
him  
Who for all men casts abroad his gifts of  
gold.  
With the gods of song have all men's tongues  
enrolled him,  
With the helpful gods have all men's hearts  
enrolled:  
Ours he is who love him, ours whose hearts'  
hearts hold him  
Fast as his the trust that hearts like his  
may hold.

3.  
He, the heart most high, the spirit on earth  
most blameless,  
Takes in charge all spirits, holds all hearts  
in trust:  
As the sea-wind's on the sea his ways are  
tameless,  
As the laws that steer the world his works  
are just.  
All most noble feel him nobler, all most shame-  
less  
Feel his wrath and scorn make pale their  
pride and lust:  
All most poor and lowliest, all whose wrongs  
were nameless,  
Feel his word of comfort raise them from  
the dust.

4.  
Pride of place and lust of empire bloody-  
fructed  
Knew the blasting of his breath on leaf and  
fruit:  
Now the hand that smote the death-tree now  
disrooted  
Plants the refuge-tree that has man's hope  
for root.  
Ah, but we by whom his darkness was sauted,  
How shall now all we that see his day  
sature?  
How should love not seem by love's own  
speech confuted, [mute?  
Song before the sovereign singer not be

# THE STATUE OF VICTOR HUGO.

With what worship, by what blessing, in  
 what measure,  
 May we sing of him, salute him, or adore,  
 With what hymn for praise, what thanksgiv-  
 ing?  
 Who had given us more than heaven, and  
 Heaven's whole treasury, filled up full with  
 Holds not so d'ye or deep a starry store  
 As the soul's burning that trails forth worlds  
 Clashed with light and darkness, dense  
 with flower and ore,  
 Song had touched the human: fresh verses  
 Flood and radiant, waves on waves on waves  
 Still the waves, and the sea-mark still  
 Sinks and shifts and rises, changed and  
 swept along  
 Rose it like a rock? the waters overthrow it,  
 And another stands beyond them sheer and  
 Goal by goal pays down its prize, and yields  
 its poet  
 Tribute claimed of triumph, palm achieved  
 of song  
 Since his hand that holds the keys of fear  
 I wonder  
 Opened on the high priest's dreaming eyes  
 Whence the lights of heaven and hell above  
 Shone, and smote the face that men bow  
 Thrice again one singer's note had cloven in  
 Night, who blows again not one blast now  
 but four,  
 And the light of heaven's kindled with  
 thunder,  
 And the stars about his forehead are full  
 From the deep soul's depths where alway love  
 abounded  
 First had risen a song with healing on its  
 wings  
 Whence the dews of mercy raining balms un-  
 broken

Shed their last compassion even on sceptre  
 Even on heads that like a curse the crown  
 surrounded  
 Fell his crowning pity, soft as cleansing  
 And the sweet last note his wrath relenting  
 sounded  
 Bade men's heart's be melted not for slaves  
 but kins,  
 Next, that faith might strengthen fear  
 On the rods of priests a scourge of sun-  
 beams fell:  
 And its flash made bare the depths of hell  
 Not of men that cry, Lord, Lord, from  
 Hope as young as dawn from night obscure  
 a golden  
 Rose again, such power abides in truth's  
 one spell:  
 Night, if dawn it be that touches her, grows  
 golden:  
 Tears, if such as angels weep, extinguish  
 hell.  
 Through the blind loud mills of life, on bleak-  
 eyed learning  
 Where in dust and darkness children's  
 foreheads bow,  
 While men's labor, vain as wind or water  
 turning  
 Wheels and sails of dreams, makes life a  
 leafless tree  
 Fell the light of scorn and pity touched with  
 yearning,  
 Next, from words that shone as heaven's  
 own kindling brow,  
 Stars were these as watch-fires on the world's  
 waste burning,  
 Stars that fade not in the fourfold sun-  
 now,  
 Now the voice that faints not till all wrong  
 be broken  
 Sounds as might the sun's song from the  
 morning's breast,  
*1. La Cité Suprême. 1870.*  
*2. Le Livre de la Région. 1880.*  
*3. Le Livre de la Région. 1880.*  
*4. Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit. I. Le*  
*Livre satirique. II. Le Livre dramatique.*  
*III. Le Livre lyrique. IV. Le Livre épique.*  
 1881.

All the seals of silence sealed of night are  
 In the

All the winds that bear the fourfold word  
 are blest.

All the keen fierce east flames forth one fire  
 that ken;

All the north is loud with life that knows  
 not rest.

All the south with song as though the stars  
 had spoken;

All the judgment-fire of sunset scathes the  
 west.

Sound of psalm, roll of chanted panegyric,  
 Though by Phœbus's mouth song's trumpet  
 make forth praise,

March of warrior songs in Pythian mood,  
 Though the blast were blown by the  
 ancient

Ring not clearer than the clarion of satire,  
 Song whose breath sweeps bar the plague-  
 infected ways

Fill the world be pure : heaven is for the  
 lyric

Sun to rise up clothed with radiant sounds  
 as rays.

Clear across the cloud-rack fluctuant and  
 erratic

As the strong star smiles that lets no  
 mourner mourn.

Hymned alike from lips of Lesbian choirs or  
 Attic

Once at evensong and morning newly born,  
 Clear and sure above the changes of dramatic  
 tide and current, soft with love and keen  
 with scorn.

Smiles the strong sweet soul of maidenhood,  
 ecstatic

And inviolate as the red glad mouth of  
 morn.

Pure and passionate as dawn, whose apparition  
 Thrills with fire from heaven the wheels of  
 hours that whirl.

Rose and passed her radiance in serene transi-  
 tion

From his eyes who sought a grain and  
 found a pearl.

But the food by cunning hope for vain fruiti-  
 tion

Lightly stoler away from keeping of a  
 churl

Left the bitterness of death and hope's perdi-  
 tion

Left the bitterness of death and hope's perdi-  
 tion

On the lip that scorn was wont for shame  
 to

Over waves that darken round the wave-worn  
 shore

Rang his clarion higher than winds cried  
 round the shore.

Rose a pageant of set suns and storms blown  
 over

Hands that held life's guerdons fast or let  
 them

But no tongue may tell, no thanksgiving dis-  
 course

Half the heaven of blessing, soft with clouds  
 that

Keen with beams that kindle, dear as love to  
 the

Opening by the spell's strength on his lyric  
 lips.

Be that spell the soul transfigured and dilated  
 Puts forth wings that widen, breathes a  
 brigateeping air.

Feeds on light and drinks of music, whence  
 created

All her sense grows godlike, seeing all  
 depths made bare.

All the mists wherein before she sat belated  
 Shrink, till now the sunlight knows not if  
 they were :

All this earth transformed is Eden recreated,  
 With the breath of heaven murmuring in  
 her hair.

Sweeter far than aught of sweet that April  
 nurses

Deep in dew-dropt woodland tolded fast  
 and fuled

Breathes the fragrant soul with which the  
 dawn d

Darkness, like the surge of armies be-  
 ward hurried.

Even as though the touch of spring's own  
 hand, that pierces

Earth with life's delight, had hidden in the  
 imper

Golden bells and buds and petals of his verse  
 All the breath of all the flowers in all the  
 world.

But the soul therein, the light that our souls  
 follow.

Fires and fills the song with more of pro-  
 phet's pride.

But the soul therein, the light that our souls  
 follow.

Fires and fills the song with more of pro-  
 phet's pride.

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 phet's pride.

<sup>1</sup> *Les Deux Tourterelles de Gallus. I. Mar-  
 garita, comédie. II. Esca, drame.*

[illegible]

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AFTER SUNSET.

\* See also 'The Mammals of the ...'

I.

SCRAPHEE from the sun's grave in the deep  
    near w  
A sweet strong wind blows, glad as I live  
    and I,  
Under the sunken stand awn when e the  
    ly  
Take the renewed and old night's oil for  
    breast  
Pale lips, gradually revealed at rest  
By growth and change of colors felt on  
    high,

$$S_{\text{eff}} = \int d^4x \sqrt{-g} \left[ \frac{1}{2} R - \frac{1}{2} (\partial_\mu \phi)^2 - V(\phi) - \frac{1}{4} F_{\mu\nu} F^{\mu\nu} \right] + \int d^4x \sqrt{-g} \mathcal{L}_\text{matter}$$
$$\begin{aligned} I_1 &= \int_0^1 \int_0^1 \frac{1}{\sqrt{1-x^2-y^2}} dx dy = \int_0^1 \left[ \arcsin \frac{y}{\sqrt{1-y^2}} \right]_0^1 dy = \int_0^1 \arcsin y dy \\ &= \left[ y \arcsin y - \sqrt{1-y^2} \right]_0^1 = \frac{\pi}{2} - 1. \end{aligned}$$

$\{ \mathbf{v}_1, \mathbf{v}_2, \mathbf{v}_3, \mathbf{v}_4, \mathbf{v}_5, \mathbf{v}_6, \mathbf{v}_7, \mathbf{v}_8, \mathbf{v}_9, \mathbf{v}_{10}, \mathbf{v}_{11}, \mathbf{v}_{12}, \mathbf{v}_{13}, \mathbf{v}_{14}, \mathbf{v}_{15}, \mathbf{v}_{16}, \mathbf{v}_{17}, \mathbf{v}_{18}, \mathbf{v}_{19}, \mathbf{v}_{20}, \mathbf{v}_{21}, \mathbf{v}_{22}, \mathbf{v}_{23}, \mathbf{v}_{24}, \mathbf{v}_{25}, \mathbf{v}_{26}, \mathbf{v}_{27}, \mathbf{v}_{28}, \mathbf{v}_{29}, \mathbf{v}_{30}, \mathbf{v}_{31}, \mathbf{v}_{32}, \mathbf{v}_{33}, \mathbf{v}_{34}, \mathbf{v}_{35}, \mathbf{v}_{36}, \mathbf{v}_{37}, \mathbf{v}_{38}, \mathbf{v}_{39}, \mathbf{v}_{40}, \mathbf{v}_{41}, \mathbf{v}_{42}, \mathbf{v}_{43}, \mathbf{v}_{44}, \mathbf{v}_{45}, \mathbf{v}_{46}, \mathbf{v}_{47}, \mathbf{v}_{48}, \mathbf{v}_{49}, \mathbf{v}_{50}, \mathbf{v}_{51}, \mathbf{v}_{52}, \mathbf{v}_{53}, \mathbf{v}_{54}, \mathbf{v}_{55}, \mathbf{v}_{56}, \mathbf{v}_{57}, \mathbf{v}_{58}, \mathbf{v}_{59}, \mathbf{v}_{60}, \mathbf{v}_{61}, \mathbf{v}_{62}, \mathbf{v}_{63}, \mathbf{v}_{64}, \mathbf{v}_{65}, \mathbf{v}_{66}, \mathbf{v}_{67}, \mathbf{v}_{68}, \mathbf{v}_{69}, \mathbf{v}_{70}, \mathbf{v}_{71}, \mathbf{v}_{72}, \mathbf{v}_{73}, \mathbf{v}_{74}, \mathbf{v}_{75}, \mathbf{v}_{76}, \mathbf{v}_{77}, \mathbf{v}_{78}, \mathbf{v}_{79}, \mathbf{v}_{80}, \mathbf{v}_{81}, \mathbf{v}_{82}, \mathbf{v}_{83}, \mathbf{v}_{84}, \mathbf{v}_{85}, \mathbf{v}_{86}, \mathbf{v}_{87}, \mathbf{v}_{88}, \mathbf{v}_{89}, \mathbf{v}_{90}, \mathbf{v}_{91}, \mathbf{v}_{92}, \mathbf{v}_{93}, \mathbf{v}_{94}, \mathbf{v}_{95}, \mathbf{v}_{96}, \mathbf{v}_{97}, \mathbf{v}_{98}, \mathbf{v}_{99}, \mathbf{v}_{100} \}$

But it had to be one of the three, a story in May '91, or breath at least of hope be-  
lieve.

As a preliminary to the method, we write  $A = A_0 + A_1$ , where  $A_0$  is the sum of the

[illegible]

At the same time, the fact that the market makes  
such a difference in the rate of return to education

1.  $\mathbf{A} \in \mathbb{R}^{n \times n}$  is a symmetric matrix with  $\mathbf{A} = \mathbf{A}^T$ .  
 2.  $\mathbf{A}$  is positive definite, i.e.,  $\mathbf{A} \succ 0$ .  
 3.  $\mathbf{A}$  is positive semi-definite, i.e.,  $\mathbf{A} \succeq 0$ .  
 4.  $\mathbf{A}$  is negative definite, i.e.,  $\mathbf{A} \prec 0$ .  
 5.  $\mathbf{A}$  is negative semi-definite, i.e.,  $\mathbf{A} \preceq 0$ .  
 6.  $\mathbf{A}$  is indefinite, i.e.,  $\mathbf{A} \not\succeq 0$  and  $\mathbf{A} \not\preceq 0$ .

1. *On the way to the sunset, the day,*  
 2. *the day and the sun, the sunless night*

le: it is as a child's breath breathing on a post.

So, all the more as plume of my dove;  
 The more and more as darkness grows and  
 grows.

silence and night seem like life and love.

III  
If light of life outlive the set of sun  
That nee call death and end of all things,  
then

How should not that which life he'd best  
for men  
And proved most precious, though it seem  
undone

By force of death and woful victory won,  
Be first and surest of revival, when  
Death shall bow down to life arisen again.

So: all the soul seen be the self-same  
That looked and spake with even such  
and eye.

Love shall doubt not then to recognize,  
And all bright thoughts and smiles of all  
time past

Revive, transfigured, but in spirit and sense  
 Not other than we knew, for evidence  
 That love's last mortal word was not his  
 last.

## A STUDY FROM MEMORY.

If that be yet a living soul which here  
 Seemed brighter for its growth of num-  
 bered springs  
 And clothed by Time and Pain with good-  
 lier things  
 Each year it saw fulfilled a fresh fleet year,  
 Death can have changed not aught that made  
 it dear:  
 Half humorous goodness, grave-eyed mirth  
 on, with  
 Bright-balanced, blither-voiced than quiring  
 strings;  
 Most radiant patience, crowned with conquer-  
 ing cheer;  
 A spirit inviolable that smiled and sang  
 By might of nature and heroic need  
 More sweet and strong than loftiest dream  
 or deed;  
 A song that shone, a light whence music rang  
 High as the sunniest heights of kindest  
 thought;  
 All these must be, or all she was be nought.

## TO DR. JOHN BROWN.

Beyond the north wind lay the land of old  
 Where men dwelt blithe and blameless,  
 clothed and fed  
 With joy's bright raiment and with love's  
 sweet bread,  
 The whitest flock of earth's maternal fold,  
 None there might wear about his brows en-  
 rolled  
 A light of love-lie fame than rings your  
 head,  
 Whose lovesome love of children and the  
 dead  
 All men give thanks for: I far off behold  
 A dear dead hand that links us, and a light  
 The blithest and benignest of the night,  
 The night of death's sweet sleep, wherein  
 may be  
 A star to show your spirit in present sight  
 Some happier island in the Elysian sea  
 Where Rab may lick the hand of Mar-  
 jorie.

## TO WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

THE larks are loud above our leagues of whin  
 Now the sun's perfume fills their glorious  
 gold

With odor like the color: all the world  
 Is only light and song and wind wherein  
 These twain are blent in one with shining din,  
 And now your gift, a giver's kingly-souled,  
 Dear old fast friend whose honors grow not  
 old,  
 Bids memory's note as loud and sweet begin,  
 Though all but we from life be now gone  
 forth  
 Of that bright household in our joyous north  
 Where I, scarce clear of boyhood just at one,  
 First met your hand; yet under life's dew  
 dome,  
 Now seventy strenuous years have crowned  
 my friend,  
 Shines no less bright his full-sheaved har-  
 vest-home.

## A DEATH ON EASTER DAY.

THE strong spring sun rejoicingly may rise,  
 Rise and make revel, as of old men said,  
 Like dancing hearts of lovers newly wed:  
 A light more bright than ever bathed the  
 skies  
 Departs for all time out of all men's eyes,  
 The crowns that girt last night a living  
 head  
 Shine only now, though deathless, on the  
 dead:  
 Art that mocks death, and Song that never  
 dies,  
 Albeit the bright sweet mothlike wings be  
 furled,  
 Hope sees, past all division and defection,  
 And higher than swims the mist of human  
 breath,  
 The soul most radiant once in all the world  
 Requickened to regenerate resurrection  
 Out of the likeness of the shadow of  
 death.

ON THE DEATHS OF THOMAS CAR-  
 LYLE AND GEORGE ELIOT.

Two souls diverse out of our human sight  
 Pass, followed one with love and each with  
 wonder:  
 The stormy sophist with his mouth of  
 thunder,  
 Clothed with loud words and mantled in the  
 might  
 Of darkness and magnificence of night;

And one whose eye could smite the night in  
sunder,  
Searching if light or no light were there  
under,  
And found in love of loving-kindness light.  
Duty divine and Thought with eyes of fire  
Still following Righteousness with deep desire  
Shone sole and stern before her and above,  
Sure stars and sole to steer by; but more  
sweet  
Shone lower the loveliest lamp for earthly  
feet,  
The light of little children, and their love.

#### AFTER LOOKING INTO CARLYLE'S REMINISCENCES.

##### I.

THREE men lived yet when this dead man  
was young  
Whose names and words endure forever :  
one  
Whose eyes grew dim with straining toward  
the sun,  
And his wings weakened, and his angel's  
tongue  
Lost half the sweetest song was ever sung.  
But like the strain half uttered earth hears  
none,  
Nor shall man hear till all men's songs are  
done :  
One whose clear spirit like an eagle hung  
Between the mountains hallowed by his love  
And the sky stainless as his soul above :  
And one the sweetest heart that ever spake  
The brightest words wherein sweet wisdom  
smiled.  
These deathless names by this dead snake  
defiled  
Bid memory spit upon him for their sake.

##### II.

Sweet heart, forgive me for thine own sweet  
sake,  
Whose kind blithe soul such seas of sorrow  
swam,  
And for my love's sake, powerless as I am  
For love to praise thee, or like thee to make  
Music of mirth where hearts less pure would  
break,  
Less pure than thine, our life-unspotted  
Lamb.  
Things hatefullest thou hadst not heart to  
damn,  
Nor wouldst have set thine heel on this dead  
snake.

Let worms consume its memory with its  
tongue,  
The fang that stabbed fair Truth, the lip that  
stung  
Men's memories uncorroded with its breath.  
Forgive me, that with bitter words like his  
I mix the gentlest English name that is,  
The tenderest held of all that know not  
death.

#### A LAST LOOK.

SICK of self-love, Malvolio, like an owl  
That hoots the sun risen where starlight  
sank,  
With German garters crossed athwart thy  
frank  
Stout Scottish legs, men watched thee snarl  
and scowl,  
And boys responsive with reverberate howl  
Shrilled, hearing how to thee the springtime  
stank  
And as thine own soul all the world smelt  
rank  
And as thine own thoughts Liberty seemed  
foul.  
Now, for all ill thoughts nursed and ill words  
given  
Not all condemned, not utterly forgiven,  
Son of the storm and darkness, pass in  
peace.  
Peace upon earth thou knewest not : now,  
being dead,  
Rest, with nor curse nor blessing on thine  
head,  
Where high-strung hate and strenuous envy  
cease.

#### DICKENS.

CHIEF in thy generation born of men  
Whom English praise acclaimed as Eng-  
lish-born.  
With eyes that matched the worldwide eyes  
of morn  
For gleam of tears or laughter, tenderest  
then  
When thoughts of children warmed their  
light, or when  
Reverence of age with love and labor worn,  
Or godlike pity fired with godlike scorn,  
Shot through them flame that winged thy  
swift live pen:  
Where stars and suns that we behold not  
burn,



Higher even than here, though highest was  
 here thy place,  
 Love sees thy spirit laugh and speak and  
 shine  
 With Shakespeare and the soft bright soul of  
 Sterne  
 And Fielding's kindest might and Gold-  
 smith's grace;  
 Scarce one more loved or worthier love  
 than thine.

### ON LAMB'S SPECIMENS OF DRAMA- TIC POETS.

#### I.

IF all the flowers of all the fields on earth  
 By wonder-working summer were made  
 one,  
 Its fragrance were not sweeter in the sun,  
 Its treasure-house of leaves were not more  
 worth  
 Than those wherefrom thy light of musing  
 mirth  
 Shone, till each leaf whereon thy pen would  
 run  
 Breathed life, and all its breath was beni-  
 son,  
 Beloved beyond all names of English birth,  
 More dear than mightier memories; gentlest  
 name  
 That ever clothed itself with flower-sweet  
 fame,  
 Or linked itself with loftiest names of old  
 By right and might of loving: I, that am  
 Less than the least of those within thy fold,  
 Give only thanks for them to thee, Charles  
 Lamb.

#### II.

So many a year had borne its own bright bees  
 And they them since thy honey-bees were  
 I,  
 John Lamb, in cells of flower-sweet verse  
 contrived  
 So well with craft of moulding melodies,  
 Thy soul perchance in amaranth fields at ease  
 Thought not to hear the sound on earth  
 revived  
 Of summer music from the spring derived  
 When thy song sucked the flower of flower-  
 ing trees,  
 But thine was not the chance of every day:  
 Time, after many a darkling hour, grew sunny,  
 And light between the clouds ere sunset  
 swam,

Laughing, and kissed their darkness all  
 away,  
 When, touched and tasted and approved,  
 thy honey  
 Took subtler sweetness from the lips of  
 Lamb.

### TO JOHN NICHOL.

#### I.

FRIEND of the dead, and friend of all my  
 days  
 Even since they cast off boyhood, I salute  
 The song saluting friends whose songs are  
 mute  
 With full burnt-offerings of clear-spirited  
 praise,  
 That since our old young years our several  
 ways  
 Have led through fields diverse of flower  
 and fruit  
 Yet no cross wind has once relaxed the  
 root  
 We set long since beneath the sundown's rays,  
 The root of trust whence towered the trusty  
 tree,  
 Friendship—this only and duly might impel  
 My song to salutation of your own;  
 More even than praise of one unseen of me  
 And loved—the starry spirit of Dobell,  
 To mine by light and music only known.

#### II.

But more than this what moves me most of  
 all  
 To leave not all unworded and unsaid  
 The whole heart's greeting of my thanks  
 unsaid  
 Scarce needs this sign, that from my tongue  
 should fall  
 His name whom sorrow and reverent love  
 recall,  
 The sign to friend on earth of that dear  
 heart  
 Alive, which once intimately dead  
 The wan gray voided for a pall,  
 Their trustless dense with tangling  
 stems  
 To look never life as taintless of rebuke,  
 More pure and perfect, more serene and  
 kind,  
 Than when those clear eyes closed beneath  
 the flames,  
 And made the now more hallowed name of  
 Luke  
 Memorial to us of mourning left behind

## ON THE RUSSIAN PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS.

Few tyrants perish by no violent death.'

Since England was upon Elizabeth.

In death's worst hour the works of Christian men?

Than his whom scorn saw shuddering in the  
snow!

WHAT part is left thee, lion? Ravenous  
beast,  
Which hadst the world for pasture, and for  
scope

And cannot set free a man at all;  
The kingdom of the spirit of man, the feast  
Of souls, chained from west to sunless east,  
From akenening north to bloodied south  
as one.

All service : earth for footcloth of the pope,  
And heaven for chancel-ceiling of the priest ;  
Then that hadst earth by right of rack and rod,  
Then that hadst Rome because thy name was  
God,

And thy creed's gift heaven wherein to  
dwell ;  
Heaven laughs with all his light and might  
above  
That earth has cast thee out of faith and  
love ;

Thy part is but the hollow dream of hell.

## II.

The light of life has faded from thy cause,  
High priest of heaven and hell and pur-  
gatory ;

Thy lips are loud with strains of oldworld  
story,  
But the red prey was rent out of thy paws  
Long since ; and they that dying brake down  
thy laws

Have with the fires of death-kindled glory  
Put out the flame that fastered on thy holy  
High altars, waning with the world's applause.  
This Italy was Dante's ; Bruno died  
Here ; Campanella, too sublime for pride,  
Endured thy God's worst here, and hence  
went home.

And what art thou, that time's full tide should  
shrink  
For thy sake downward ? What art thou, to  
shrink  
Thy God shall give thee back for birthright  
Rome ?

## THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

Nor for less love, all glorious France, to thee,  
' Sweet enemy ' called in days long since at  
end,

Now found and hailed of England sweeter  
friend,

Bright sister of our freedom now, being free ;  
Not for less love or faith in friendship we  
Whose love burnt ever toward thee re-  
prehend

The vile vain greed whose pursy dreams  
portend  
Between our shores suppression of the sea.

Not by dull toil of blind mechanic art  
Shall these be linked for no man's force to  
part

Nor length of years and changes to divide,  
But union only of trust and loving heart  
And perfect faith in freedom strong to abide  
And spirit at one with spirit on either side.

## SIR WILLIAM GOMM.

## I.

At threescore years and five aroused anew  
To rule in India, forth a soldier went  
On whose bright-fronted youth fierce war  
had spent

Its iron stress of storm, till glory grew  
Full as the red sun waned on Waterloo.  
Landing, he met the word from England  
sent

Which bade him yield up rule : and he, con-  
tent,  
Resigned it, as a mightier warrior's due ;  
And wrote as one rejoicing to record  
That ' from the first ' his royal heart was  
lord

Of its own pride or pain ; that thought was  
none  
Therein save this, that in her perilous strait  
England, whose womb brings forth her sons  
so great,  
Should choose to serve her first her migh-  
tiest son.

## II.

Glory beyond all flight of warlike fame  
Go with the warrior's memory who pre-  
ferred

To praise of men whereby men's hearts  
are stirred,

And acclamation of his own proud name  
With blare of trumpet-blasts and sound and  
flame

Of pageant honor, and the titular word  
That only wins men worship of the herd.  
His country's sovereign good : who overcan  
Pride, wrath, and hope of all high chance on  
earth,

For this land's love that gave his great heart  
birth,

O nursling of the sea-winds and the sea,  
Immortal England, ; oddess ocean-born,  
What shall thy children fear, what strengths  
not scorn,  
While children of such mould are born to  
thee ?

## EUTHANATOS.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. THELLUSON.

FORTH of our ways and woes,  
 Forth of the winds and snows,  
 A white soul soaring goes,  
 Winged like a dove:  
 So sweet, so pure, so clear,  
 So heavenly tempered here,  
 Love need not hope or fear her changed  
 above:

Ere dawned her day to die,  
 So heavenly, that on high  
 Change could not glorify  
 Nor death refine her:  
 Pure gold of perfect love,  
 On earth like heaven's own dove,  
 She cannot wear, above, a smile diviner.

Her voice in heaven's own quire  
 Can sound no heavenlier lyre  
 Than here: no purer fire  
 Her soul can soar:  
 No sweeter stars her eyes  
 In unimagined skies  
 Beyond our sight can rise than here before.

Hardly long years had shed  
 Their shadows on her head:  
 Hardly we think her dead,  
 Who hardly thought her  
 Old: hardly can believe  
 The grief our hearts receive  
 And wonder while they grieve, as wrong were  
 wrought her,

But though strong grief be strong  
 No word or thought of wrong  
 May stain the trembling song,  
 Wring the bruised heart,  
 That sounds or sighs its faint  
 Low note of love, nor taint  
 Grief for so sweet a saint, when such depart.

A saint whose perfect soul,  
 With perfect love for goal,  
 Faith hardly might control,  
 Creeds might not harden:  
 A flower more splendid far  
 Than the most radiant star  
 Seen here of all that are in God's own garden.

Surely the stars we see  
 Rise and relapse as we,  
 And change and set, may be

But shadows too.  
 But spirits that man's lot  
 Could neither mar nor spot  
 Like these false lights are not, being heavenly  
 true.

Not like these dying lights  
 Of worlds whose glory smites  
 The passage of the nights  
 Through heaven's blind prison:  
 Not like their souls who see,  
 If thought fly far and free,  
 No heavenlier heaven to be for souls risen,

A soul wherein love shone  
 Even like the sun, alone,  
 With fervor of its own  
 And splendor fed,  
 Made by no creeds less kind  
 Toward souls by none confined,  
 Could Death's self quench or blind, Love's  
 self were dead.

## FIRST AND LAST.

Upon the borderlands of being,  
 Where life draws hardly breath  
 Between the lights and shadows fleeing  
 Fast as a word one saith,  
 Two flowers rejoice our eyesight, seeing  
 The dawns of birth and death.

Behind the babe his dawn is lying  
 Half risen with notes of mirth  
 From all the winds about it flying  
 Through new-born heaven and earth.  
 Before bright age his day for dying  
 Dawns equal-eyed with birth.

Equal the dews of even and dawn,  
 Equal the sun's eye seen  
 A hand's breadth risen and half withdrawn  
 But no bright hour between  
 Brings aught so bright by stream or lawn  
 To noonday growths of green.

Which flower of life may smell the sweeter  
 To love's insensual sense,  
 Which fragrance move with offering meeter  
 His soothed omnipotence,  
 Being chosen as fairer or as fleet,  
 Borne hither or borne hence,

Love's foiled omniscience knows not: this  
 Where more than all he knows

With all his lore of bale and bliss,  
The choice of rose and rose,  
One red as lips that touch with life,  
One white as noonlit snows.

No hope is half so sweet and good,  
No dream of saint or sage  
So fair as these are: no dark mood  
But these might best assuage;  
The sweet red rose of babyhood,  
The white sweet rose of age.

#### LINES ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY.

Last high star of the years whose thunder  
Still men's listening remembrance hears,  
Last light left of our fathers' years,  
Watched with honor and hailed with wonder  
Thou too then have the years borne under,  
Thou too then hast regained thy peers.

Wings that warred with the winds of morn-  
ing,  
Storm-winds rocking the red great dawn,  
Close at last, and a film is drawn  
Over the eyes of the storm-lashed sea,  
Now no longer the loud wind's warning,  
Waves that threaten or waves that tawn.

Peers were none of thee left us living,  
Peers of theirs we shall see no more.  
Eight years over the full fourscore  
Knew thee: now shalt thou sleep, forgiving  
All griefs past of the wild world's giving,  
Moored at last on the stormless shore.

Worldwide liberty's lifelong lover,  
Lover no less of the strength of song,  
Sea-king, swordsman, hater of wrong,  
Over thy dust that the dust shall cover  
Comes my song as a bird to hover,  
Borne of its will as of wings along.

Cherished of thee were this brief song's  
brothers  
Now that follows them, cherishing thee,  
Over the tides and the tideless sea  
Soft as a smile of the earth our mother's  
Flies it faster than all those others,  
First of the troop at thy tomb to be.

Memories of Greece and the mountain's  
hollow  
Guarded alone of thy loyal sword

Hold thy name for our hearts in ward:  
Yet more fair are our hearts to follow  
One way now with the southward swallow  
Back to the grave of the man their lord.

Heart of hearts, art thou moved not, hearing  
Surely, if hearts of the dead may hear,  
Whose true heart it is now draws near?  
Surely the sense of it thrills thee, cheering  
Darkness and death with the news now near-  
ing—  
Shelley, Trelawny rejoins thee here

#### ADIEUX A MARIE STUART.

##### I.

QUEEN, for whose house my fathers fought,  
With hopes that rose and fell,  
Red star of boyhood's fiery thought,  
Farewell.

They gave their lives, and I, my queen,  
Have given you of my life,  
Seeing your brave star burn high between  
Men's strife.

The strife that lightened round their spears  
Long since fell still: so long  
Hardly may hope to last in years  
My song.

But still through strife of time and thought  
Your light on me too fell:  
Queen, in whose name we sang or fought,  
Farewell.

##### II.

There beats no heart on either border  
When through the north blasts blow  
But keeps your memory as a warder  
His beacon-fire aglow.

Long since it fired with love and wonder  
Mine, for whose April age  
Blithe midsummer made banquet under  
The shade of Hermitage.

Soft sang the burn's blithe notes, that gather  
Strength to ring true:  
And air and trees and sun and heather  
Remembered you.

Old border ghosts of fight or fairy  
Or love or teen,

Things they forgot, remembering Mary  
The Queen.

## III.

Queen once of Scots and ever of ours  
Whose shies brought forth for you  
Their lives to strew your way like flowers.  
Adieu.

Dead is full many a dead man's name  
Who died for you and me  
Time past: shall this too fare the same,  
My song?

But surely, though it d' for live,  
Your face was worth  
All that a man may think to give  
On earth.

No darkness cast of years between  
Can darken you:  
Man's love will never bid my queen  
Adieu.

## IV.

Love hangs like light about your name  
As music round the shell:  
No heart can take of you a tame  
Farewell.

Yet, when your very face was seen,  
Ill gifts were yours for giving:  
Love gat strange guerdons of my queen  
When living.

O diamond heart unflawed and clear,  
The whole world's crowning jewel!  
Was ever heart so deadly dear  
So cruel?

Yet none for you of all that bled  
Grudged once one drop that fell:  
Not one to life reluctant said  
Farewell.

## V.

Strange love they have given you, love dis-  
loyal,  
Who mock with praise your name,  
To leave a head so rare and roval  
Too low for praise or blame.

You could not love nor hate, they tell us  
You had nor sense nor sting:  
In God's name, then, what plague be fell us  
To fight for such a thing?

'Some faults the gods will give,' to fetter  
Man's highest intent:

But surely you were something better  
Than innocent!

No maid that stravs with steps unwary  
Through snares unseen,  
But on: to live and die for; Mary,  
The Queen.

## VI.

Forgive them all their praise, who blot  
Your fame with praise of you:  
Then love may say, and falter not,  
Adieu

Yet some you hardly would forgive  
Who did you much less wrong  
Once: but resentment should not live  
Too long.

They never saw your lip's bright bow,  
Your swordbright eyes,  
The bluest of heavenly things below  
The skies.

Clear eyes that love's self finds most like  
A swordblade's blue,  
A swordblade's ever keen to strike,  
Adieu.

## VII.

Though all things breathe or sound of fight  
That yet make up your spell,  
To bid you were to bid the light  
Farewell.

Farewell the song says only, being  
A star whose race is run:  
Farewell the soul says never, seeing  
The sun.

Yet, wellnigh as with flash of tears,  
The song must say but so  
That took your praise up twenty years  
Ago.

More bright than stars or moons that vary,  
Sun kindling heaven and hell,  
Here, after all these years, Queen Mary,  
Farewell.

## HERSE.

When grace is given us ever to behold  
A child some sweet months old,  
I saw, looking at our lips his finger, saith,  
Smiling, with bated breath,

Hush! for the holiest thing that lives is here,  
 And heaven's own heart now near!  
 How dare we, that may gaze not on the sun,  
 Gaze on this very one?  
 Heart, hold thy peace; eyes, be cast down  
 for shame;  
 Lips, breathe not yet its name.  
 In heaven they know what name to call it: we,  
 How should we know? For, see!  
 The adorable sweet living marvellous  
 Strange light that lightens us  
 Who gaze, desertless of such glorious grace,  
 Full in a babe's warm face!  
 All roses that the morning rears are nought,  
 All stars not worth a thought,  
 Set this one star against them, or suppose  
 As rival this one rose.  
 What price could pay with earth's whole  
 weight of gold  
 One least flushed roseleaf's fold  
 Of all this dimpling store of smiles that shine  
 From each warm curve and line,  
 Each charm of flower-sweet flesh, to reillumine  
 The dappled rose-red bloom  
 Of all its dainty body, honey-sweet  
 Clenched hands and curled-up feet,  
 That on the roses of the dawn have trod  
 As they came down from God,  
 And keep the flush and color that the sky  
 Takes when the sun comes nigh,  
 And keep the likeness of the smile their grace  
 Evoked on God's own face  
 When, seeing this work of his most heavenly  
 mood,  
 He saw that it was good?  
 For all its warm sweet body seems one smile,  
 And mere men's love too vile  
 To meet it, or with eyes that worship dims  
 Read o'er the little limbs,  
 Read all the look of all their beauties o'er,  
 Rejoice, revere, adore,  
 Bow down and worship each delight in turn,  
 Laugh, wonder, yield, and yearn.  
 But when our trembling kisses dare, yet lead,  
 Even to draw nigh its head,  
 And touch, and scarce with touch or breath  
 surprise  
 Its mild miraculous eyes  
 Out of their viewless vision—O, what then,  
 What may be said of men?  
 What speech may name a new-born child?  
 what word  
 Earth ever spake or heard?  
 The best men's tongue that ever glory knew  
 Called that a drop of dew  
 Which from the breathing creature's kindly  
 womb

Came forth in blameless bloom.  
 We have no word, as had those men most  
 high,  
 To call a baby by.  
 Rose, ruby, lily, pearl of stormless seas—  
 A better word than these.  
 A better sign it was than flower or gem  
 That love revealed to them.  
 They knew that whence comes light of quick-  
 ening flame,  
 Thence only this thing came.  
 And only might be likened of our love  
 To somewhat born above,  
 Not even to sweetest things dropped else on  
 earth,  
 Only to dew's own birth.  
 Nor doubt we but their sense was heavenly  
 true,  
 Babe, when we gaze on you,  
 A dew-drop out of heaven whose colors are  
 More bright than sun or star,  
 As now, ere watching love dare fear or hope,  
 Lips, hands, and eyelids ope,  
 And all your life is mixed with earthly heaven.  
 O child, what news from heaven?

---

TWINS.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO W. M. R.  
 AND L. R.

APRIL, on whose wings  
 Ride all gracious things,  
 Like the star that brings  
 All things good to man,  
 Ere his light, that yet  
 Makes the month shine, set,  
 And fair May forget  
 Whence her birth began,

Brings, as heart would choose,  
 Sound of golden news,  
 Bright as kindling dews  
 When the dawn begins;  
 Tidings clear as mirth,  
 Sweet as air and earth  
 Now that hail the birth,  
 Twice thus blest, of twins.

In the lovely land  
 Where with hand in hand  
 Lovers wedded stand  
 Other joys before  
 Made your mixed life sweet:  
 Now, as Time sees meet,

Three glad blossoms greet  
Two glad blossoms more.

Fed with sun and dew,  
While your joys were new,  
First arose and grew  
One bright olive-shoot ;  
Then a fair and fine  
Slip of warm-haired pine  
Felt the sweet sun shine  
On its leaf and fruit.

And it were for mark  
Grav'd on the dark  
Beauty of its bark  
That the noblest name  
Worn in song of old  
By the king whose bold  
Hand had fast in hold  
All the flower of fame.

Then, with southern skies  
Flattered in her eyes,  
Which, in lovelier wise  
Yet, reflect their blue  
Brightened more, being bright  
Here with life's delight,  
And with love's live light  
Glorified anew,

Came, as fair as came  
One who bore her name  
(She that broke as flame  
From the swan-shell white),  
Crowned with tender hair  
Only, but more fair  
Than all queens that were  
Themes of oldworld fight,

Of your flowers the third  
Bud, or new-fledged bird  
In your hearts' nest heard  
Murmuring like a dove  
Bright as those that drew  
Over waves where blew  
No loud wind the blue  
Heaven-hued car of love.

Not the glorious grace  
Even of that one face  
Potent to displace  
All the towers of Troy  
Surely shone more clear  
Once with childlike cheer  
Than this child's face here  
Now with living joy.

After these again  
Here in April's train  
Breaks the bloom of twain  
Blossoms in one birth  
For a crown of May  
On the front of day  
When he takes his way  
Over heaven and earth.

Half a heavenly thing  
Given from heaven to Spring  
By the sun her king,  
Half a tender toy,  
Seems a child of curl  
Yet too soft to twirl ;  
Seems the flower-sweet girl  
By the flower-bright boy.

All the kind gods' grace,  
All their love, embrace  
Ever either face,  
Ever brood above them :  
All soft wings of hours  
Screen them as with flowers  
From all beams and showers :  
All life's seasons love them.

When the dews of sleep  
Falling lightliest keep  
Eyes too close to peep  
Forth and laugh off rest,  
Joy from face to feet  
Fill them, as is meet :  
Life to them be sweet  
As their mother's breast.

When those dews are dry,  
And in day's bright eye  
Looking full they lie  
Bright as rose and pearl,  
All returns of joy  
Pure of time's alloy  
Bless the rose-red boy,  
Guard the rose-white girl.

POSTSCRIPT.

Friends, if I could take  
Half a note from Blake  
Or but one verse make  
Of the Conqueror's mine,  
Better than my best  
Song above your nest  
I would sing : the quest  
Now seems too divine.



## THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

IF childhood were not in the world,  
 Not only men and women grown;  
 No baby-locks in tendrils curled,  
 No baby-blossoms blown;

Though men were stronger, women fairer,  
 And there all delights in reach,  
 And yet all music uttered rarer  
 Tones of more godlike speech;

Though the utmost life of life's best hours  
 Found, as it cannot now find, words;  
 Though desert sands were sweet as flowers  
 And flowers could sing like birds,

But children never heard them, never  
 They felt a child's foot leap and run;  
 This were a drearier star than ever  
 Yet looked upon the sun.

## SEVEN YEARS OLD.

## I.

SEVEN white roses on one tree,  
 Seven white leaves of blameless leaven,  
 Seven white sails on one soft sea,  
 Seven white swans on one lake's lee,  
 Seven white flowerlike stars in heaven,  
 All are types unmet to be  
 For a birthday's crown of seven.

## II.

Not the radiance of the roses,  
 Not the blessing of the bread,  
 Not the breeze that ere day grows is  
 Fresh for sails and swans, and closes  
 Wings above the sun's grave spread,  
 When the starshine on the snows is  
 Sweet as sleep on sorrow shed.

## III.

Nothing sweetest, nothing best,  
 Holds so good and sweet a treasure  
 As the love when with once blest  
 Joy grows holy, and takes rest,  
 Life, half freed with hours to measure,  
 Fills his eyes and lips and breast  
 With most light and breath of pleasure;

## IV.

As the rapture unpolled,  
 As the passion undefiled,  
 By whose force all pains heart-rooted

Are transfigured and transmuted,  
 Reconciled and reconciled,  
 Through the imperial, undisputed,  
 Present godhead of a child.

## V.

Brown bright eyes and fair bright head,  
 Worth a worthier crown than this is,  
 Worth a worthier song instead,  
 Sweet grave wise round mouth, full fed  
 With the joy of love, whose bliss is  
 More than mortal wine and bread,  
 Lips whose words are sweet as kisses,

## VI.

Little hands so glad of giving,  
 Little heart so glad of love,  
 Little soul so glad of living,  
 While the strong swift hours are weaving  
 Light with darkness woven above,  
 Time for mirth and time for grieving,  
 Plumage of raven and plumage of dove,

## VII.

I can give you but a word  
 Warm with love therein for leaven,  
 But a song that falls unheard  
 Yet on ears of sense unstirred  
 Yet by song so far from heaven,  
 Whence you came the brightest bird,  
 Seven years since, of seven times seven.

## EIGHT YEARS OLD.

## I.

Sun, whom the faltering snow-cloud fears  
 Rise, let the time of year be May,  
 Speak now the word that April hears,  
 Let March have all his royal way;  
 Did all spring raise in winter's ears  
 All tunes her children hear or play,  
 Because the crown of eight glad years  
 On one bright head is set to-day.

## II.

What matters cloud or sun to-day  
 To him who wears the wreath of years  
 So many, and all like flowers at play  
 With wind and sunshine, while his ears  
 Hear only song on every way?  
 More sweet than spring triumphant hears  
 Ring through the revel-rout of May  
 Are these, the notes that winter fears.

## -II.

Strong-hearted winter knows and fears  
 The music made of love at play,  
 Or haply loves the tune he hears  
 From hearts fulfilled with flowering May,  
 Whose molten mass thaws his ears  
 Late frozen, deaf but yesterday  
 To sounds of dying and dawning years,  
 Now quickened on his deathward way.

## IV.

For deathward now lies winter's way  
 Down the green vestibule of years  
 That each year brings us day by day  
 With flower and shower till hope scarce  
 And fear grows wholly hope of May.  
 But we—the music in our ears  
 Made of love's pulses as they play  
 The heart alone that makes it hears.

## V.

The heart it is that plays and hears  
 High salutation of to-day.  
 Tongue lingers, hand shrinks back, song fears  
 Its own unworthiness to play  
 For music for those eight sweet years,  
 Or sing their blithe accomplished way.  
 No song quite worth a young child's ears  
 Broke ever even from birds in May.

## VI.

There beats not in the heart of May.  
 When summer hopes and springtide fears,  
 There falls not from the height of day,  
 When sunlight speaks and silence hears,  
 So sweet a psalm as children play  
 And sing, each hour of all their years,  
 Each moment of their lovely way,  
 And know not how it thrills our ears.

## VII.

Ah child, what are we, that our ears  
 Should hear you singing on your way,  
 Should have this rapture? The years  
 Whose hurry wings about us play  
 Are not like yours, whose flower-time fears  
 Nought worse than sunlit showers in May,  
 Being sinless as the spring, that hear  
 Her own heart praise her every day.

## VIII.

Yet we too triumph in the day  
 That bare, to entrance our eyes and ears,  
 To lighten daylight, and to play  
 Such notes as darkness knows and fears,  
 The child whose face illumines our way,

Whose voice lifts up the heart that hears  
 Whose hand is as the hand of May  
 To bring us flowers from eight full years.

## COMPARISONS.

CHILD, when they say that others

Have been or are like you,  
 Babes fit to be your brothers,  
 Sweet human drops of dew,  
 Bright fruit of mortal mothers,  
 What should one say or do?

We know the thought is treason,  
 We feel the dream absurd;  
 A claim rebuked of reason,  
 That withers at a word:  
 For never shone the season  
 That bore so blithe a bird.

Some smiles may seem as merry,  
 Some glances gleam as wise,  
 From lips as like a cherry  
 And scarce less gracious eyes;  
 Eyes browner than a berry,  
 Lips red as morning's rise.

But never yet rang laughter  
 So sweet in gladdened ears  
 Through wall and floor and rafter  
 As all this household hears  
 And rings response thereafter  
 Till cloudiest weather clears.

When those your chosen of all men,  
 Whose honey never cloy,  
 Two lights whose smiles enthrall men,  
 Were called at your age boys,  
 Those mighty men, while small men,  
 Could make no merrier noise.

Our Shakespeare, surely, daffed not  
 More lightly pain aside  
 From radiant lips that quaffed not  
 Of forethought's tragic tide:  
 Our Dickens, doubtless, laughed not  
 More loud with life's first pride.

The dawn were not more cheerless  
 With neither light nor dew  
 Than we without the fearless  
 Clear laugh that thrills us through:  
 If ever child stood peerless,  
 Love knows that child is you.

05 10 14 15 194. A 1

LOOKING ON A PAPER  
COVER OF ONE OF THE VOLUMES  
DURING THE LATE 19TH  
CENTURY. THE PICTURE  
SHOWS THE COVER OF  
THE FIRST VOLUME OF  
THE "PAPER" SERIES.

Don't let your child's bad habits go unchecked. If you don't correct them now, you'll have to correct them later. And that's no fun for anyone.

(C) — — — — —  
 (D) — — — — —  
 (E) — — — — —

iv, can be done in a number of ways, and

These findings suggest that the parent's own  
 The findings suggest that the parent's own  
 The findings suggest that the parent's own

On P. 10, the word has been changed to "We."

When the president of the American Society of Criminology, he

$\chi^2 = 19.8$ ,  $\text{d.f.} = 10$ ,  $P < 0.001$ ;  $\chi^2 = 16.7$ ,  $\text{d.f.} = 10$ ,  $P < 0.001$ .

We now turn to the various tales of

[illegible]

...of your ... give us ... only ...  
... ..  
... ..

## A CHILL

ALL the birds	have	100%
All the birds	have	25%
All the birds	have	100%

Hand e Sound

and negative-w. . . .

On an heart of love  
As sweet as wh  
Of heaven.

# A CHILD'S THANKS

My dear men thank  
Whom we win,  
And above us  
And the design to love us,  
And the flowers;  
And the flowers;  
And the flowers;

Complaisance,  
Leads them thus,  
Only bluntness  
With kindness,  
Gift a son;

And the  
And the  
And the

High as  
That is  
And its power  
And its power  
And its power  
And its power  
And its power  
And its power

Let with what words for token  
And what for tears  
And what for tears  
And what for tears  
And what for tears  
And what for tears  
And what for tears  
And what for tears

And angels laugh, ye children,  
Child, hearing you thank me,  
Whom we win,  
And above us  
And the design to love us,  
And the flowers;  
And the flowers;  
And the flowers;

What wealth of words caressing,  
What choice of words found best,  
Would seem not as derision.  
I found vain beside the vision

And glory from above  
Snowed in a child's heart's love  
His part in life is short;  
Ours, only to be told

# A CHILD'S BATTLE

πῦρ ἀπὸ τῶν ἐδρών.—PINDAR

PRaise of the knights of old  
May sleep; their tale is told.  
And no more  
The praise which fills our lips is  
A knight's whose fame eclipses  
All of theirs.

The ruddiest light in heaven  
Blazed as his birth-star seven  
Long years ago  
All glory crown that old year  
Which brought our stout small soldier  
With the snow

Each baby has his one  
Star, for his friend, a sun,  
The first of stars  
And we, the more we scan it,  
The more grow sure your planet,  
Child, was Mars.

For each one flower, perchance,  
Blooms as his cogizance:  
The snowdrop, blue,  
The violet unbelonging,  
For some: for you the golden  
Dandelion.

Erect, a fighting flower,  
It breasts the breeziest hour  
That ever blew,  
And bent or broke things brittle  
Or frail, unlike a little  
Knight like you.

Its flower is firm and flesh  
And stout like sturdiest flesh  
Of children: all  
The strenuous blast that parches  
Spring hurts it not till March is  
Near his fall.

If winds that prate and fret  
Remark, rebuke, regret,  
Lament, or blame  
The brave plant's martial passion,  
It keeps its own free fashion  
All the time.

We that would fain seem wise  
Assume grave mouths and eyes  
Whose looks reprove  
Too much delight in battle:  
But your great heart our prattle  
Cannot move.

We say, small children should  
Be placid, mildly good  
And blandly meek:  
Whereat the broad smile rushes  
Full on your lips, and flushes  
All your cheek.

If all the stars that are  
Laughed out, and every star  
Could here be heard,  
Such peals of golden laughter  
We should not hear, as after  
Such a word.

For all the storm saith, still,  
Stout stands the daffodil:  
For all we say,  
Howe'er he look demurely,  
Our martialist will surely  
Have his way.

We may not bind with hands  
Those large and liberal hands,  
Nor stay from fight,  
Nor hold them back from giving:  
No lean mean laws of living  
Bind a knight.

And always here of old  
Such gentle hearts and bold  
Our land has bred:  
How durst her eye rest else on  
The glory shed from Nelson  
Quick and dead?

Shame were it, if but one  
Such once were born her son,  
That one to have borne,  
And brought him ne'er a brother:  
His praise should bring his mother  
Shame and scorn.

A child high-souled as he  
Whose manhood shook the sea  
Smiles haply here:  
His face, where love lies basking,  
With bright shut mouth seems asking,  
What is fear?

The sunshine-colored fists  
Beyond his dimpling wrists  
Were never closed  
For saving or for sparing—  
For only deeds of daring  
Predisposed.

Unclenched, the gracious hands  
Let slip their gifts like sands  
Made rich with ore  
That tongues of beggars ravish  
From small stout hands so lavish  
Of their store.

Sweet hardy kindly hands  
Like these were his that stands  
With heel on gorge  
Seen trampling down the dragon  
On sign or flask or flagon,  
Sweet Saint George.

Some tournament, perchance,  
Of hands that couch no lance,  
Might mark this spot  
Your lists, if here some pleasant  
Small Guenivere were present,  
Launcelot.

My brave bright flower, you need  
No foolish song, nor heed  
It more than spring  
The sighs of winter stricken  
Dead when your haunts requicken  
Here, my king.

Yet O, how hardly may  
The wheels of singing stay  
That whirl along  
Bright paths whence echo raises  
The phantom of your praises,  
Child, my song!

Beyond all other things  
That give my words fleet wings,  
Fleet wings and strong,  
You set their jesses ringing  
Till hardly can I, singing,  
Stint my song.

But all things better, friend,  
And worse must find an end:  
And, right or wrong,  
'Tis time, lest rhyme should baffle,  
I doubt to put a snaffle  
On my song.

And never may your ear  
 Aught harsher hear or fear,  
 Nor wolfish night  
 Nor dog-toothed winter snarling  
 Behind your steps, my darling,  
 My delight!

For all the gifts you give  
 Me, dear, each day you live,  
 O! thanks above  
 All thanks that could be spoken  
 Take not my song in token,  
 Take my love.

### A CHILD'S FUTURE.

WHAT will it please you, my darling, here-  
 after to be?  
 Fame upon land will you look for, or glory  
 by sea?  
 Gallant your life will be always, and all of it  
 free.  
 Free as the wind when the heart of the twi-  
 light is stirred  
 Eastward, and sounds from the springs of the  
 sunrise are heard:  
 Free—and we know not another as infinite  
 word.

Or dawn, or twilight or sunnigh may compass  
 is round.  
 Hate may arise up against us, or hope may  
 confound;  
 Love may forsake us; yet may not the spirit  
 be bound.

Free in oppression of grief as in ardor of joy  
 Still may the soul be, and each to her strength  
 as a toy:  
 Free in the glance of the man as the smile of  
 the boy.  
 Freedom alone is the salt and the spirit that  
 gives  
 Life, and without her is nothing that verily  
 lives:  
 Death cannot slay her: she laughs upon  
 death and forgives.

Brightest and hardest of roses anear and afar  
 Glitters the blithe little face of you, round as  
 a star:  
 Liberty bless you and keep you to be as you  
 are.

England and liberty bless you and keep you  
 to be  
 Worthy the name of their child and the sight  
 of their sea:  
 Fear not at all; for a slave, if he fears not, is  
 free.

## SONNETS

ON ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS.—(1590-1650.)

### I.

#### CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

ROUNDED, girdled, garbed and shod with  
 light and fire,  
 Son first-born of the morning, sovereign  
 star!  
 Soil nearest ours of all, that wert most far,  
 Most far off in the abyss of time, thy lyre  
 Ring highest above the dawn-enkindled  
 quire  
 Where all we sang together, all that are,  
 And all the starry songs behind thy ear  
 Re-echoed, all our souls acclaim thee here.

'If all the pens that ever poets held  
 Had fed the feeling of their masters'  
 thoughts,  
 And as with rush of hurtling chariots  
 The flight of all their spirits were impelled  
 Toward one great end, thy glory—nay, not  
 then, [men,  
 Not yet might'st thou be praised enough of

### II.

#### WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Nor if men's tongues and angels' all in one  
 Spake, might the word be said that might  
 speak thee.

Streams, wind, woods, flowers, fields,  
 mountains, yea, the sea,  
 What power is in them all to praise the sun?  
 His praise is this,—he can be praised of none.  
 Man, woman, child, praise God for him;  
 but he  
 Exults not to be worshipped, but to be.  
 He is; and, being, beholds his work well  
 done.  
 All joy, all glory, all sorrow, all strength, all  
 mirth,  
 Are his: without him, day were night on  
 earth.  
 Time knows not his from time's own period,  
 All lutes, all harps, all viols, all flutes, all  
 lyres,  
 Fall dumb before him ere one string suspires.  
 All stars are angels; but the sun is God.

## III.

## BEN JONSON.

BROAD-BASED, broad-fronted, bounteous,  
 multiform,  
 With many a valley impleached with ivy  
 and vine,  
 Wherein the springs of all the streams run  
 wine,  
 And many a crag full-faced against the storm,  
 The mountain where thy Muse's feet made  
 warm  
 The lawns that revelled with her dance  
 divine  
 Shines yet with fire as it was wont to shine  
 From tossing torches round the dance  
 a-swarm.  
 Nor less, high-stationed on the gray grave  
 lights,  
 High-thoughted seers with heaven's heart-  
 kindling lights  
 Hold converse: and the herd of meaner  
 things  
 Knows or by nery scourge or fiery shaft  
 When wrath on thy broad brows has risen,  
 and laughed,  
 Darkening thy soul with shadow of thunder-  
 ous wings.

## IV.

## BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

AN hour ere sudden sunset fired the west,  
 Arose two stars upon the pale deep east.

The hall of heaven was clear for night's  
 high feast,  
 Yet was not yet day's fiery heart at rest.  
 Love leapt up from his mother's burning  
 breast  
 To see those warm twin lights, as day de-  
 creased,  
 Wax wider, till when all the sun had ceased  
 As suns they shone from evening's kindled  
 crest.  
 Across them and between, a quickening fire.  
 Flamed Venus, laughing with appeased desire.  
 Their dawn, scarce lovelier for the gleam  
 of tears,  
 Filled half the hollow shell 'twixt heaven and  
 earth  
 With sound like moonlight, mingling moan  
 and mirth,  
 Which rings and glitters down the darkling  
 years.

## V.

## PHILIP MASSINGER.

CLOUDS here and there arisen an hour past  
 noon  
 Checkered our English heaven with length-  
 ening bars  
 And shadow and sound of wheel-winged  
 thunder-cars  
 Assembling strength to put forth tempest  
 soon,  
 When the clear still warm concord of thy tune  
 Rose under skies unscared by reddening  
 Maus  
 Yet, like a sound of silver speech of stars,  
 With full mild flame as of the mellowing moon.  
 Grave and great-hearted Massinger, thy face  
 High melancholy lights with loftier grace  
 Thangilds the brows of revel: sad and wise,  
 The spirit of thought that moved thy deeper  
 song,  
 Sorrow serene in soft calm scorn of wrong,  
 Speaks patience yet from thy majestic eyes.

## VI.

## JOHN FORD

Hew hard the marble from the mountain's  
 heart  
 Where hardest night fast in iron  
 gloom

Gems brighter than an April dawn in bloom,  
That his Memnonian likeness thence may  
start  
Revealed, whose hand with high funereal art  
Carved night, and chiselled shadow : be  
the tomb  
That speaks him famous graven with signs  
of doom  
Intrenched inevitably in lines athwart,  
As on some thunder-blasted Titan's brow  
His record of rebellion. Not the day  
Shall strike forth music from so stern a  
chord,  
Touching this marble : darkness, none knows  
how,  
And stars impenetrable of midnight, may,  
So looms the likeness of thy soul, John Ford.

VII.

JOHN WEBSTER.

THUNDER: the flesh quails, and the soul  
bows down.  
Night : east, west, south, and northward,  
very night.  
Star upon struggling star strives into sight,  
Star after shuddering star the deep storms  
drown.  
The very throne of night, her very crown,  
A man lays hand on, and usurps her right.  
Song from the highest of heaven's imperious  
height  
Shoots, as a fire to smite some towering town.  
Rage, anguish, harrowing fear, heart-crazing  
crime,  
Make monstrous all the murderous face of  
Time  
Shown in the spherul orbit of a glass  
Revolving. Earth cries out from all her  
graves.  
Frail, on frail rafts, across wide-wallowing  
waves,  
Shapes here and there of child and mother  
pass.

VIII.

THOMAS DECKER.

Out of the depths of darkling life where sin  
Laugh piteously that sorrow should not  
know

Her own ill name, nor woe be counted woe:  
Where fate and craft and lust make dreamer

Than lands through dreams that grief holds  
revel in ;  
What charm of joy-bells ringing, streams  
that flow,  
Winds that blow healing in each note they  
blow.

Is this that the outer darkness hears begin?

O sweetest heart of all thy time save one,  
Star seen for love's sake nearest to the sun,  
Hung lamplike o'er a dense and doleful  
city,  
Not Shakespeare's very spirit, howe'er more  
great,  
Than thine toward man was more compassion-  
ate,  
Nor gave Christ praise from lips more sweet  
with pity.

IX.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

A wild moon riding high from cloud to cloud,  
That sees and sees not, glimmering far  
beneath,  
Hell's children revel along the shuddering  
heath  
With dirge-like mirth and raiment like a  
shroud :  
A worse fair face than witchcraft's, passion-  
proud,  
With brows blood-flecked behind their  
bridal wreath  
And lips that bade the assassin's sword find  
sheath  
Deep in the heart: whereto love's heart was  
vowed :  
A game of close contentious crafts and creeds  
Played till white England bring black Spain  
to shame :  
A son's bright sword and brighter soul, whose  
deeds  
High conscience lights for mother's love  
and fame :  
Pure gypsy flowers, and poisonous courtly  
weeds:  
Such tokens and such trophies crown thy  
name.



## X.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

TOM, if they loved thee best who called thee  
Tom,

What else may all men call thee, seeing thus  
bright

Even yet the laughing and the weeping  
light

That still thy kind old eyes are kindled from?  
Small care was thine to assail and overcome

Time and his child Oblivion: yet of right  
Thy name has part with names of lordlier

might  
For English love and homely sense of home,  
Whose fragrance keeps thy small sweet bay-

leaf young  
And gives it place aloft among thy peers  
Whence many a wreath once higher strong

Time has hurled:  
And this thy praise is sweet on Shakespeare's

tongue—  
‘O good o’ld man, how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world!’

## XI.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

HIGH priest of Homer, not elect in vain,  
Deep trumpets blow before thee, shawms  
behind

Mix music with the rolling wheels that  
wind

Slow through the laboring triumph of thy  
train:

Fierce history, molten in thy forging brain,  
Fakes form and fire and fashion from thy

mind,  
Tormented and transmuted out of kind:  
But howsoe’er thou shift thy strenuous strain,

Like ‘Tailor \* smooth, like Fisher † swollen,  
and now

Grim Yarrington ‡ scarce bloodier marked  
than thou,

Then bluff as Mayne’s § or broad-mouthed  
Barry’s ¶ glee,

Proud still with hoar predominance of brow

\* Author of *The Hundred Years’ War*.

† Author of *Thomas Becket* and *Tom Truans*.

‡ Author of *The Prince of Wales*.

§ Author of *The City of Dreadful Night*.

¶ Author of *Romeo and Juliet*.

And beard like foam swept off the broad  
blown sea,

Where’er thou go’st, men’s reverence goes  
with thee.

## XII.

JOHN MARSTON.

THE bitterness of death and bitterer scorn  
Breathes from the broad-leaved aloe-plant

whence thou  
Wast fain to gather for thy bended brow  
A chaplet by no gentler forehead worn.

Grief deep as hell, wrath hardly to be borne,  
Ploughed up thy soul till round the furrow-

ing plough  
The strange black soil foamed, as a black  
beaked prow

Bids night-black waves foam where its track  
has torn.

Too faint the phrase for thee that only saith  
Scorn bitterer than the bitterness of death

Pervades the sullen splendor of thy soul,  
Where hate and pain make war on force and

fraud  
And all the strengths of tyrants; whence un-

flawed  
It keeps this noble heart of hatred whole.

## XIII.

JOHN DAY.

DAY was a full-blown flower in heaven, alive  
With murmuring joy of bees and birds

aswarm,  
When in the skies of song yet flushed and  
warm

With music where all passion seems to strive  
For utterance, all things bright and fierce to

drive  
Struggling along the splendor of the storm  
Day for an hour put off his fiery form,

And golden murmurs from a golden hive  
Across the strong bright summer wind were

heard,  
And laughter soft as smiles from girls at  
play

And loud from lips of boys brow-bound  
with play.

Our mightiest age let fall its gentlest word,

When Song, in semblance of a sweet small  
bird,  
Lit fluttering on the light swift hand of Day.

## XIV.

## JAMES SHIRLEY.

THE dusk of day's decline was hard on dark  
When evening trembled round thy glow-  
worm lamp  
That shone across her shades and dewy  
damp  
A small clear beacon whose benignant spark  
Was gracious yet for loiterers' eyes to mark.  
Though changed the watchword of our  
English camp  
Since the outposts rang round Marlowe's  
lion ramp,  
When thy steed's pace went ambling round  
Hyde Park.

And in the thickening twilight under thee  
Walks Davenant, pensive in the paths where  
he,  
The blithest throat that ever carolled love  
In music made of morning's merriest heart,  
Glad Suckling, stumbled from his seat above  
And reeled on slippery roads of alien art.

## XV.

## THE TRIBE OF BENJAMIN.

Sons born of many a loyal Muse to Ben,  
All true-begotten, warm with wine or ale,  
Bright from the broad light of his presence,  
Hail!  
Prince Randolph, nighest his throne of all  
his men,  
Being highest in spirit and heart who hailed  
him then  
King, nor might other spread so blithe a  
sail:  
Cartwright, a soul pent in with narrower  
pale,  
Praised of thy sire for manful might of pen:  
Marmion, whose verse keeps always keen and  
fine  
The perfume of their Apollonian wine  
Who shared with that stout sire of all and  
thee  
The exuberant chalice of his echoing shrine:  
Is not your praise writ broad in gold which  
he  
Inscribed, that all who praise his name  
should see?

## XVI.

## ANONYMOUS PLAYS:

## 'ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.'

MOTHER whose womb brought forth our man  
of men,  
Mother of Shakespeare, whom all time ac-  
claims  
Queen therefore, sovereign queen of Eng-  
lish dames,  
Throned higher than sat thy sonless empress  
then,  
Was it thy son's young passion-guided pen  
Which drew, reflected from encircling  
flames,  
A figure marked by the earlier of thy names  
Wife, and from all her wedded kinswomen  
Marked by the sign of murderess? Pale and  
great,  
Great in her grief and sin, but in her death  
And anguish of her penitential breath  
Greater than all her sin or sin-born fate,  
She stands, the holocaust of dark desire,  
Clothed round with song forever as with  
fire.

## XVII.

## ANONYMOUS PLAYS.

YE too, dim watchfires of some darkling hour,  
Whose fame forlorn time saves not nor pro-  
claims  
Forever, but forgetfulness defames  
And darkness and the shadow of death de-  
avour,  
Lift up ye too your light, put forth your  
power,  
Let the far twilight feel your soft small  
flames  
And smile, albeit night name not even their  
names,  
Ghost by ghost passing, flower blown down  
on flower:  
That sweet-tongued shadow, like a star's that  
passed  
Singing, and light was from its darkness cast  
To paint the face of Painting fair with  
praise: \*  
And that wherein forefigured smiles the pure  
Fraternal face of Wordsworth's Elidure  
Between two child-faced masks of merrier  
days.†

\* Doctor Dodypol. † Nobody and Somebody.

## XVIII.

## ANONYMOUS PLAYS.

MORE yet and more, and yet we mark not all:  
The Warning fain to bid fair women heed  
Its hard brief note of deadly doom and  
deed; \*

The verse that strewed too thick with flowers  
the hüll

Whence Nero watched his fiere festival: †  
That iron page wherein men's eyes who  
read

See, bruised and marred between two babes  
that bleed,

A mad red-handed husband's martyr fall: ‡  
The scene which crossed and streaked with  
mirth the strife

Of Henry with his sons and witchlike wife: §  
And that sweet pageant of the kindly fiend,

Who, seeing three friends in spirit and heart  
made one,

Crowned with good hap the true-love wiles  
he screened

In the pleached lanes of pleasant Edmon-  
ton. ¶

## XIX.

## THE MANY.

## I.

GREENE, garlanded with February's few  
flowers,

Ere March came in with Marlowe's rapt-  
urous rage:

Peele, from whose hand the sweet white  
locks of a

Took the mild chaplet woven of honor'd  
hair:

Nash, laughing hard: Lodge, flushed from  
lyric bowers:

And Lilly, a goldfinch in a twisted cage

Fed by some gay great lady's pettish page  
Full short sweet songs gush clear like short

spring waters:

Kid, whose grim sport still gambolled over  
graves:

And Chettle, in whose fresh funereal verse

\* *A Warning for Fair Women.*

† *The Warning for Fair Women.*

‡ *A Warning for Fair Women.*

§ *A Warning for Fair Women.*

¶ *The Merry Devil of Edmonston.*

Weeps Marian yet on Robin's wildwood  
hearse:

Cooke, whose light boat of song one soft  
breath saves,

Sighed from a maiden's amorous mouth  
averse:

Live likewise ye: Time takes not you for  
slaves.

## XX.

## THE MANY.

## II.

HAUGHTON, whose mirth gave woman all her  
will:

Field, bright and loud with laughing flower  
and bird

And keen alternate notes of laud and gird:  
Barnes, darkening once with Borgia's deeds

the quill

Which tuned the passion of Parthenophil:

Blithe burly Porter, broad and bold of word:

Wilkins, a voice with strenuous pity stirred:  
Turk Mason: Brewer, whose tongue drops

honey still:

Rough Rowley, handling song with Esau's  
hand:

Light Nabbes: lean Sharpham, rank and  
raw by turns,

But fragrant with a forethought once of  
Burns:

Soft Davenport, sad-robed, but blithe and  
bland:

Brome, gypsy-led across the woodland  
ferns:

Praise be with all, and place among our band.

## XXI.

## EPILOGUE.

OUR mother, which wast twice, as history  
saith,

Found first among the nations: once, when  
she

Who bore thine ensign saw the God in thee  
Smite Spain, and bring forth Shakespeare:

once, when death

Shrank, and Rome's bloodhounds cowered,

at Milton's breath:

More than thy place, then first among the  
free,

More than that sovereign lordship of the  
 sea  
 Bequeathed to Cromwell from Elizabeth,  
 More than thy fiery guiding-star, which Drake  
 hailed, and the deep saw lit again for Blake,  
 More than all deeds wrought of thy strong  
 right hand,

This praise keep most thy fame's memorial  
 strong  
 That thou wast head of all these streams of  
 song,  
 And time bows down to thee as Shake-  
 speare's land.

## A DARK MONTH.

'La maison sans enfants !' —VICTOR HUGO.

## I.

A MONTH without sight of the sun  
 Rising or reigning or setting  
 Through days without use of the day,  
 Who calls it the month of May?  
 The sense of the name is undone  
 And the sound of it fit for forgetting.

We shall not feel if the sun rise,  
 We shall not care when it sets :  
 If a nightingale make night's air  
 As noontide, why should we care ?  
 Till a light of delight that is done rise,  
 Extinguishing gray regrets ;

Till a child's face lighten again  
 On the twilight of older faces ;  
 Till a child's voice fall as the dew  
 On furrows with heat parched through  
 And all but hopeless of grain,  
 Refreshing the desolate places—

Fall clear on the ears of us hearkening  
 And hungering for food of the sound  
 And thirsting for joy of his voice :  
 Till the hearts in us hear and rejoice,  
 And the thoughts of them doubting and  
 darkening  
 Rejoice with a glad thing found.

When the heart of our gladness is gone,  
 What comfort is left with us after ?  
 When the light of our eyes is away,  
 What glory remains upon May,  
 What blessing of song is thereon  
 If we drink not the light of his laughter ?

No small sweet face with the daytime  
 To welcome, warmer than noon !

No sweet small voice as a bird's  
 To bring us the day's first words !  
 Mid May for us here is not Maytime :  
 No summer begins with June.

A whole dead month in the dark,  
 A dawn in the mists that o'ercome her  
 Stuffed and smothered and sad—  
 Swift speed to it barren and bad !  
 And return to us, voice of the lark,  
 And remain with us, sunlight of summer.

## II.

ALAS, what right has the dawn to glimmer,  
 What right has the wind to do aught but  
 moan ?

All the day should be dimmer  
 Because we are left alone.

Yesternorn like a sunbeam present  
 Hither and thither a light step smiled,  
 And made each place for us pleasant  
 With the sense or the sight of a child.

But the leaves persist as before, and after  
 Our parting the dull day still bears flowers ;  
 And songs less bright than his laughter  
 Deride us from birds in the bowers.

Birds, and blossoms, and sunlight only,  
 As though such folly sufficed for spring !  
 As though the house were not lonely  
 For want of the child its king !

## III.

ASLEEP and afar to-night my darling  
 Lies, and heeds not the night,  
 If winds be stirring or storms be snarling ;  
 For his sleep is its own sweet light.

I sat where he sat beside me quaffing  
The wine of story and song  
Poured forth of immortal cups, and laughing  
When mirth in the draught grew strong.

I broke the gold of the words, to melt it  
For hands but seven years old,  
And they caught the tale as a bird, and felt it  
More bright than visible gold.

And he drank down deep, with his eyes broad  
beaming,  
Here in this room where I am,  
The golden vintage of Shakes-peare, gleaming  
In the silver vessels of Lamb.

Here by my hearth where he was I listen  
For the shade of the sound of a word,  
Athirst for the birdlike eyes to glisten,  
For the tongue to chirp like a bird.

At the blast of battle, how broad they bright-  
ened,  
Like fire in the spheres of stars,  
And clung to the pictured page, and lightened  
As keen as the heart of Mars!

At the touch of laughter, how swift it twit-  
tered  
The shrillest music on earth;  
How the lithe limbs laughed and the whole  
child glittered  
With radiant riot of mirth!

Our Shakespeare now, as a man dumb-  
stricken,  
Stands silent there on the shelf:  
And my thoughts, that had song in the heart  
of them, sicken,  
And relish not Shakespeare's self.

And my mood grows moodier than Hamlet's  
even,  
And man delights not me,  
But only the face that morn and even  
My heart leapt only to see.

That my heart made merry within me seeing,  
And sang as his laugh kept time:  
But song finds now no pleasure in being,  
And love no reason in rhyme.

## IV.

MILD May-blossom and proud sweet bay  
flower,  
What, for shame, would you have with us  
here?

It is not the month of the May-flower  
This, but the fall of the year.

Flowers open only their lips in derision,  
Leaves are as fingers that point in scorn:  
The shows we see are a vision;  
Spring is not verily born.

Yet boughs turn supple and buds grow sappy,  
As though the sun were indeed the sun:  
And all our words are happy  
With all their birds save one.

But spring is over, but summer is over,  
But autumn is over, and winter stands  
With his feet sunk deep in the clover  
And cowslips cold in his hands.

His hoar grim head has a hawthorn bonnet,  
His gnarled gaunt hand has a gay green  
staff  
With new-blown rose-blossom on it:  
But his laugh is a dead man's laugh.

The laugh of spring that the heart seeks after  
The hand that the whole world yearns to  
kiss,  
It rings not here in his laughter,  
The sign of it is not this.

There is not strength in it left to splinter  
Tall oaks, nor frost in his breath to sting:  
Yet it is but a breath as of winter,  
And it is not the hand of spring.

## V.

THIRTY-ONE pale maidens, clad  
All in mourning dresses,  
Pass, with lips and eyes more sad  
That it seems they should be glad,  
Heads discrowned of crowns they had,  
Gray for golden tresses.

Gray their girdles too for green,  
And their veils dishevelled:  
None would say, to see their mien,  
That the least of these had been  
Born no baser than a queen,  
Reared where flower-fays revelled.

Dreams that strive to seem awake,  
Ghosts that walk by daytime,  
Weary winds the way they take,  
Since, for one child's absent sake,  
May knows well, whate'er things make  
Sport, it is not Maytime.

VI.

A HAND at the door taps light  
As the hand of my heart's delight:  
It is but a full-grown hand,  
Yet the stroke of it seems to start  
Hope like a bird in my heart,  
Too feeble to soar or to stand.

To start light hope from her cover  
Is to raise but a kite for a plover  
If her wings be not fledged to soar,  
Desire, but in dreams, cannot open  
The door that was shut upon hope  
When love went out at the door.

Well were it if vision could keep  
The lids of desire as in sleep  
Fast locked, and over his eyes  
A dream with the dark soft key  
In her hand might hover, and he  
Their keeper till morning rise;

The morning that brings after many  
Days fled with no light upon any  
The small face back which is gone;  
When the loved little hands once more  
Shall struggle and strain at the door  
They beat their summons upon.

VII.

If a soul for but seven days were cast out of  
heaven and its mirth,  
They would seem to her fears like as seventy  
years upon earth.

Even and morrow should seem to her sorrow  
as long  
As the passage of numberless ages in slumber-  
less song.

Dawn, roused by the lark, would be surely as  
dark in her sight  
As her measureless measure of shadowless  
pleasure was bright.

Noon, gilt but with glory of gold, would be  
hoary and gray  
In her eyes that had gazed on the depths, un-  
amazed with the day.

Night hardly would seem to make darker her  
dream never done,  
When it could but withhold what a man may  
behold of the sun.

For dreams would perplex, were the days that  
should vex her but seven,

The sight of her vision, made dark with  
division from heaven.

Till the light on my lonely way lighten that  
only now gleams,  
I too am divided from heaven and derided of  
dreams.

VIII.

A TWILIGHT fire-fly may suggest  
How flames the fire that feeds the sun:  
'A crooked figure may attest  
In little space a million.'

But this faint-figured verse, that dresses  
With flowers the bones of one bare month,  
Of all it would say scarce expresses  
In crooked ways a millionth.

A fire-fly tenders to the father  
Of fires a tribute something worth:  
My verse, a shard-borne beetle rather,  
Drones over scarce-illuminated earth.

Some inches round me though it brighten  
With light of music-making thought,  
The dark indeed it may not lighten,  
The silence moves not, hearing nought.

Only my heart is eased with hearing,  
Only mine eyes are soothed with seeing,  
A face brought nigh, a footfall nearing,  
Till hopes take form and dreams have  
being.

IX.

As a poor man hungering stands with insatiate  
eyes and hands  
Void of bread  
Right in sight of men that feast while his  
famine with no least  
Crumb is fed,

Here across the garden-wall can I hear strange  
children call,  
Watch them play,  
From the windowed seat above, whence the  
goodlier child I love  
Is aw-

Here the sights we saw together moved his  
fancy like a feather  
To and fro,

Now to wonder, and thereafter to the sunny  
storm of laughter  
Loud and low—

Sights engraven on storied pages where man's  
tale of seven swift ages  
All was told—  
Seen of eyes yet bright from heaven—for the  
lips that laughed were seven  
Sweet years old.

## X.

Why should May remember  
March, if March forget  
The days that began with December,  
The nights that a frost could fret?

All their griefs are done with  
Now the bright months bless  
Fit souls to rejoice in the sun with,  
Fit heads for the wind's caress;

Souls of children quickening  
With the whole world's mirth,  
Heads closelier than field-flowers thickening  
That crowd and illuminate earth,

Now that May's call musters  
Files of baby hands  
To marshal in joyfuller clusters  
Than the flowers that encumber their hands.

Yet morose November  
Found them no less gay,  
With nought to forget or remember  
Less bright than a branch of may.

All the seasons moving  
Move their minds alike  
Applauding, acclaiming, approving  
All hours of the year that strike.

So my heart may fret not,  
Wondering if my friend  
Remember me not or forget not  
Or ever the month find end.

Not that love sows lighter  
Seed in children sown,  
But that life being lit in them brighter  
Moves fleetlier than even our own.

May nor yet September  
Binds their hearts, that yet

Remember, forget, and remember,  
Forget, and recall, and forget.

## XI.

As light on a lake's face moving  
Between a cloud and a cloud  
Till night reclaim it, reproving  
The heart that exults too loud,

The heart that watching rejoices  
When soft it swims into sight  
Applauded of all the voices  
And stars of the windy night,

So brief and unsure, but sweeter  
Than ever a moon dawn smiled,  
Moves, measured or no tune's metre,  
The song in the soul of a child;

The song that the sweet soul singing  
Half listens, and hardly hears,  
Though sweeter than joy-bells ringing  
And brighter than joy's own tears;

The song that remembrance of pleasure  
Begins, and forgetfulness ends  
With a soft swift change in the measure  
That rings in remembrance of friends

As the moon on the lake's face flashes,  
So haply may gleam at whiles  
A dream through the dear deep lashes  
Whereunder a child's eye smile.

And the least of us all that love him  
May take for a moment part  
With angels around and above him,  
And I find place in his heart.

## XII.

CHILD, were you kinless and lonely—  
Dear, were you kin to me—  
My love were compassionate only  
Or such as it needs would be.

But eyes of father and mother  
Like sunlight shed on you shine:  
What need you have heed of another  
Such new strange love as is mine?

It is not meet if unruly  
Hands take of the children's bread  
And cast it to dogs; but truly  
The dogs after all would be fed.

On crumbs from the children's table  
That crumble, dropped from above  
My heart feeds, fed with unstable  
Loose waifs of a child's light love.

Though love in your heart were brittle  
As glass that breaks with a touch,  
You haply would lend him a little  
Who surely would give you much.

## XIII.

HERE is a rough  
Rude sketch of my friend,  
Faint-colored enough  
And unworthily penned.

Fearlessly fair  
And triumphant he stands,  
And holds unaware  
Friends' hearts in his hands;

Stalwart and straight  
As an oak that should bring  
Forth gallant and great  
Fresh roses in spring.

On the paths of his pleasure  
All grace, that wait  
What metre shall measure,  
What rhyme shall relate?

Each action, each motion,  
Each feature, each limb,  
Demands a devotion  
In honor of him:

Head that the hand  
Of a god might have blest,  
Laid lustrous and bland  
On the curve of its crest:

Mouth sweeter than cherries  
Keen eyes as of Mars,  
Browner than berries  
And brighter than stars.

Nor color nor wordy  
Weak song can declare  
The stature how sturdy,  
How stalwart his air.

As a king in his bright  
Presence-chamber may be,  
So seems he in height—  
Twice higher than your knee.

As a warrior seel  
With reserve of his power,  
So seems he in state—  
As tall as a dower:

As a rose overtowering  
The ranks of the rest  
That beneath it lie cowering,  
Less bright than their best

And his hands are as sunny  
As ruddy ripe corn  
Or the browner-bued honey  
From heather-bells borne.

When summer sits proudest,  
Fulfilled with its mirth,  
And rapture is loudest  
In air and on earth,

The suns of all hours  
That have ripened the roots  
Bring forth not such flowers  
And beget not such fruits.

And well though I know it,  
As fain would I write,  
Child, never a poet  
Could praise you aright.

I bless you? the blessing  
Were less than a jest  
Too poor for expressing;  
I come to be blest,

With humble and dutiful  
Heart, from above:  
Bless me, O my beautiful  
Innocent love!

This rhyme in your praise  
With a smile was begun;  
But the goal of his ways  
Is uncovered to none,

Nor pervious till after  
The limit impend;  
It is not in laughter  
These rhymes of you end.

## XIV.

SPRING, and fall, and summer, and winter,  
Which may Earth love least of them all,  
Whose arms embrace as their signs imprint  
her,  
Summer, or winter, or spring, or fall?



The clear-eyed spring with the wood-lark  
mutual.

The rose-red summer with eyes aglow,  
The yellow fall with serene eyes waiting,  
The wild-eyed winter with hair all snow?

Her eyes are soft, but if frosts benumb  
her

As winter's own will her shrewd breath  
sting

Storms may rend the raiment of summer,  
And fall grow bitter as harsh-tipped spring.

One sign for summer and winter guides me,  
One for spring, and the like for fall;  
Whichever from sight of my head divides me,  
That is the worst ill season of all.

## XV.

Worse than winter is spring  
If I come not to sight of my king,  
But then what a spring will it be  
When my king takes homage of me!

I send his grace from afar  
Homage, as though to a star;  
As a shepherd whose flock takes flight  
May worship a star by night.

As a flock that a wolf is upon  
My songs take flight and are gone;  
No heart is in any to sing  
Aught but the praise of my king.

Fain would I once and again  
Sing deeds and passions of name;  
But ever a child's head gleams  
Between my work and my dreams.

Between my hand and my eyes  
The lines of a small face rise,  
And the lines I trace and retrace  
Are none but those of the face.

## XVI.

Till the tale of all this flock of days alike  
All be done.

Weary days of waiting till the month's hand  
strike

Thirty-one,

Till the clock's hand of the month break off,  
and end

With the clock,

Till the 'last and whitest sheep at last be  
penned  
Of the flock,

That I can look on in my hand  
day.

With my song,  
Though my song be like this month which  
once was May  
All too long.

## XVII.

THE incarnate sun, a tall strong youth,  
In old Greek eyes in sculpture smiled;  
But trulier had he given the truth  
To shape him like a child.

No face full-grown of all our dearest  
So lightens all our darkness, none  
Most loved of all our hearts hold nearest  
So far outshines the sun,

As when with sly shy smiles that feign  
Doubt if the hour be clear, the time  
Fit to break off my work again  
Or sport of prose or rhyme,

My friend peers in on me with merry  
Wise face, and though the sky stay dim  
The very light of day is very  
Sun's self comes in with him.

## XVIII.

Out of sight,  
Out of mind!  
Could he light  
From unkind?

Can he sun  
Quite forget  
What was done  
Ere he set?

Does the moon  
When she wanes  
Leave no time  
That remains

In the void  
Shell of night  
O'er-revelled  
With full light?

Must the shore  
At low tide  
Feel no more  
Hope or pride,

No intense  
Joy to be,  
In the — e  
Of the sea—

In the pulses  
Of her shocks  
It repulses,  
When its rocks

Thrill and ring  
As with glee?  
Has my king  
Cast off me,

Whom no bird  
Flying south  
Brings one word  
From his mouth?

Not the ghost  
Of a word  
Kidding post  
Have I heard,

Since the day  
When my king  
Took away  
With him spring,

And the cup  
Of each flower  
Shrivelled up  
That same hour,

With no light  
Left behind,  
Out of sight,  
Out of mind!

## XIX.

BECAUSE I adore you  
And fall  
On the knees of my spirit before you—  
After all.

You need not of insult,  
Meekly,  
Will neglect, though your spirit exult  
In the spring,

Even me, though not worth,  
God knows,  
One word of you sent me in mirth,  
Or one rose

Out of all in your garden  
That grow  
Where the frost and the wind never harden  
Flakes of snow,

Nor ever is rain  
At all,  
But the roses rejoice to remain  
Fair and tall—

The roses of love,  
More sweet  
Than blossoms that rain from above  
Round our feet,

When under high bowers  
We pass,  
Where the west wind freckles with flowers  
All the grass.

But a child's thoughts bear  
More bright  
Sweet visions by day, and more fair  
Dreams by night,

Than summer's whole treasure  
Can be:  
What am I that his thought should take  
pleasure,  
Then, in me?

I am only my love's  
True lover,  
With a nestful of songs, like doves  
Under cover,

That I bring in my cap  
Fresh caught,  
To be laid on my small king's lap—  
Worth just nought.

Yet it haply may hap  
That he,  
When the mirth in his veins is as sap  
In a tree,

Will remember me too  
Some day  
Ere the transit be thoroughly through  
Of this May—

Or perchance, if such grace  
May be,  
Some night when I dream of his face,  
Dream of me.

Or if this be too high  
A hope  
For me to prefigure in my  
Horoscope,

He may dream of the place  
Where we  
Basked once in the light of his face  
Who now see

Nought brighter, not one  
Thing bright,  
Than the stars and the moon and the sun,  
Day nor night.

## XX.

DAY by darkling day,  
Overpassing, bears away  
Somewhat of the burden of this weary May.

Night by numbered night,  
Waning, brings more near in sight  
Hope that grows to vision of my heart's de-  
light.

Nearer seems to burn  
In the dawn's rekindling urn  
Flame of fragrant incense, hailing 'neath a morn.

Louder seems each bird  
In the brightening branches heard  
Still to speak some ever more delightful word.

All the mists that swim  
Round the dawns that grow less dim  
Still wax brighter and more bright with hope  
of him.

All the suns that rise  
Bring that day more near our eyes  
When the sight of him shall clear our clouded  
skies.

All the winds that roam  
Fruitful fields of fruitless foam  
Blow the bright hour near that brings his  
bright face home.

## XXI.

I HEAR of two far hence  
In a garden met,  
And the fragrance blown from thence  
Fades not yet.

The one is seven years old,  
And my friend is he:

But the years of the other have told  
Eighty-three.

To hear these twain converse  
Or to see them greet  
Were sweeter than softest verse  
May be sweet.

The hoar old gardener there  
With an eye more mild  
Perchance than his mild white hair  
Meets the child.

I had rather hear the words  
That the twain exchange  
Than the songs of all the birds  
There that range,

Call, chirp, and twitter there  
Through the garden-beds  
Where the sun alike sees fair  
Those two heads,

And which may holier be  
Held in heaven of those  
Or more worth heart's thanks to see  
No man knows.

## XXII.

Of such is the kingdom of heaven  
No glory that ever was shed  
From the crowning star of the seven  
That crown the north world's head,

No word that ever was spoken  
Of human or godlike tongue,  
Gave ever such godlike token  
Since human harps were strung.

No sign that ever was given  
To faithful or faithless eyes  
Showed ever beyond clouds riven  
So clear a Paradise.

Earth's creeds may be seventy times seven  
And blood have defiled each creed:  
If of such be the kingdom of heaven,  
It must be heaven indeed.

## XXIII.

THE wind on the downs is bright  
As though from the sea:  
And morning and night  
Take comfort again with me.

He is nearer to-day,  
Each night to each morning saith,

Whose return shall revive dead May  
With the balm of his breath.

The sunset says to the moon,  
He is nearer to-night  
Whose coming in June  
Is looked for more than the light.

Bird answers to bird,  
Hour passes the sign on to hour,  
And for joy of the bright news heard  
Flower murmurs to flower.

The ways that were glad of his feet  
In the woods that he knew  
Grow softer to meet  
The sense of his footfall anew.

He is near now as day,  
Says hope to the new-born light:  
He is near now as June is to May,  
Says love to the night.

## XXIV.

Good things I keep to console me  
For lack of the best of all.  
A child to command and control me,  
Bid come and remain at his call.

Sun, wind, and woodland and highland,  
Give all that ever they gave:  
But my world is a cultureless island,  
My spirit a masterless slave.

And friends are about me, and better  
At summons of no man stand:  
But I pine for the touch of a fetter,  
The curb of a strong king's hand.

Each hour of the day in her season  
Is mine to be served as I will:  
And for no more exquisite reason  
Are all served idly and ill.

By slavery my sense is corrupted,  
My soul not fit to be free:  
I would fain be controlled, interrupted,  
Compelled as a thrall may be.

For fault of spur and of bridle  
I tire of my stall to death:  
My sail flaps joyless and idle  
For want of a small child's breath.

## XXV.

Whiter and whiter  
The dark lines grow,

And broader opens and brighter  
The sense of the text below.

Nightfall and morrow  
Bring nigher the boy  
Whom wanting we want not sorrow,  
Whom having we want no joy.

Clearer and clearer  
The sweet sense grows  
Of the word which hath summer for hearer,  
The word on the lips of the rose.

Duskily dwindles  
Each deathlike day,  
Till June rearing rekindles  
The depth of the darkness of May.

## XXVI.

*'In his bright radiance and collateral light  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.'*

STARS in heaven are many,  
Suns in heaven but one:  
Nor for man may any  
Star supplant the sun.

Many a child as joyous  
As our far-off king  
Meets as though to annoy us  
In the paths of spring.

Sure as spring gives warning,  
All things dance in tune:  
Sun on Easter morning  
Cloud and windy moon,

Stars between the tossing  
Boughs of tuneful trees,  
Sails of ships recrossing  
Leagues of dancing seas;

Best, in all this playtime,  
Best of all in tune,  
Girls more glad than Maytime,  
Boys more bright than June;

Mixed with all those dances,  
Far through field and street  
Sing their silent glances,  
Ring their radiant feet.

Flowers wherewith May crowned us  
Fall ere June be crowned:  
Children blossom round us  
All the whole year round.

Is the garland worthless  
For one rose the less,  
And the feast made mirthless?  
Love, at least, says yes.

Strange it were, with many  
Stars enkindling air,  
Should but one find any  
Welcome: strange it were,

Had one star alone won  
Praise for light from far:  
Nay, love needs his own one  
Bright particular star.

Hope and recollection  
Only lead him right  
In its bright reflection  
And collateral light.

Find as yet we may not  
Comfort in its sphere:  
Yet these days will weigh not  
When it warms us here;

When full-orbed it rises,  
Now divine afar:  
None in all the skies is  
Half so good a star;

None that seems importune  
Till a sign be won:  
Star of our good fortune,  
Rise and reign, our sun!

## XXVII.

I PASS by the small room now forlorn  
Where once each night as I passed I knew  
A child's bright sleep from even to morn  
Made sweet the whole night through.

As a soundless shell, as a songless nest,  
— is now the room that was radiant then  
And fragrant with his happier rest  
Then that of slumbering men.

There, there is less than the day,  
The night is indeed night now therein:  
Heavier the dark seems there to weigh,  
And slower the dawns begin.

As a nest fulfilled with birds, as a shell  
Fulfilled with breath of a god's own hymn,  
Again shall be this bare blank cell,  
Made sweet again with him.

## XXVIII.

SPRING darkens before us,  
A flame going down,  
With chant from the chorus  
Of days without crown—  
Cloud, rain, and sonorous  
Soft wind on the down.

She is wearier not of us  
Than we of the dream  
That spring was to love us  
And joy was to gleam  
Through the shadows above us  
That shift as they stream.

Half dark and half hoary,  
Float far on the loud  
Mild wind, as a glory  
Half pale and half proud  
From the twilight of story,  
Her tresses of cloud;

Like phantoms that glimmer  
Of glories of old  
With ever yet dimmer  
Pale circlets of gold  
As darkness grows grimmer  
And memory more cold.

Like hope growing clearer  
With wane of the moon,  
Shines toward us the nearer  
Gold frontlet of June,  
And a face with it dearer  
Than midsummer noon.

## XXIX.

You send me your love in a letter,  
I send you my love in a song:  
Ah child, your gift is the better,  
Mine does you but wrong.

No fame, were the best less brittle,  
No praise, were it wide as earth,  
Is worth so much as a little  
Child's love may be worth.

We see the children above us  
As they might angels above:  
Come back to us, child, if you love us,  
And bring us your love.

## XXX.

No time for books or for letters:  
What time should there be?  
No room for tasks and letters:  
Full room to be free.

The wind and the sun and the Maytime  
Had never a guest  
More worthy the most that his playtime  
Could give of its best.

If rain should come on, peradventure,  
(But sunshine forbid!)  
Vain hope in us haply might venture  
To dream as it did.

But never may come, of all comers  
Least welcome, the rain,  
To mix with his servant the summer's  
Rose-garlanded train!

He would write, but his hours are as busy  
As bees in the sun,  
And the jubilant whirl of their dizzy  
Dance never is done.

The message is more than a letter,  
Let love understand,  
And the thought of his joys even better  
Than sight of his hand.

## XXXI.

WIND, high-souled, full-hearted  
South-west wind of the spring!  
Ere April and earth had parted,  
Skies, bright with thy forward wing,  
Grew dark in an hour with the shadow behind  
it, that bade not a bird dare sing.

Wind whose feet are sunny,  
Wind whose wings are cloud,  
With lips more sweet than honey  
Still, speak they low or loud,  
I see now again in the strength of thine  
heart: let the depth of thy soul  
proud.

We hear thee singing or sighing,  
Just not given to sight,  
All but visibly flying  
Between the clouds and the light,

And the light in our hearts is enkindled, the  
shadow therein of the clouds put to  
flight.

From the gift of thine hands we gather  
The core of the flowers therein,  
Keen glad heart of heather,  
Hot sweet heart of whin,  
Twin breaths in thy godlike breath close  
blended of wild spring's wildest or  
kin.

All but visibly beating  
We feel thy wings in the far  
Clear waste, and the plumes of them fleet-  
ing,  
Soft as swan's plumes are,  
And strong as a wild swan's pinions, and  
swift as the flash of the flight of a star.

As the flight of a planet enkindled  
Seems thy far soft flight  
Now May's reign has dwindled  
And the crescent of June takes light  
And the presence of summer is here, and the  
hope of a welcomer presence in sight.

Wind, sweet-souled, great-hearted  
Southwest wind on the wold!  
From us is a glory departed  
That now shall return as of old,  
Borne back on thy wings as on eagle's ex-  
panding, and crowned with the sun  
dawn's gold.

There is not a flower but rejoices,  
There is not a leaf but has heard:  
All the fields find voices,  
All the woods are stirred:  
There is not a nest but is brighter because of  
the coming of one bird to brood.

Out of dawn and noon and  
Noon and afternoon,  
The sun to the world: yet we wait  
Of news that brightens the moon:  
And the stars all night exult with us, hearing  
of joy that shall come with June.

## SUNRISE.

If the wind and the sunlight of April and  
 August had mingled the past and here-  
 after  
 In a single adorable season whose life were a  
 rapture of love and of laughter,  
 And the blithest of singers were back with a  
 song; if again from his tomb as from  
 prison  
 If again from the night or the twilight of ages  
 Aristophanes had arisen,  
 With the gold-feathered wings of a bird that  
 were also a god upon earth at his  
 shoulders,  
 And the gold-flowing laugh of the manhood  
 of old at his lips, for a joy to beholders,  
 He alone unrebuked of presumption were  
 able to set to some adequate measure  
 The delight of our eyes in the dawn that re-  
 stores them to the use of their sense and  
 the pleasure,  
 For the days of the darkness of spirit are  
 over for all of us here, and the sea is  
 When desire was a benumbing, and absence a  
 thorn, and rejoicing a word without  
 reason.  
 For the roof overhead of the pines is astir  
 with delight as of jubilant voices,  
 And the floor underfoot of the bracken and  
 heather alive as a heart that rejoices,  
 For the house that was childless awhile, and  
 the light of it darkened, the pulse of it  
 dwelled,  
 Rings radiant again with a child's bright feet,  
 with the light of his face is rekindled,  
 And the ways of the meadows that knew him,  
 the sweep of the down that the sky's  
 belt closes,  
 Grow gladder at heart than the soft wind  
 made them whose feet were but frag-  
 rant with roses,  
 Though the fall of the year be upon us, who  
 trusted in June and by June were de-  
 trauded,  
 And the summer that brought us not back  
 the desire of our eyes be gone hence  
 unappiauded,  
 For July came joyless among us, and August  
 went out from us and and sterile,  
 And the hope of our hearts, as it seemed,

was no more than a flower that the  
 seasons imperil,  
 And the joy of our hearts, as it seemed, than  
 a thought which regret had not heart  
 remember,  
 Till four dark months overpast were atoned  
 for, and summer began in September.  
 Hark, April again as a bird in the house with  
 a child's voice hither and thither:  
 See, May in the garden again with a child's  
 face cheering the woods ere they  
 wither.  
 June laughs in the light of his eyes, and July  
 on the sunbright cheeks of him slum-  
 bers,  
 And August glows in a smile more sweet  
 than the cadence of gold-mouthed  
 numbers.  
 In the morning the sight of him brightens the  
 sun, and the noon with delight in him  
 flushes,  
 And the silence of nightfall is music about  
 him as soft as the sleep that it hushes,  
 We awake with a sense of a sunrise that is  
 not a gift of the sundawn's giving,  
 And a voice that salutes us is sweeter than  
 all sounds else in the world of the liv-  
 ing.  
 And a presence that warms us is brighter  
 than all in the world of our visions be-  
 holden,  
 Though the dreams of our sleep were as  
 those that the light of a world without  
 grief makes golden.  
 For the best that the best of us ever devised  
 as a likeness of heaven and its glory,  
 What was it of old, or what is it and will be  
 forever, in song or in story,  
 Or in shape or in color of carven or painted  
 resemblance, adored of all ages,  
 Is a vision recorded of children alive in the  
 pictures of old or the pages?  
 Where children are not, heaven is not, and  
 heaven if they come not again shall be  
 never:  
 But the face and the voice of a child are as-  
 surance of heaven and its promise for-  
 ever.

## A MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY.

## THE SEABOARD.

The sea is at ebb, and the sound of her utmost word  
Is soft as the least wave's lapse in a still small reach.

From bay into bay, on quest of a goal deferred,  
From headland ever to headland and breach to breach

Where earth gives ear to the message that all days preach

With changes of gladness and sadness that cheer and chide,

The lone way lures me along by a chance untried

That haply, if hope dissolve not and faith be whole,

Not all for nought shall I seek, with a dream for guide,

The goal that is not, and ever again the goal.

The trackless ways are untravelled of sail or bird ;

The hoar wave hardly recedes from the soundless beach.

The silence of instant noon goes nigh to be heard,

The viewless void to be visible : all and each,  
A closure of calm no clamor of storm can breach

Concludes and confines and absorbs them on either side,

All forces of light and of life and the live world's pride,

Sands hardly ruffled of ripples that hardly roll  
Seem ever to show as in reach of a swift brief stride

The goal that is not, and ever again the goal.

The waves are a joy to the seamew, the meads to the herd,

And a joy to the heart is a goal that it may not reach.

No sense that for ever the limits of sense en- gird.

No hearing or sight that is vassal to form or speech,

Learns ever the secret that shadow and silence teach,

Hears ever the notes that or ever they swell subside,

Sees ever the light that lights not the loud world's tide,

Clasps ever the cause of the lifelong scheme's control

Wherethrough we pursue, till the waters of life be dried,

The goal that is not, and ever again the goal.

Friend, what have we sought or seek we, whate'er betide,

Though the seaboard shift its mark from afar descried,

But aims whence ever anew shall arise the soul ?

Love, thought, song, life, but show for a glimpse and hide

The goal that is not, and ever again the goal.

## A HAVEN.

East and north a waste of waters, south and west

Lonelier lands than dreams in sleep would feign to be,

When the soul goes forth on travel, and is prest

Round and compassed in with clouds that flash and flee,

Dells without a streamlet, downs without a tree.

Cirques of hollow cliff that crumble, give their guest

Little hope, till hard at hand he pause, to see  
Where the small town smiles, a warm still sea-side nest.

Many a lone long mile, by many a headland's crest,

Down by many a garden dear to bird and bee,

Up by many a sea-down's bare and breezy breast,

Winds the sandy strait of road where flowers run free.

Here along the deep steep lanes by field and lea

Knights have carolled, pilgrims chanted, on their quest,

Haply, ere a roof rose toward the bleak strand's lee,

Where the small town smiles, a warm still sea-side nest.



Are the wild lands' cursed perchance of time,  
 or blest,  
 Sad with fear or glad with comfort of the sea;  
 Are the ruinous towers of churches fallen on  
 rest  
 Watched of wanderers woful now, glad once  
 as we,  
 When the night has all men's eyes and hearts  
 in fee,  
 When the soul bows down dethroned and  
 dispos-est?  
 Yet must peace keep guard, by day's and  
 night's decree  
 Where the small town smiles, a warm still  
 sea-side nest,  
 Friend, the lonely land is bright for you and  
 me  
 All its wild ways through: but this methinks  
 is best,  
 Here to watch how kindly time and cha-  
 arce  
 Where the small town smiles, a warm still  
 sea-side nest.

#### ON A COUNTRY ROAD.

Along these low pleached lanes, on such a  
 day,  
 So soft a day as this, through shade and sun,  
 With glad grave eyes that scanned the glad  
 wild way,  
 And hearts still hovering o'er a song begun,  
 And smile that warmed the world with merrison,  
 Our father, lord long since of lordly rhyme,  
 Long since hath haply ridden, when the lime  
 Bloomed broad above him, flowering where  
 he came,  
 Because thy passage once made warm this  
 chime,  
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name,  
 Each year that England clothes herself with  
 May,  
 She takes thy likeness on her. Time hath  
 spun  
 Fresh raiment all in vain an l strange array  
 For earth and man's new spirit, fain to shun  
 Things past for dreams of better to be won,  
 Through many a century since thy funeral  
 chime  
 Rang, and men deemed it death's most dire-  
 ful crime

To have spared not thee for very love of  
 sham;  
 And yet, while mists round last year's me-  
 mories climb,  
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name,  
 Each turn of the old wild road whereon we  
 stray,  
 Meseems, might bring us face to face with  
 one  
 Whom seeing we could not but give thanks,  
 and praise,  
 For England's love our father and her son  
 To speak with us as once in days long done  
 With all man, sage and churl and monk and  
 noble,  
 Who know it is we know the soul sublime  
 That sets the king's love more than lust of  
 time,  
 Yet, that it will be not, yet, in happy time,  
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name,  
 Friend, even as bees about the flowering  
 thyme,  
 Years crowd on years, till hoar decay begrime  
 Names once beloved; but, seeing the sun the  
 same,  
 As birds of autumn fain to praise the prime,  
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

#### THE MILL GARDEN.

Stately stand the sunflowers, glowing down  
 the garden-side,  
 Knee-deep in royal rank arow along the warm  
 grey wall,  
 Whence their deep disks burn at rich midnoon  
 with pride,  
 Even as though their beams indeed were sun-  
 beams, and the tall  
 Sceptal stems bore stars whose reign endures,  
 not overers that fall,  
 Lowlier boughs and basks the kindlier flower  
 of Louclier fame,  
 Held by love the sweeter that it blooms in  
 Shakespeare's name,  
 Fragrant yet as though his hand had touched  
 and made it thrill,  
 Like the whole world's heart, with warm new  
 life and cladding flame,  
 Fair to all the fair green close that lies below  
 the mill!  
 Softlier here the flower-soft feet of refulgent  
 seasons glide,

## A MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY.

Another breathes the long low note of change's  
gentler call.

Wind and storm and landslip feed the lone  
sea's gulf outside,

Half a seamew's first flight hence; but scarce  
may these appal

Peace, whose perfect seal is set for signet here  
on all.

Steep and deep and sterile, under fields no  
plough can tame,

Dal the cliffs full-fledged with poppies red as  
love or shame,

Wide wan daisies bleak and bald, or herbage  
harsh and chill;

Here the full clove pinks and wallflowers  
crown the love they claim,

Fair befall the fair green close that lies below  
the mill!

All the place breathes low, but not for fear  
lest ill betide,

is roses answering roses, or a dove's re-  
call.

Little heed it how the seaward bank may  
stoop and slide,

How the winds and years may hold all outer  
things in thrall,

How their wrath may work on hoar church  
tower and boundary wall.

Fair and wide the waste and ravin of their rule  
proclaim

Change alone the changeless lord of things,  
alone the same;

Here a flower is stronger than the winds that  
work their will,

On the years that wing their way through dark-  
ness toward their aim.

Fair befall the fair green close that lies below  
the mill!

Friend, the home that smiled us welcome  
hither when we came,

When we pass again with summer, surely  
should reclaim

What given of heart's thanksgiving more  
than words fulfil—

More than song, were song more sweet than  
all but love, might frame,

Fair befall the fair green close that lies  
below the mill!

### A SEA-MARK.

FAIRNS have left the sea-blanks ill to climb;  
Waveward sinks the loosening seaboard's  
floor:

If in the sliding soil are mine and mine  
Earth, a fruit rain-rotted to the core,

Drops dissolving down in flakes, that pour  
Dense as gout from eaves grown foul with  
grime.

One sole rock which years that seathe not  
score

Stands a sea-mark in the tides of time.

Time were even as even the rainiest clime,  
Life were even as even this lapsing shore,

Might not aught outlive their trustless prime?  
Vainly fear would wail or hope implore,

Vainly grief revile or love adore  
Seasons clothed in sunshine, rain, or rime.

Now for me one comfort held in store  
Stands a sea-mark in the tides of time.

Once, by fate's default or chance's crime,  
Each apart, our burdens each we bore;

Heard, in monotonies like bells that chime,  
Chime the sounds of sorrows, float and soar

For's full carols, near or far before;  
Heard not yet across the alternate rhyme

Time's tongue tell what sign set fast of yore  
Stands a sea-mark in the tides of time.

Friend, the sign we knew not heretofore  
Towers in sight here present and sublime.

Faith in faith established evermore  
Stands a sea-mark in the tides of time.

### THE CLIFFSIDE PATH.

SEAWARD goes the sun, and homeward by the  
down

We, before the night upon his grave be sealed,  
Low behind us lies the bright steep murmur-

ing town,  
High before us heaves the steep rough silent

field.  
Breach by ghastlier breach, the cliffs collaps-

ing yield:  
Half the path is broken, half the banks divide;

Flawed and crumbled, riven and rent, they  
cleave and slide

Toward the ridged and wrinkled waste of  
girdling sand

Deep beneath, whose furrows tell how far and  
wide

Wind is lord and change is sovereign of the  
strand.

Star by star on the unsunned waters twirling  
down,

Golden spear-points glance against a silver  
shield.

Over banks and bents, across the headland's crown,  
 As by pulse of gradual plumes through  
 twilight wheeled,  
 Soft as sleep, the waking wind awakes the  
 world,  
 Moor and copse and fallow, near or far  
 descried,  
 Feel the mild wings move, and gladden where  
 they glide:  
 Silence, uttering love that all things under-  
 stand,  
 Bids the quiet fields forget that hard beside  
 Wind is lord and change is sovereign of the  
 strand.  
 Yet may sight, ere all the hoar soft shade  
 grow brown,  
 Hardly reckon half the rifts and rents un-  
 healed  
 Where the scarred cliffs downward sundering  
 drive and down,  
 Flown as if with stroke of swords in tempest  
 steered,  
 Wielded as the night's will and the wind's  
 may wield,  
 Crowned and zoned in vain with flowers of  
 autumn-tide,  
 Soon the blasts shall break them, soon the  
 waters hide;  
 Soon, where late we stood, shall no man  
 ever stand.  
 Life and love seek harborage on the land-  
 ward side;  
 Wind is lord and change is sovereign of the  
 strand.  
 Friend, though man be less than these, for  
 all his pride,  
 Yet, for all his weakness, shall not lone-  
 ly abide?  
 Wind and change can wreck but life and  
 waste but land:  
 Truth and trust are sure, though here till  
 subsiding,  
 Wind is lord and change is sovereign of  
 strand.

#### IN THE WATER.

THE sea is awake, and the sound of the song  
 of the joy of her waking is heard  
 From afar to the star that recedes from afar  
 to the wastes of the wild wide shore,  
 Her call is a trumpet compelling us home-  
 ward: if dawn in her east be a cold,

From the sea shall we crave not her grace to  
 rekindle the fire that it kindled before,  
 Her breath to requicken, her bosom to rock  
 us, her kisses to bless as of yore?  
 For the wind, with his wings half open, at  
 pause in the sky, neither fettered nor  
 free,  
 Leans waveward and flutters the ripple to  
 laughter: and fain would the twain of  
 us be  
 Where lightly the wave yearns forward from  
 under the curve of the deep dawn's  
 dome,  
 And, full of the morning and fired with the  
 pride of the glory thereof and the glee,  
 Strike out from the shore as the heart in us  
 bids and beseeches, athirst for the foam.

Life holds not an hour that is better to live  
 in: the past is a tale that is told,  
 The future a sun-flecked shadow, alive and  
 asleep, with a blessing in store,  
 As we give us again to the waters, the rapture  
 of limbs that the waters enfold  
 Is less than the rapture of spirit whereby,  
 though the burden it quits were sore,  
 Our souls and the bodies they wield at their  
 will are absorbed in the life they  
 adore—  
 In the life that endures no burden, and bows  
 not the forehead, and bends not the  
 knee—  
 In the life everlasting of earth and of heaven,  
 in the laws that atone and agree,  
 In the measureless music of things, in the  
 fervor of force that rest or that roam,  
 The cross and return and reissue, as I after  
 you are as you after  
 Strike out from the shore as the heart in us  
 bids and beseeches, athirst for the  
 foam.

For, albeit he were less than the least of  
 them, haply the heart of a man may be  
 bold  
 To rejoice in the word of the sea as a mother's  
 that saith to the son she bore,  
 Child, was not the life in thee mine, and my  
 spirit the breath in thy lips from of  
 old?  
 Have I let not thy weakness exult in my  
 strength, and thy foolishness learn of  
 my lore?  
 Have I helped not or healed not thine an-  
 guish, or made not the might of thy  
 gladness more?

And surely his heart should answer, The light  
of the love of my life is in thee.

She is fairer than earth, and the sun is not  
fairer, the wind is not blither than she;  
From my youth hath she shown me the joy of  
her bays that I crossed, of her cliffs  
that I climb.

Fill now that the twain of us here, in desire  
of the dawn and in trust of the sea,  
Strike out from the shore as the heart in us  
bids and beseeches, athirst for the  
foam.

Friend, earth is a harbor of refuge for winter,  
a covert whereunder to flee.

When day is the vassal of night, and the  
strength of the hosts of her mightier  
than he;

But here is the presence adored of me, here  
my desire is at rest and at home.

There are cliffs to be climbed upon land, there  
are ways to be trodden and ridden:  
but we

Strike out from the shore as the heart in us  
bids and beseeches, athirst for the  
foam.

### THE SUNBOWS.

SUNBOW of song that springs in April, light of  
love that laughs through May.

Live and die and live forever: nought of all  
things far less fair

Keeps a surer life than these that seem to  
pass like fire away.

In the souls they live which are but all the  
brighter that they were;

In the hearts that kindle, thinking what de-  
light of old was there.

Wind that shapes and lifts and shifts them  
bids perpetual memory play

Over dreams and in and out of deeds and  
thoughts which seem to wear

Light that leaps and runs and revels through  
the springing flames of spray.

Dawn is wild upon the waters where we drink  
of dawn to-day;

Wide, from wave to wave rekindling in re-  
bound through radiant air,

Flash the fires unwoven and woven again of  
wind that works in play,

Working wonders more than heart may note  
or sight may wellnigh dare,

Wefts of rarer light than colors rain from  
heaven, though this be rare.

Arch on arch unbuilt in building, reared and  
ruined ray by ray.

Breaks and brightens, laughs and lessens,  
even till eyes may hardly bear

Light that leaps and runs and revels through  
the springing flames of spray.

Year on year sheds light and music rolled  
and flashed from bay to bay

Round the summer capes of time and winter  
headlands keen and bare

Whence the soul keeps watch, and bids her  
vassal memory watch and pray.

If perchance the dawn may quicken, or per-  
chance the midnight spare.

Silence quells not music, darkness takes not  
sunlight in her snare;

Shall not joys endure that perish? Yea,  
saith dawn, though night say nay;

Life on life goes out, but very life enkindles  
everywhere

Light that leaps and runs and revels through  
the springing flames of spray.

Friend, were life no more than this is, well  
would yet the living fare.

All aflower and all afire and all flung between  
ward, who shall say

Such a flash of life were worthless? 'Tis as  
worth a world of care—

Light that leaps and runs and revels through  
the springing flames of spray.

### ON THE VERGE.

HERE begins the sea that ends not till the  
world's end. Where we stand,

Could we know the next high sea-rank set  
beyond these waves that gleam.

We should know what never man hath  
known, nor eye of man hath seen.

Nought beyond these coiling clouds that melt  
like fume of shrines that steam

Breaks or stays the strength of waters till  
they pass our hours of dream.

Where the waste Land's End bars westward,  
all the seas it watches roll

Find their border fixed beyond them, and a  
worldwide shore's control;

These whereby we stand no shore beyond u-  
limits; these are free.

Gazing hence, we see the water that grows  
iron round the Pole,

From the shore that hath no shore beyond it  
set in all the sea.

said on sea, the sailing fides and  
 that the wings on wings  
 that pines and time,  
 How of life and time's  
 Slaves and wanes and days slays  
 and scarce they seem  
 re than notes that throne, and the  
 In the noon's breath and beam,  
 with sighing and laughing, some with  
 words that set and made us whole,  
 and we know not yet  
 Would we know, what is it? Never breath  
 in the sea that hath no shore beyond it  
 set in all the sea.  
 Shadows, would we question darkness? Let  
 our eyes and brows be fanned  
 and with airs of twilight, washed with dews  
 from sleep's eternal stream,  
 Would we know sleep's guarded secret? Ere  
 the fire consume the brand,  
 Would it know if virtue's ashes may requicken?  
 Sure, man may know, or ever night unyoke  
 his starry team,  
 What the dawn shall be, or if the dawn shall  
 be the scroll  
 Would we read of sleep's dark scripture,  
 pledge of peace or doom of doom,  
 Ah, but here man's heart leaps, yearning to  
 wade the gloom with venturesome,  
 Though his prot eye behold not bay nor har-  
 bor, rock nor shoal,  
 From the shore that hath no shore beyond it  
 set in all the sea.  
 Friend, who knows if death indeed have  
 or life have death for goal?  
 Day nor night can tell us, nor may seas de-  
 clare nor skies untell  
 What has been from everlasting, or if aught  
 shall always be,  
 Silence answering only strikes response to  
 verberate on the soul  
 From the shore that hath no shore beyond it  
 set in all the sea.

## A NEW-YEAR ODE.

TO VICTOR HUGO.

## I.

Twice twelve times have the springs of years  
 thrilled  
 Their fountains from the river-head of  
 the  
 Sun, the green sea's mage, ere autumn  
 Waters and woods with sense of change  
 A great light rose upon my soul, and thrilled  
 My part of sense with sense of spheres in  
 time,  
 Is of song wherewith a God would  
 bide  
 Powers that no force of conquering war  
 might climb,  
 Wind shook the glimmering sea  
 Even as my soul in me  
 Was stirred with breath of mastery more  
 time,  
 It and borne along  
 More thunderous tides of song,

Where wave rang back to wave more rapt-  
 urous rhyme  
 And world on world flashed lordlier  
 light  
 Than ever lit the wandering ways of ships by  
 night.

## II.

The spirit of God, whose breath of life is  
 soul,  
 Moved, though his word was human, on  
 the face  
 Of those deep waters of the soul, too long  
 Dumb, dark, and cold, that waited for the  
 light  
 Wherewith day kindles heaven: and as some  
 throng  
 Of quiring wings fills full some lone chill  
 place  
 With sudden rush of life and joy, more strong  
 Than death or sorrow or all night's dark-  
 ling race,

So was my heart, that heard  
 All heaven in each deep word,  
 Filled full with light of thought, and waxed  
 apace  
 Itself more wide and deep,  
 To take that gift and keep  
 And cherish while my days fulfilled their  
 space;  
 A record wide as earth and sea,  
 The Legend writ of Ages past and yet to be.

## III.

As high the chant of paradise and Hell  
 Rose, when the soul of Milton gave it wing;  
 As wide the sweep of Shakespeare's empire  
 fell,  
 When life had bared for him her secret  
 springs;  
 But not his various soul might range and dwell  
 Amid the mysteries of the founts of time;  
 For Milton's range of rule so far might swell  
 Across the kingdoms of forgotten kins  
 Men, centuries, nations, time,  
 Life, death, love, trust, and crime,  
 Rang record through the change of smitten  
 strings  
 That felt an exile's hand  
 Sound hope for every land  
 More loud than storm's cloud-sundering  
 trumpet rings,  
 And bid strong death for judgment rise,  
 And life bow down for judgment of his awless  
 eyes.

## IV.

And death, soul-stricken in his strength re-  
 signed  
 The keeping of the sepulchres to song;  
 And life was humbled, and his height of mind  
 Brought lower than lies a grave-stone fallen  
 along;  
 And like a ghost and like a God mankind  
 Rose clad with light and darkness; weak  
 and strong,  
 Clean and unclean, with eyes afire and blind,  
 Wounded and whole, fast bound with cord  
 and thong,  
 Free; fair and foul, sin-stained,  
 And sinless; crowned and chained;  
 Fleet-limbed, and halting all his lifetime long;  
 Glad of deep shame, and sad  
 For shame's sake; wise, and mad;  
 Girt round with love and hate of right and  
 wrong;  
 Armed and disarmed for sleep and  
 strife;

I roud, and sore fear made havoc of his pride of  
 life.

## V.

Shadows and shapes of fable and storied sooth  
 Rose glorious as with gleam of gold unpriced;  
 I live, clothed with heavenly nakedness and  
 youth  
 That matched the morning's; Cain, self-  
 sacrificed  
 On crime's first altar; legends wise as truth,  
 And truth in legends deep embalmed and  
 spiced;  
 The stars that saw the starlike eyes of Ruth,  
 The grave that heard the clarion call of  
 Christ.

And higher than sorrow and mirth  
 The heavenly song of earth  
 Sprang, in such notes as might have well  
 sufficed  
 To still the storms of time  
 And sin's contentious clime  
 With peace renewed of life repara'dised:  
 Earth, scarred not yet with temporal  
 scars;  
 Godless of gods, our mother, chosen among  
 the stars.

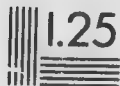
## VI.

Earth fair as heaven, ere change and time set  
 odds  
 Between them, light and darkness know not  
 when,  
 And fear, grown strong through panic periods,  
 Crouched, a crowned worm, in faith's Ler-  
 nean fen,  
 And love lay bound, and hope was scourged  
 with rods,  
 And death cried out from desert and from  
 den,  
 Seeing all the heaven above him dark with  
 gods  
 And all the world about him marred of men.  
 Cities that nought might purge  
 Save the sea's whelming surge  
 From all the pent pollutions in their pen  
 Deep death drank down, and wrought  
 With wreck of all things, nought  
 That none might live of all their names  
 again,  
 Nor aught of all whose life is breath  
 Serve any God whose likeness was not like  
 to death.



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## VII.

Tell by the lips and eyes of one live nation  
 The blind mute world found grace to see  
 and speak,  
 And light watched rise a more divine creation  
 At that more godlike utterance of the Greek,  
 Let there be freedom, Kings were  
 station  
 Made pale the morn, and all her presage  
 bleak.  
 Gift each with strengths of all his generation,  
 Dim tribes of shamefaced soul and son-swart  
 ck,  
 Twice, un- I with one d-  
 Sont-owing had con sac,  
 With all the wrath of all a world to-  
 ak,  
 And in the race of night  
 Afire against the light  
 Whose weakness makes her strong-wind  
 empire weak,  
 Stood up to unsay that saying, and fell  
 Too far for song, though son: were thousand-  
 tongued, to tell.

## VIII.

From those deep echoes of the loud Aegean  
 That rolled response whereat false fear was  
 cold  
 By songs of joy sublime and Sophoclean,  
 Fresh notes reverberate westward rose to bid  
 All wearier times take comfort from the pagan  
 That tells the night what deeds the sunrise  
 did,  
 Even till the lawns and torrents Pyrenean  
 Ring answer from the records of the Cid,  
 But never force of fountains  
 From sunniest hearts of mountains  
 Wherein the soul of hidden June was hid  
 Poured forth so pure and strong  
 Springs of reiterate song,  
 Loud as the streams his fame was reared  
 amid,  
 More sweet than flowers they feed,  
 and fair  
 With grace of lordlier sunshine and more  
 lambent air.

## IX.

A star more prosperous than the storm-clothed  
 east's  
 Clothed all the warm south-west with light  
 like spring's  
 When hands of strong men spread the wolver-  
 then feasts

And from snake-spirited princes plucked  
 the stings;  
 Ere earth, grown all one den of hunting beasts,  
 Had for her sunshine and her watersprings  
 The fire of hell that warmed the hearts of  
 priests,  
 The wells of blood that slaked the lips of  
 lions,  
 The shadow of night made stone  
 Stood populous and alone,  
 Decease with its dead and loathed of living  
 things  
 That draw not life from death,  
 And as with hell's own breath  
 And clangor of unmitigable wing  
 Vexed the fair face of Paris, made  
 Foul in its murderous imminence of sound and  
 shade.

## X.

And all these things were parcels of the vision  
 That moved a cloud before his eyes, or  
 stood  
 A tower half shattered by the strong collision  
 Of spirit and spirit, of evil gods with good;  
 A ruinous wall rent through with grim division,  
 Where time had marked his every mon-  
 strous mood  
 Of scorn and strength and pride and self-  
 delusion:  
 The Tower of Things, that felt upon it  
 brood  
 Night, and about it cast  
 The storm of all the past  
 Now mute and forceless as a fire subdued:  
 Yet through the rifted years  
 And centuries veiled with tears  
 And ages as with very death imbrued  
 Freedom, whence hope and faith  
 grow strong,  
 Smiles, and firm love sustains the indissoluble  
 song.

## XI.

Above the cloudy coil of days deceased,  
 Its might of light, with mists and storms  
 beset,  
 Burns heavenward, as with heart and hope  
 increased,  
 For all the change of tempests, all the fret  
 Of frost or fire, keen fraud or force released,  
 Wherewith the world once wasted knows  
 not yet  
 If evil or good lit all the darkling east  
 From the ardent moon of sovereign Maho-  
 met

Sublime in work and will  
The song sublimer still  
Salutes him, ere the splendor shrink and  
set ;  
Then with immerious eye  
And wing that sounds the sky  
Soars and sees risen as ghosts in concourse  
met  
The old world's seven elder wonders,  
trim  
As dust and fixed as shadows, weaker than  
the worm.

## XII.

High witness borne of knights high-souled  
and hoary  
Before death's face and empire's rings and  
glows  
Even from the dust their life poured forth left  
gory,  
As the eagle's cirrings after from the snows  
Supreme rebuke of shame clothed round with  
glory  
And hosts whose track the false crowned  
eagle shows ;  
More loud than sounds through stormiest  
song and story  
The laugh of slavers whose names the sea-  
wind knows :  
More loud than peals on land  
In many a red wet hand  
The clash of gold and cymbals as they close ;  
Loud as the blast that meets  
The might of marshalled fleets  
And sheds it into shipwreck, like a rose  
Blown from a child's light grasp in sign  
That earth's high lords are lords not over  
breeze and brine.

## XIII.

Above the dust and mire of man's dejection  
The wide-winged spirit of song resurgent  
sees  
His wingless and long-laboring resurrection  
Up the arduous heaven, by sore and strange  
degrees,  
Mount, and with splendor of the soul's re-  
flection  
Strike heaven's dark sovereign down upon  
his knees,  
Pale in the light of orient insurrection,  
And dumb before the almighty lord's  
decrees  
Who bade him be of yore,  
Who bids him be no more :

And all earth's heart quickened as the  
soul's  
Even as when sorrowful lions  
The very sea's heart yearns  
To hear not on the midnight-walking  
the woe  
The wail that woke with evensong  
From hearts of poor folk watching all the  
darkness long.

## XIV.

Dawn and the beams of sunbright song illumine  
Love, with strange children at her piteous  
breast,  
By grace of weakness from the grave-mouthed  
gloom  
Plucked, and by mercy lulled to living rest,  
Soft as the nursling's nigh the grandsire's  
tomb  
That fell on sleep, a bird of rifled nest ;  
Soft as the lips whose smile unsaid the doom  
That gave their sire to violent death's arrest.  
Even for such love's sake strong,  
Wrath fires the inveterate song  
That bids hell gape for one whose bland  
mouth blest  
All slayers and liars that sighed  
Prayer as they slew and lied  
Till blood had clothed his priesthood as a  
vest,  
And hears, though darkness yet be  
dumb  
The silence of the trumpet of the wrath to  
come.

## XV.

Nor lacked these lights of constellated air  
A star among them fed with life more dire,  
Lit with his bloodred fame whose withering  
rage  
Made earth for heaven's sake one funeral  
pyre  
And life in faith's name one appointed stage  
For death to purge the souls of men with  
fire,  
Heaven, earth, and hell on one thrice tragic  
page  
Mixed all their light and darkness : one  
man's lyre  
Gave all their robes of life ;  
Bade rose-checked boy and golden  
And cold-lipped craft with ravenous fear  
conspire,  
And fire-eyed faith unite hope  
Dead, seeing enthroned as Pope

And crowned of heaven on earth at his desire  
 Sin, called by death's incestuous name,  
 Borgia: the world that heard it dashed and  
 quailed with shame.

## XVI.

Another year, and none triumphant heard  
 The consummation of that splendid  
 Conclusion to the multitudinous world  
 Whose eyes were fixed on his great wall  
 Till all day long twice two great  
 Bells all souls entering and leaving  
 take  
 A third time could it given to me, that  
 third  
 Might heap the measure up of evil and  
 make  
 The silent years of silence  
 Among all sons of man  
 And far in all men's memories for his sake,  
 Each thought of ours be an  
 Fire, kindling from his flame,  
 And music winding in his voice song's wake,  
 Yea, and the world bore witness how  
 How great a light was risen upon this dark-  
 ening year.

## XVII.

It was the dawn of winter: sword in sheath,  
 Change, veiled and mild, came down the  
 gradual air  
 With cold slow smiles that hid the dawn  
 beneath,  
 Five days to die in yet were autumn's, ere  
 The last leaf withered from his powerless  
 wreath.  
 South, east and north, our skies were all  
 blown bare,  
 But westward over glimmeringholt and  
 heath  
 Cloud, wind, and light had made a heaven  
 more fair  
 Than ever dream or truth  
 Showed earth in time's keen youth  
 When men with long's commenced unwar,  
 Above the sun's head, now  
 Veiled even to the ardent brow,  
 Rose two sheer wings of sundering cloud,  
 that were  
 As a bird's poised for vehement flight,  
 Full-fledged with plumes of tawny fire and  
 hoar gray light.

## XVIII.

As in the black, as twilight brown, they  
 came  
 But, attached thick with flame that streak-  
 ed and lined  
 Their living darkness, ominous else of dread,  
 From the northern verge of heaven  
 met  
 Men's eyes that met and bent, who bent her  
 low  
 Low forthward, as with message for  
 and  
 Of dawn or benediction to be shed  
 From passage of his presence, far be-  
 hind  
 In a while they seemed to close,  
 Stoop, and then they were  
 Above them, higher than heavenliest thought  
 may find  
 In light or night supreme  
 Of vision or of dream,  
 Immeasurable of men's eyes or mounting  
 mind,  
 Heaven, manifest in manifold  
 Light of pure pallid amber, cheered with fire  
 of gold.

## XIX.

And where the fine gold faded all the sky  
 Shone green as the outer sea when April  
 glows,  
 Laid with flakes and feathers fledged to  
 fly  
 Of cloud-suspense in rapture and repose,  
 With large live petals, broad as love buds lie  
 Full open when the sun salutes the rose,  
 And small rent sprays where with the heavens  
 most high  
 Were strewn as autumn strews the garden-  
 close  
 With ruinous roseleaves whirled  
 About their wan chill world,  
 Through wind-worn bowers that now no  
 music knows,  
 Spoil of the dim dark year  
 Whose winter night is near,  
 And near the flower of dawn beyond it  
 blow  
 Till east and west were fire and light,  
 As though the dawn to come had flushed the  
 coming night.

## XX.

The byways paced of men that toil or play,  
 The byways known of none but lonely feet,  
 Were paved of purple woven of night and  
 day

With hands that met as hands of friends  
 might meet—  
 As though night's were not lifted up to slay  
 And day's had waxed not weaker. Peace  
 more sweet  
 Than music, light more soft than shadow, lay  
 On downs and moorlands wan with day's  
 defeat.  
 That watched afar above  
 Life's very rose of love  
 Let all its lustrous leaves fall, fade, and  
 fleet,  
 And till all heaven and earth  
 Full as with fires of birth  
 Whence time should feed his years with  
 light and heat:  
 Nay, not life's, but a flower more strong  
 Than life or time or death, love's very rose  
 of song.

## XXI.

Song visible, whence all men's eyes were lit  
 With love and loving wonder: song that  
 glowed  
 Through cloud and change on souls that knew  
 not it  
 And hearts that wist not whence their com-  
 fort flowed,  
 Whence fear was lightened of her fever-fit,  
 Whence anguish of her life-compelling load.  
 Yea, no man's head whereon the fire alit,  
 Of all that passed along that sunset road  
 Westward, no brow so drear,  
 No eye so dull of cheer,  
 No face so mean whereon that light abode,  
 But as with alien pride  
 Strange godhead glorified  
 Each feature flushed from heaven with fire  
 that showed  
 The likeness of its own life wrought  
 By strong transfiguration as of living thou.

## XXII.

Nor only clouds of the everlasting sky  
 Nor only men that paced that sunward way  
 To the utter bourne of evening, passed not by  
 Unblest or unilluminated: none might say,  
 Of all things visible in the wide world's eye,  
 That was too low for all that grace it lay:  
 The lowliest lakelets of the moorland nigh,  
 The narrowest pools where shallowest wave-  
 lets play,  
 Were filled from heaven above  
 With light like fire of love,  
 With flames and colors like a dawn in May,

As hearts that lower live  
 With light of thoughts that give  
 Light from the depth of souls more deep  
 than they  
 Through song's or story's kindling  
 scroll,  
 The splendor of the shadow that reveals the  
 soul.

## XXIII.

For, when such light is in the world, we share,  
 All of us, all the rays thereof that shine:  
 Its presence is alive in the unseen air,  
 Its fire within our veins as quickening wine;  
 A spirit is shed on all men everywhere,  
 Known or not known of all men for divine.  
 Yea, as the sun makes heaven, that light  
 makes fair  
 All souls of ours, all lesser souls than thine,  
 Priest, prophet, seer and sage,  
 Lord of a subject race  
 That bears thy seal upon it for a sign;  
 Whose name shall be thy name,  
 Whose light thy light of fame,  
 The light of love that makes thy soul a  
 shrine;  
 Whose record through all years to be  
 Shall bear this witness written—that its womb  
 bare thee.

## XXIV.

O mystery, whence to one man's hand was  
 given  
 Power upon all things of the spirit, and  
 might  
 Whereby the veil of all the years was riven  
 And naked stood the secret soul of night!  
 O marvel, hailed of eyes whence cloud is  
 driven,  
 That shows at last wrong reconciled with  
 right  
 By death divine of evil and sin forgiven!  
 O light of song, whose fire is perfect light!  
 No speech, no voice, no thought,  
 No love, avails us aught  
 For service of thank-giving in his sight  
 Who hath given us all for ever  
 Such gifts that man gave never  
 So many and great since first Time's wings  
 took flight.  
 Man may not praise a spirit above  
 Man's: life and death shall praise him; we  
 can only love.

## XXV.

Life, everlasting while the worlds endure,  
 Death, self-abased before a power more  
 high,

Shall bear one witness, and their w

That not till time be d

Love, like a bird, comes boy d

Lane flies before him, w

A child's heart toward his

pure,

An eagle's toward the

Awe swe

As tame though it be

Years toward him

by:

All crown, before his crown

Triumphant bow

For pride that e

draws nigh:

All souls ap

One heart benign, one soul supreme, one

quering name.

## NOTES.

ST. V.

3. La Légende des Siècles: Le Sacre  
d'Édouard.

4. La Conscience.

7. *Il faut s'endormir.*

8. Première rencontre du Christ avec  
le tombeau.

9. La Terre: Hymne.

VI.

3. Les Temps Paniques.

9. La Ville Disparue.

VII. Les Trois Cents.

XII. 1. Le Déroit de l'Europe: La Chan-

son de Sophocle à Salamine.

7. Le Romancero du Cid.

IX. 3. Le Petit Roi de Galice.

5. Le Jour des Rois.

9. Métaux.

X. Les sons d'un est sorti ce livre.

XI. 9. L'an 1000 de l'Hégire.

11. Les sept merveilles du monde.

XII. 1. Les quatre jours d'Eleus.

4. Le Régiment du Baron Mader.

7. La Chanson des Aventuriers de

la Mer.

9. Les Reîtres.

12. La Rose de l'Infante.

XIII. 1. Le Sati.

12. Les paysans au bord de la mer.

XIV. 1. Les pauvres gens.

5. Petit Paul.

7. Guerre Civile.

9. La Vision de Dante.

15. La Trompette du Jugement.

XV. Torquemada (1882).

XVI. La Légende des Siècles: tome

cinquième et dernier (1883).

XVII. November 25, 1883.

## LINES ON THE MONUMENT OF GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

ITALIA, mother of the souls of men,

Mother divine,

Of all that served thee best with sword or

pen,

All sons of thine,

Thou knowest that here the likeness of the

best.

Before thee stands:

The head most high, the heart found noblest,

The purest hands.

Above the fame and foam of time that dies,

The soul we know,

Now sits on high where Alighieri sits

With Angelo.

Not his own heavenly tongue hath heavenly

speech

Enough to say

What this man was, whose praise no thought

may reach,

No words can weigh.

Since man's first mother brought to mortal

Earth

Her first-born son,

Such grace befell not ever man on earth

As crowns this one.

Of God nor man was ever this thing said,

That he could give

Life back to her who gave him, whence his

dead mother might live.

But this man found his mother dead and  
slain,

With fast sealed eyes,  
And bade the dead rise up and live again,  
And she did rise.

And all the world was bright with her through  
him:

But dark with strife,  
Like heaven's own sun that storming clouds-  
bedim,  
Was all his life.

Life and the clouds are vanished: hate and  
fear

Have had their span  
Of time to hurt, and are not: he is here,  
The sunlike man,

City superb that hadst Columbus first

For sovereign son,  
Be prouder that thy breast hath later nurst  
This mightier one.

Glory be his forever, while his land

Lives and is free,  
As with controlling breath and sovereign  
hand

He bade her be.

Earth shows to heaven the names by thou-  
sands told

That crown her fame,  
But highest of all that heaven and earth be-  
hold

Mazzini's name.

### LES CASQUETS.

FROM the depth of the waters that lighten  
and darken

With change everlasting of life and of  
death,

Where hardly by noon if the lulled ear  
hearken

It hears the sea's as a tired child's breath,  
Where hardly by night if an eye dare scan it

The storm lets shipwreck be seen or heard,  
As the reefs to the waves and the foam to the  
granite

Respond one merciless word,  
Sheer seen and far, in the sea's live heaven,  
A seamew's flight from the wild sweet land,  
White-plumed with foam if the wind wake,  
seven

Black helms as of warriors that stir not  
stand,

From the depths that abide and the waves  
that environ

Seven rocks rear heads that the midnight  
masses;

And the strokes of the swords of the storm  
are as iron

On the steel of the wave-worn casques.

Be night's dark word as the word of a wizard,

Be the word of dawn as a god's glad word,

Like heads of the spirits of darkness visored

That see not forever, nor ever have heard,

These basnets, plumed as for fight or plume-  
less,

Crowned of the storm and by storm dis-  
crowned,

Keep ward of the lists where the dead lie  
tombless

And the tale of them is not found.

Nor eye may number nor hand may reckon

The titles that are taken of life by the dark,

Or the ways of the path, if doom's hand  
beckon,

For the soul to fare as a helmless bark--

Fare forth on a way that no sign showeth,

Nor aught of its goal or of aught between;

A path for her flight which no fowl knoweth,

Which the vulture's eye hath not seen.

Here still, though the wave and the wind  
seem lovers

Lulled half asleep by their own soft words,

A dream as of death in the sun's light hovers,

And a sign in the motions and cries of the  
birds,

Dark auguries and keen from the sweet sea-  
swallows

Strike noon with a sense as of midnight's

breath,

And the wing that flees and the wing that

follows

Are as types of the wings of death.

For here, when the night roars round, and

under

The white sea lightens and leaps like fire,

Acclaimed of storm and applauded in thunder,

Sits death on the throne of his crowned

desire,

Yea, hardly the hand of the god might fashion

A seat more strong for his strength to take,

For the might of his heart and the pride of

his passion

To rejoice in the wars they make.

When the lightning-lantern brightens with battle-  
ness of war.

And the depth of its thirst : fulfilled with  
strife.

And his car with the ravage of bolts that  
rattle.

And the soul of death with the pride of life,  
Till the darkness is loud with a great throng.

And wind and cloud are as chords of his  
hymn.

There is no light save death in the deep night  
living.

And the whole night worships him.

Heaven's height bows down to him, signed  
with his token.

And the sea's depth, moved as a heart that  
yearns.

Heaves up to him, strong as a heart that  
breaks.

A heart that breaks in a prayer that burns.  
Or cloud is the shrine of his worship moulded.

But the altar the sea-shape of sea-shaped stone,  
Whereon, with the strength of his wide wings

He sits death in the dark, alone.

He hears the word of his servant spoken,  
The word that the wind his servant saith :

Storm writes on the front of the night his  
token.

That the skies may seem to bow down to  
death.

But the clouds that stoop and the storms that  
minister

Serve but as thralls that fulfil their tasks ;  
And his seal is not set save here on the  
sinister

Crests reared of the crownless casques.

Nor flame nor plume of the storm that crowned  
them.

Glids or quickens each stark black strength.  
Like lightens and murmurs and laughs right  
round them.

At peace with the noon's whole breadth and  
length.

At one with the heart of the soft-souled  
heaven.

At one with the life of the kind wild land :  
But its touch may unbrace not the strengths  
of the seven

Casques hewn of the storm-wind's hand.

Nor can men may loosen the black-braced helm-  
s.

For the wild elves' heads of the wild waves  
wrought.

As flowers on the sea are her small green  
leaves.

Like heavens made out of a child's heart's  
fancies.

But the sea's thorns of her desolate places,  
Strongfangs that fasten and hold lives fast :

And the vizors are framed as for formless  
things.

That a dark dream is so potent  
Of fear and of fate are the frontiers fashioned.

And the heads behind them are due and  
cared for.

When the heart of the darkness is scarce im-  
prisoned.

Thund'ring scarce with sense of the wrath to  
come.

They bear the sign from of old engraven,  
Though peace be round them and strife  
seen far.

That here is none but the night-wind's haven,  
With death for the harbor bar.

Of the iron of doom are the casquets carven.  
That never the rivets thereof should burst.

When the heart of the darkness is hunger-  
starven.

And the throats of the gulfs are agape for  
thirst.

And stars are as flowers that the wind bids  
wither.

And dawn is as hope struck dead by fear.  
The rage of the ravenous night sets hither.

For the crown of her work is here.

But out and afar lie lonely,  
Farther are these than the heart of  
the sea.

These loose-linked rivets of rock, whence only  
strange life scarce gleams from the sheer  
main reef.

With a blind wan face in the wild wan morn-  
ing.

With a live lit flame on its brows by night,  
That the lost may lose not its word's mute  
warning.

And the blind by its grace have sight.

How a life I in with the wide waste water,  
How a grace of a girl's lone life.

How a life and the sea-wind's foster-daughter,  
And peace was hers in the main mid state.

For her were the rocks clothed round with  
thunder.

And the world was a vast and lonely  
 For the world was a vast and lonely  
 For the world was a vast and lonely

For her the sunrise kindled and scattered  
 The red rose leaflets of countless kind;  
 For her the blasts of the spirit made shattered  
 The strong and reluctant for waves back-

flowed,  
 And the winds in the mid-stillness  
 Bright wars that hardly the night bade

At noon, when sleep on the sea lies heavy,  
 For her would the sun make peace.

Peace rose crowned with the dawn on golden  
 Lit leagues of triumph that flamed and  
 smiled;

Peace fell with the dawn on golden  
 Warm darkness making the world's heart

For all the wide ways' troubles and treasours,  
 One word only her soul's ear heard  
 speak from stormless and storm-tent seasons,  
 And ought save peace was the word.

All her life waxed large with the light of it,  
 All her heart fed full on the sound;  
 Spirit and sense were exalted in sight of it,  
 Compassed and girdled and clothed with

it round,  
 Sense was none but a strong still rapture,  
 Spirit was none but a joy sublime,  
 Of strength to curb and to cheer to capture,  
 The end and the strength of Time.

Time lay bound as in painless prison  
 There, close in with a strait small space,  
 Never thereon as a strange light risen  
 Change had unveiled for her grief's far

face,  
 Three white walls flung out from the base-  
 ment

Out the width of the world whereon  
 Looking at night from her flame-lit casement  
 She saw where the dark sea shone.

Hardly the breadth of a few brief paces,  
 Hardly the length of a strong man's stride,  
 The small court flower-lit with children's  
 faces

Secure held scope for a bird to hide,  
 Yet here was a man's brood reared and hidden  
 Between the rocks and the towers and the

flame  
 Where peril and pity and peace were hidden  
 As guests to the same sure home,

And the world was a vast and lonely  
 For the world was a vast and lonely  
 For the world was a vast and lonely

Gave of the seed of its heart's increase,  
 Pure and surety and peace most lowly  
 Were the root and the stem and the bloom

of the flower;  
 And the light and the breath of the bud-  
 kept lowly

That maid's else blossomless bower,  
 With never a leaf but the seaweed's tangle,  
 No flower but the seaweed's flower

It heard all round it strong storms wain-  
 and

Watched far past it the waste wrecks float,  
 But her soul was stilled by the sky's endur-  
 ance,

And her heart made glad with the sea's  
 calm;

And her faith waxed more in the sun's assu-  
 an-

For the winds that came and went,  
 Sweetness was brought for her forth of the

Sea's strength, and light of the deep sea's  
 dark,  
 From where green lawns on Alderney glitter  
 To the bastioned crags of the steep of

Sark,  
 These she knew from afar beholden,  
 And marvelled haply what life would be

On moors that sunset and dawn leave golden,  
 In dells that smile on the sea.

And forth she fled as a stout-souled rover,  
 For a brief blithe raid on the bounding  
 brine;

And forth winds ferried her light bark over  
 To the lone sort island of fair-limbed kine,  
 But the league-long length of its wild green  
 border,

And the small bright streets of serene St.  
 Anne,

Perplexed her sense with a strange disorder  
 At sight of the works of man.

The world was here, and the world's confu-  
 sion,

And the dust of the wheels of revolving  
 life,

Pain, labor, change, and the fierce illusion  
 Of strife more vain than the sea's old strife,

And her heart within her was vexed, and  
 dizzy

The sense of her soul as a wheel that  
 whirled;



That I should find a world of trouble,  
 That I should find a world of pain,  
 And I was brought from the foam  
 Of the sea to the smooth world  
 I found a world more lonely,  
 Where I found a world of pain,  
 Where I found a world of pain,  
 The love of the heart of the sea.

### A BATTLE OF SAIL.

Hound and hawk, and raven, and owl, and eagle  
 Like the great way of some strange giant's  
 hood  
 Swept and swept the bloody breasts of men  
 and moes  
 I turned toward, and the dell their slopes  
 cold  
 Flashed in purple, glows in red, exiles in  
 cold  
 Gens that know the dawn and bells that hear  
 the clock  
 Fell within their gates on ash, as an ark  
 that they would let them herb and  
 prey  
 Not a word, not a touch, not a leaf even here may  
 speak  
 On the whitest woful marge of earth and  
 sea  
 Rocks onlyazoned like the metal shield's red  
 blue  
 Take the sun with all their blossom, blood  
 and bold  
 None would claim that all this moonlight  
 they hold  
 Could be dark, could find that strike the  
 starred cold  
 Even an eye that opened here, and here  
 cold  
 No ray, sun, refuge from hope's belited  
 cold  
 Any comfort, no ray, out of men's look  
 Though the ray were red with gold  
 throated blue  
 When the sea lies shattered like a stranded  
 lake  
 On the wrathful woful marge of earth and  
 sea.

[illegible]

Three — four and tempest, lord whose  
 Whose wings spread forth for him that  
 Lightly dies the joy that lives by face of  
 I live through thee lies bleeding, hope lies  
 cold and stark,  
 On the wrathful woful marge of earth and  
 sea.

NINE YEARS OLD.

FEBRUARY 4, 1883.

I of proof fight, who'd none no hands destroy,  
 God of song, whose hymn no tongue  
 refuses,  
 Now, though spring far hence be cold and cov  
 And the golden minutes of all the Muses  
 Ring forth thy glorious strains without alloy,  
 Till the new melody that suffuses  
 Heaven with splendour exult for joy,  
 Since the dead whose head this dawn  
 bedaws is  
 Sweet as once thy violet-cradled boy.

II.  
 Even as he lay lapped about with flowers,  
 Thus the bird now nine years old before us  
 Lapped about with love in all its hours;  
 Hushed of many loves that chant in chorus  
 Loud or low from lush-leaffess bowers,  
 Some from hearts exultant born sonorous,  
 Some more louder-voiced than soft-tongued  
 showers

Two months hence, when spring's light  
wines poised o'er us  
High shall hover, and her heart be ours.

## III.

Even as he, though man-forsaken, maddened  
On the soft kind strokes divinely hidden  
To feed him in the green and white  
With hurtle's honey, till the hidden  
Should prosper, finding fate more mild,  
So full-fed with pleasures unbidden,  
Or by love's lures blamelessly beguiled,  
Laughs the nursing of our hearts un-  
chidden  
Yet by change that mars not yet the child.

Ah, not yet! Thou, lord of night and day,  
Time, sweet father of such blameless  
pleasure,  
Time, false friend who tak'st thy gifts away,  
Spare us yet some scantlings of the treasure,  
Leave us yet some rapture of delay,  
Yet some bliss of blind and fearless leisure  
Unprophetic of delight's decay,  
Yet some nights and days wherein to meas-  
ure  
All the joys that bless us while they may.

## V.

Not the waste Arcadian woodland, wet  
Still with dawn and vocal with Alphons,  
Reared a nursling worthier love's regret,  
Lord, than this, whose eyes beholden free  
us  
Straight from bonds the soul would fain forget,  
Fain cast off, that night and day might see  
us  
Clear once more of life's vain fume and fret:  
Leave us, then, whate'er thy doom decreed  
us,  
Yet some days wherein to love him yet.

## VI.

Yet some days, wherein the child is ours,  
Ours, not thine, O lord whose hand is o'er  
us  
Always, as the sky with suns and showers  
Dense and radiant, soundless or sonorous:  
Yet some days for love's sake, ere the bowers  
Fade wherein his fair first years kept chorus  
Night and day with Graces robed like hours,  
Ere this worshipped childhood wane be-  
fore us,  
Change, and bring forth fruit—but no more  
flowers.

## VII.

Love we may the thing that is to be,  
Love we must: but ho, forego this olden  
Joy, this flower of childish love, that we  
Held more dear than aught of Time is  
known—  
Time, whose laugh is like as Death's to see—  
Time, who heeds not aught of belated,  
Heard, or touched in passing—er or free,  
Eres or grain of leaden days or golden—  
More than wind has heed of ships at sea?

## VIII.

First the babe, a very rose of joy,  
Sweet as hope's first note of jubilation,  
Passes: then must growth and change  
destroy  
Next the child, and mar the consecration  
Hallowing yet, ere thought or sense annoy,  
Childhood's yet half heavenlike habitation,  
Bright as truth and frailer than a toy;  
Whence its guest with eager gratulation  
Springs, and life grows larger round the boy.

## IX.

Yet, ere sunrise wholly cease to shine,  
Ere change come to chide our hearts, and  
scatter  
Memories marked for love's sake with a sign,  
Let the light of dawn beholden flatter  
Yet some while our eyes that feed on thine,  
Child, with love that change not time can  
shatter,  
Love, whose silent song says more than mine  
Now, though charged with elder loves and  
latter  
Here it hails a lord whose years are nine.

## AFTER A READING.

For the seven times—eventide—love would  
renew the delight—out—or alley  
that it takes in the pr—kes in th  
presence of—es—  
But how shall it prais-  
boked by the pr-  
boy?

Praise meet for a child is in—der  
whose winters and st—  
What song may have strength—ngs to  
expand them, or light in its—shine,  
That shall seem not as weak—  
if matched with the theme—  
make mine?

The round little flower of a rose that exults in  
Denies the delight it enkindles to sing of a  
And at a moment for the praise  
On the sweetest of all things that are made  
Just as they tremble with love as they gaze.

Such tricks and such meanings abound on the  
The dew that is on the cheek, the cold that is on the  
That lay on the cheek and the cold that is on the  
Said to be love at the time.

Each limb and each feature  
With the meaning that smiles and speaks  
From the fervor of eyes and the flutter  
Of hands in a foretaste of fancies and  
Freaks.  
When the truth of the matter is clear  
That love is the only thing that lives on the  
Checks.

As a bird when the music within her is yet too  
Intense to be spoken in song,  
That pauses a little for pleasure to feel how  
The notes from withinwards throng,  
So pauses the laugh at his lips for a little, and  
Waxes within more strong.

As the music elate and triumphal that bids  
All things of the dawn bear part  
With the tune that prevails when her passion  
Has risen into rapture of passionate art,  
So lightens the laughter made perfect that  
Leaps from its nest in the heaven of his  
Heart.

Deep, grave and sedate is the gaze of expect-  
ant intensity bent for a while,  
And absorbed on its aim as the tale that en-  
thralls him uncovers the wit of its wit,  
Till the goal of attention is touched, and  
Expectancy kisses delight in a smile.

And it seems to us here that in Paradise hardly  
The spirit of Lamb or of Blake  
May hear or behold aught sweeter than  
Lightens and rings when his bright thoughts  
Break  
In laughter that well might lure them to look,  
And to smile as of old for his sake.

O singers that best loved children, and best  
For their sakes are beloved of us here,

In the world of your life everlasting, where  
Love is the only thing that has no fear,  
An eye may be sweeter than any other  
Earth, thought dearer than these are dear.

### MAYTIME IN MIDWINTER.

A NEW year is come, and the heart is  
A new year is come, and the heart is  
A new year is come, and the heart is  
A new year is come, and the heart is  
A new year is come, and the heart is  
A new year is come, and the heart is

Child, how may a man's love merit  
The gift that is yours to inherit?  
Through you are the bleak days blind;  
You are the only thing that lives on the  
Checks.

The rain is as dew for the christening  
Of dawns that the night benumb;  
The spring's voice answers me listening  
For speech of a child to come,  
While promise of music is glistening  
On lips that delight keeps dumb.

The rains are as dew for the christening  
Of dawns that the night benumb;  
The spring's voice answers me listening  
For speech of a child to come,  
While promise of music is glistening  
On lips that delight keeps dumb.

The mists and the storms receding  
At sight of you smile and die;  
Your eyes held wide on me reading  
Shed summer across the sky;  
Your heart shines clear for me, heeding  
No more of the world than I.

The world, what is it to you, dear,  
And me, if its face be gray,  
And the new-born year be a shroud year  
For flowers that the fierce winds fray?  
You smile and the sky seems blue, dear,  
You laugh, and the month turns May.

Love cares not for care, he has daffed her  
Aside as a mate for guile;  
The sight that my soul yearns after  
Feeds full my sense for awhile;  
Your sweet little sun-faced laughter,  
Your good little glad grave smile.

where  
at, S  
dear,

Mohère—and his shine has nought  
left on it of sorrow, to

The secret things of his thought,

A grim thing written or graven  
But grows, if you gaze on it, bright  
Dark's note rags from the raven,  
And tragedy's robe turns white  
And shipwrecks drift into bay,  
And darkness laughs, and is light.

Grief seems but a vision of mine  
Late's key-note peals from it  
With nought in it more of  
Than broods on the heart  
At sight of you, thought grows plain  
And, through love of you, love,

### A DOUBLE BALLAD OF AUGUST.

(1894.)

All Afric, winged with death and fire,  
Pants in our pleasant English air,  
Each blade of grass is tense as wire,  
And all the wood's loose trembling hair  
Shrink in the broad and breathless glare  
Of hours whose touch wastes herb and tree,  
This bright sharp death shines ever where;  
Late yearns for solace toward the sea.

Earth seems a corpse upon the pyre;  
The sun, a charge for slaves to bear,  
All power that is, all keen desire,  
Like a dead army of days that were  
Before the new-born world lay bare  
Under heaven's wide eye, where under we  
Breatheless till the season spare;  
Late yearns for solace toward the sea.

For three hours, with ravening fangs that throb  
On spirit and sense, divide and share  
The throbs of thoughts that scarce respire,  
The throes of dreams that scarce forbear  
One mute immitigable prayer  
For cold perpetual sleep to be  
Laid snowlike on the sense of care,  
Late yearns for solace toward the sea.

The dust of ways where men suspire  
Seems even the dust of death's dim lair,  
But though the feverish days be dire  
The sea-wind rears and cheers its fair

and there  
and blow for the  
with the sea.

The music does not off the face  
That lets no soul alive despair,  
Deep strikes not dumb the breathless hour  
Of waves whose note bids sorrow spare,  
As when they sound, as fast they fare,  
As when fate's word first set them free  
And gave them light and meant to wear  
Late yearns for solace toward the sea.

For there, though night and day conspire  
To compass round with toil and snare  
And chanceless whirl of change, whose eye  
Draws all things deathwards unaware,  
The spirit of life they scourge and scare,  
Wild ways that follow on waves that flow  
Laugh, knowing that yet, though earth despair  
Late yearns for solace toward the sea.

### HEARTSEASE COUNTRY.

TO ISABEL SWINEBURNE.

The far green westward heavens are bland,  
The far green Wiltshire downs are clear  
As these deep meadows hard at hand;  
The sight knows hardly far from near,  
Nor morning joy from evening cheer,  
In cottage garden-plots their bees  
Find many a fervent flower to seize  
And strain and drain the heart away  
From ripe sweet-williams and sweet-peas  
At every turn on every way.

But gladliest seems one flower to expand  
Its whole sweet heart about us here;  
'Tis Heartsease Country, Pansy Lane,  
Nor sounds nor savors harsh and drear  
Where engines yell and halt and veer  
Can vex the sense of him who sees  
One flower-plot midway, that for tree  
Has poles, and sheds all grimed  
For bowers like those that take the breeze  
At every turn on every way.

Content even there they smile and stand,  
Sweet thought's heart-easing flowers, nor  
With reck and roaring steam though fanned,  
Nor shrink nor perish as they pass,  
The heart's eye holds not those more dear

That glow between the lanes and leas  
 Who lend the homeliest hand may please  
 To let them blossom as they may  
 Where light approves and wind agrees  
 At every turn on every way.

Sister, the word of winds and seas  
 Endures not as the word of these  
 Your wayside flowers whose breath would  
 say  
 How hearts that love may find heart's ease  
 At every turn on every way.

### A BALLAD OF APPEAL.

TO CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Song wakes with every wakening year  
 From hearts of birds that only feel  
 Brief spring's deciduous flower-time near:  
 And song more strong to help or heal  
 Shall silence worse than winter seal?  
 From love-lit thought's remurmuring cave  
 The notes that rippled, wave on wave,  
 Were clear as love, as faith were strong;  
 And all souls blessed the song that gave  
 Sweet water from the well of song.

All hearts bore fruit of joy to hear,  
 All eyes felt mist upon them steal  
 For joy's sake, trembling toward a tear,  
 When, lo! as marriage-bells that peal,  
 Or flutelike soft, or keen like steel,  
 Strang the sheer music; sharp or grave,  
 We heard the drift of winds that drave,  
 And saw, swept round by ghosts in throng,  
 Dark rocks, that yielded, where they clave,  
 Sweet water from the well of song.

Blithe verse made all the dim sense clear  
 That smiles of babbling babes conceal:  
 Prayer's perfect heart spake here; and here  
 These notes of blameless love and weal,  
 More soft than this poor song's appeal.  
 Where orchards bask, where cornfields wave,  
 They dropped like rains that cleanse and lave,  
 And scattered all the year along,  
 Like dewfall on an April grave,  
 Sweet water from the well of song.

Ballad, go bear our prayer, and crave  
 Pardon, because thy lowlier stave  
 Can do this plea no right, but wrong.  
 Ask nought beside thy pardon, save  
 Sweet water from the well of song.

### CRADLE SONGS.

(TO A TUNE OF BLAKE'S.)

I.

BABY, baby bright,  
 Sleep can steal from sight  
 Little of your light.

Soft as fire in dew,  
 Still the life in you  
 Lights your slumber through.

Four white eyelids keep  
 Fast the seal of sleep  
 Deep as love is deep:

Yet, though closed it lies,  
 Love behind them spies  
 Heaven in two blue eyes.

II.

Baby, baby dear,  
 Earth and heaven are near  
 Now, for heaven is here.

Heaven is every place  
 Where your flower-sweet face  
 Fills our eyes with grace.

Till your own eyes deign  
 Earth a glance again,  
 Earth and heaven are twain.

Now your sleep is done,  
 Shine, and show the sun  
 Earth and heaven are one.

III.

Baby, baby sweet,  
 Love's own lips are meet  
 Scarce to kiss your feet.

Hardly love's own ear,  
 When your laugh crows clear,  
 Quite deserves to hear.

Hardly love's own wile,  
 Though it please awhile,  
 Quite deserves your smile.

Baby full of grace,  
 Bless us yet a space:  
 Sleep will come apace.

IV.

Baby, baby true,  
Man, whate'er he do,  
May deceive not you.

Smiles whose love is guile,  
Worn a flattering while,  
Win from you no smile.

One, the smile alone  
Out of love's heart grown,  
Ever wins your own.

Man, a dunce uncouth,  
Errs in age and youth:  
Babies know the truth.

V.

Baby, baby fair,  
Love is fain to dare  
Bless your haughtiest air.

Baby blithe and bland,  
Reach but forth a hand  
None may dare withstand;

Love, though wellnigh cowed,  
Yet would praise aloud  
Pride so sweetly proud.

No! the fitting word  
Even from breeze or bird  
Never yet was heard.

VI.

Baby, baby kind,  
Though no word we find  
Bear us yet in mind.

Half a little hour,  
Baby bright in bower,  
Keep this thought afloater—

Love it is, I see,  
Here with heart and knee  
Bows and worships me.

What can baby do,  
Then, for love so true?—  
Let it worship you.

VII.

Baby, baby wise,  
Love's divine surmise  
Lights your constant eyes.

Day and night and day  
One mute word would they,  
As the soul saith, say.

Trouble comes and goes;  
Wonder ebbs and flows;  
Love remains and glows.

As the fledgeling dove  
Feels the breast above.  
So your heart feels love.

PELAGIUS.

I.

THE sea shall praise him and the shores  
bear part

That reared him when the bright south  
world was black

With fume of creeds more foul than hell's  
own rack,

Still darkening more love's face with loveless  
art

Since Paul, faith's fervent Antichrist, of  
heart

Heroic, haled the world vehemently back  
From Christ's pure path on dire Jehovah's  
track,

And said to dark Elisha's Lord, 'Thou art.'  
But one whose soul had put the raiment on

Of love that Jesus left with James and John  
Withstood that Lord whose seals of love

were lies,

Seeing what we see—how, touched by Truth's  
bright rod,

The fiend whom Jews and Africans called  
God

Feels his own hell take hold on him and  
dies.

II.

The world has no such flower in any land,

And no such pearl in any gulf the sea,

As any babe on any mother's knee.

But all things blessed of men by saints are  
banned:

God gives them grace to read and understand  
The palimpsest of evil, writ where we,

Poor fools and lovers but of love, can see

Nought save a blessing signed by Love's own  
hand.

The smile that opens heaven on us for them

Hath sin's transmitted birthmark hid there—  
in:

The kiss it craves seen shewn in heaven  
a rod.  
If innocence be sin that Gods condemn,  
First woe the men who cleave to him—  
First dared the doom and broke the  
bonds of God.

## III.

Man's bed is on the Almighty's neck who  
Lies there—hell, and there was he'll—on  
earth.  
But not for that may men forget their  
worth—  
Nay, but much more remember them—who  
led  
The living first from dwelt of the dead,  
And rent the sacerdotes that were wont to  
enroll  
Souls wringed, and with the Lord swaddled  
from their birth  
With lies that bound them fast from heel to  
head,  
Among the tombs when wise men all their  
lives  
Dwelt, and cried out, and cut themselves  
with knives,  
These men, being foolish, and of saints ab-  
horred,  
Beheld in heaven the sun be saints reviled,  
Love, and on earth one everlasting Lord  
In every likeness of a Father's child.

## LOUIS BLANC.

## THREE SONNETS TO HIS MEMORY.

## I.

The stainless soul that smelt through Goli-  
ath's crest,  
The bright grave low where on dark res-  
tance's blast  
Might blow, but might not bend it, nor  
o'ercast,  
Save for one more short hour of slumber, the  
skies  
Thrilled with warm dreams of wondrous days  
to rise  
And end the whole world's winter here at  
last,  
If death be death, have passed into the  
past;  
If death be life, live, though their semblance  
dies.

Hope and high faith inviolate of distrust  
Shone strong as life inviolate of the grave  
Through each bright word and lineament  
Most loving righteousness and love most just  
Crowned, as day crowns the dawn-en-  
kindled wave.  
With visible aureole thine unfaltering  
mien.

## II.

Strong time and fire-seft change, with light-  
nings clad  
And shod with thunders of reverberate  
years,  
Have filled with light and sound of hopes  
and fears  
The space of many a season, since I had  
Grace of good hap to make my spirit glad,  
Once communing with thine; and memory  
hears  
The bright voice yet that then rejoiced  
mine ears.  
Sees yet the light of eyes that spake, and  
bade  
Fear not, but hope, though then time's heart  
were weak  
And heaven by hell shade-stricken, and the  
me  
Of sign-burn hope made questionable and  
strange  
As twilight trembling till the sunlight speak,  
Thou sawest the sunrise and the storm in  
one  
Break! see'st thou now the storm-compell-  
ing sun?

## III.

Smile thou seest, O spirit of light and fire,  
Smile thou canst not choose, O soul, but  
see  
The days whose dayspring was beheld of  
thee  
Fire eyes less pure might have their hope's de-  
struction  
Beholding life in heaven again respire  
Where men saw nought that was or was to  
be  
So only death imperial. Thou and he  
Who has the heart of all men's hearts for  
ever,  
Ye twain, being great of spirit as time is  
great,  
And sure of sight as truth's own heaven-  
ward eye,

Beheld the forms or forces passing by  
And certitude of equal-balanced fate,  
Whose breath foretold makes darkness pal-  
pitate,  
And knew that light should live and darkness  
die.

## VOS DEOS LAUDAMUS :

## THE CONSERVATIVE JOURNALIST'S ANTHEM.

\* As a matter of fact, no man living, or who ever lived  
—not CÆSAR OF PERICLES, not SHAKESPEARE or  
MICHAEL ANGELO—could confer honor more than he  
took on entering the House of Lords.\*—*Saturday Re-  
viewer*, December 15, 1883.

\* Clumsy and shallow snobbery—can do no hurt.\*—  
*Ibid.*

## I.

O LORDS our Gods, beneficent, sublime,  
In the evening, and before the morning  
flames,  
We praise, we bless, we magnify your  
names.  
The slave is he that serves not, his the crime  
And shame, who hails not as the crown of  
Time  
That House wherein the all-envious world  
acclaims  
Such glory that the reflex of it shames  
All crowns bestowed of men for prose or  
rhyme,  
The serf, the cur, the sycophant is he  
Who feels no cringing motion twitch his knee  
When from a height too high for Shake-  
speare nods  
The wearer of a higher than Milton's crown,  
Stoop, Chaucer, stoop: Keats, Shelley, Burns,  
bow down.  
These have no part with you, O Lords our  
Gods.

## II.

O Lords our Gods, it is not that ye sit  
Serene above the thunder, and exempt  
From strife of tongues and casualties that  
tempt  
Men merely found by proof of manhood fit  
For service of their fellows: this is it  
Which sets you past the reach of Time's  
attempt,  
Which gives us right of justified contempt  
For commonwealths built up by mere men's  
wit:

That gold unlocks not, nor may flatteries ope,  
The portals of your heaven; that none may  
hope  
With you to watch how life beneath you  
plods,  
Save for high service given, high duty done;  
That never was your rank ignobly won:  
For this we give you praise, O Lords our  
Gods.

## III.

O Lords our Gods, the times are evil: you  
Redeem the time, because of evil days.  
While abject souls in servitude of praise  
Bow down to heads untitled, and the crew  
Whose honor dwells but in the deeds they  
do,  
From loftier hearts your nobler servants  
raise  
More manful salutation: yours are bays  
That not the dawn's plebeian pearls bedew;  
Yours, laurels plucked not of such hands as  
wove  
Old age its chaplet in Colonos' grove,  
Our time, with heaven and with itself at  
odds,  
Makes all lands else as seas that seethe and  
boil;  
But yours are yet the corn and wine and oil,  
And yours our worship yet, O Lords our  
Gods.

ON THE BICENTENARY OF COR-  
NEILLE,

CELEBRATED UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF  
VICTOR HUGO.

SCARCE two hundred years are gone, and the  
world is past away  
As a noise of brawling wind, as a flash of  
breaking foam,  
That beheld the singer born who raised up  
the dead of Rome;  
And a mightier now than he bids him too  
rise up to-day.  
All the dim great age is dust, and its king is  
tombless clay,  
But its loftier laurel green as in living eyes  
it clomb,  
And his memory whom it crowned hath  
his people's hearts for home,  
And the shame across it falls of a lordlier-  
flowering bay.



Stately shapes about the tomb or then mighty  
maker pace.  
Heads of high-plumed Spaniards smile, souls  
revive of Roman race,  
Sound of arms and words of wail through the  
glowing darkness rise,  
Speech of hearts heroic rings forth of lips  
that know not breath,  
And the light of thoughts august fills the pride  
of kindling eyes  
Whence of yore the spell of song drove the  
shadow of darkling death.

## IN SEPULCRETIS.

'Vidistis ipsi rapere de rogo carnam.'—CATULLUS,  
LIX. 3.

'To publish even one line of an author which he  
himself has not intended for the public at large—  
especially letters which are addressed to private persons  
—is to commit a despicable act of felony.'—HEINE.

## I.

It is not then enough that men who give  
The best gift given of man to man should feel,  
Alive, a snake's head ever at their heel;  
Small hurt the worms may do them while  
they live—  
Such hurt as scorn for scorn's sake may for-  
give.  
But now, when death and fame have set  
one seal  
On tombs whereat Love, Grief, and Glory  
kneel,  
Men sit all secrets, in their critic sieve,  
Of graves wherein the dust of death might  
shrink  
To know what tongues defile the dead  
man's name  
With beautiful love, and praise that stings  
like shame.  
Rest once was theirs, who had crossed the  
mortal brink;  
No rest, no reverence now: dull fools un-  
dress  
Death's holiest shrine, life's veriest naked-  
ness.

## II.

A man was born, sang, suffered, loved, and  
died.  
Men scorned him living: let us praise him  
dead.

His life was brief and bitter, gently led  
And proudly, but with pure and blameless  
pride.  
He wrought no wrong toward any: satisfied  
With love and labor, whence our souls are  
fed  
With largesse yet of living wine and bread.  
Come, let us praise him: here is nought to  
hide,  
Make bare the poor dead secrets of his heart,  
Strip the stark-naked soul, that all may  
peer,  
Spy, smirk, sniff, snap, snort, snivel, snarl,  
and sneer:  
Let none so sad, let none so sacred part  
Lie still for pity, rest unstirred for shame,  
But all be scanned of all men. This is  
fame.

## III.

'Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!' \*  
If one, that strutted up the brawling streets  
As foreman of the flock whose concourse  
greeted  
Men's ears with bray more dissonant than  
brass,  
Would change from blame to praise as coarse  
and crass  
His natural note, and learn the fawning  
feats  
Of lapdogs, who but knows what luck he  
meets?  
But all in vain old fable holds her glass,  
Mocked and reviled by men of poisonous  
breath.  
A great man dies: but one thing worst was  
spared:  
Not all his heart by their base hands lay  
bared.  
One comes to crown with praise the dust of  
death:  
And lo through him this worst is brought  
to pass,  
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

## IV.

Shame, such as never yet dealt heavier stroke  
On heads more shameful, fall on theirs  
through whom  
Dead men may keep inviolate not their  
tomb,  
But all its depths these ravenous grave-worms  
choke,  
And yet what waste of wrath were this, to  
invoke

\* *Titus Andronicus*, Act iv, Scene 2.

Shame on the shameless? Even their twin-born doom,  
 Their native air of life, a carrion fume,  
 Their natural breath of love, a noisome smoke,  
 The bread they break, the cup whereof they drink,

The record whose remembrance damns their name,

Smells, tastes, and sounds of nothing but of shame.

If thankfulness nor pity bids them think  
 What work is this of theirs, and pause sometimes,

Not Shakespeare's grave would serve them  
 Off with rhymes.

### LOVE AND SCORN.

#### I.

LOVE, loyallest and lordliest born of things,  
 Immortal that shouldst be, though all else end,

In plighted hearts of fearless friend with friend,

Whose hand may curb or clip thy plume-plucked wings?

Not grief's nor time's: though these be lords and kings

Crowned, and their yoke bid vassal passions bend,

They may not pierce the spirit of sense, or blend

Quick poison with the soul's live watersprings.  
 The true clear heart whose core is manifold trust

Fears not that very death may turn to dust  
 Love lit therein as toward a brother born.

If one touch make not all its fine gold rust,  
 If one breath blight not all its glad ripe corn,

And a" its fire be turned to fire of scorn.

#### II.

Scorn only, scorn begot of bitter proof  
 By keen experience of a trustless heart,

Bears burning in her new-born hand  
 dart

Wherewith love dies heart-stricken, and the roof

Falls of his palace, and the storied woof  
 Long woven of many a year with life's whole art

Is rent like any rotten weed apart,  
 And hardly with reluctant eyes aloof

Cold memory guards one relic scarce exempt  
 Yet from the fierce corrosion of contempt,

And hardly saved by pity. Woe are we  
 That once we loved, and love not: but we know

The ghost of love, surviving yet in show.  
 Where scorn has passed, is vain as grief must be.

O sacred, just, inevitable scorn  
 Strong child of righteous judgment, whom

with grief  
 The rent heart bears, and wins not yet relief,

seeing of its pain so dire a portent born,  
 Must thou not spare one sheaf of all the corn,

One doir of all the treasure? not one sheaf.  
 Not one poor doir of all? not one dead leaf

Of all that tell and tell behind a thorn?  
 Is man so strong that one should scorn another?

Is any as God, not made of mortal mother,  
 That love should turn in him to gall and flame?

Nay: but the true is not the false heart's  
 brother:

Love cannot love disloyalty: the name  
 That else it wears is love no more, but shame.

### ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD DOYLE.

A LIGHT of blameless laughter, fancy-bred,  
 Soft-souled and glad and kind as love or sleep,

Fades, and sweet mirth's own eyes are fain  
 to weep

Because her blithe and gentlest bird is dead.  
 Weep, elves and fairies all, that never shed

Tear yet for mortal mourning: you that keep  
 The doors of dreams whence naught of ill may creep,

Mourn once for one whose lips your honey fed,

Let waters of the Golden River steep  
 The rose-roots whence his grave blooms rose-red

And murmuring of Hyblaean hives be deep  
 About the summer silence of its bed,

And nought less gracious than a violet peep  
 Between the grass grown greener round his head.

## IN MEMORY OF HENRY A. LEECH.

YET again another, ere his crown  
Gone from friends that he once bore for  
him no more.  
Never now for him shall hope set wide the  
door,  
Hope that hailed him hither, fain to meet  
him here.  
All the gracious garden-flowers be-  
lieve me  
dear,  
Old-world English blossoms, all the flower-  
stead store,  
Old-world grief had strewn them round his  
burial of yore,  
Bidding each drop leaf by leaf a parting  
fare  
Rarer lutes than mine had borne in more  
ful token,  
Touched by subtler hands than echoing  
time can woe,  
Sweet as flowers had strewn his graveward  
path alone,  
Now may no such hold-sweet dainties more be  
spoken,  
Now the flowers whose breath was very sweet  
are broken,  
Nor may sorrow find again so sweet a song.

## A SOLITUDE.

SEA beyond sea, sand after sweep of sand,  
Here ivory smooth, here cloven and ridged  
with flow  
Of channelled waters soft as rain or snow,  
Stretch their lone length at ease beneath the  
bland  
Gray gleam of skies whose smiles in wave and  
strand  
Shines weary like a man's who smiles to  
know  
That now no dream can mock his faith with  
show,  
Nor cloud for him seem living sea or land.  
Is there an end at all of all this waste,  
These crumbling cliffs defeatured and defaced,  
These ruinous heights of sea-sapped walls  
that stand  
Seaward with all their banks of bleak blown  
flowers  
Gladly to be swept away by the sea's  
Beneath the coil of dull dense waves and  
hours?

VICTOR HUGO: L'ARCHIPPEL DE LA  
MANCHE.

SEA and land are fairer now, nor aught is all  
the same,  
Sweeter in our hand than Time's bath  
woven their votive wreath  
Of swords half drawn from out the  
smooth wave's jewelled sheath,  
Lutes whose flowers a tongue divine hath  
named by name,  
Foreswear the midnight or the noon  
chimed round with time,  
Heats the clamor jar and grind which  
utters from beneath  
Cries of humming waves like beasts fast  
bound that gnash their teeth,  
All of these the sun that lights them lights  
like his lament,  
None of these is but the thing it was before  
become,  
Where the duffling overfalls like dens of  
torment settle,  
High on tumbled moorlands, down in  
pools black and lone,  
Where the garden hides, and where the  
wind uproots the heath,  
Glory now henceforth forever, while the  
world shall be,  
Shines, a star that keeps not time with change  
on earth and sea.

## THE TWILIGHT OF THE LORDS.

I.  
I hear sound a trumpet blown, or a bell for  
land toll,  
Where the whole air vibrates now to the  
clash of words like swords—  
Let us break their bonds in sunder, and  
cast away their cords;  
For even the world has mocked us, and  
we hold  
How a crown man bears the curb when  
his lord was controlled?  
No, but hearken! surer counsel more sober  
be heedful!  
Is the past not all inscribed with the  
pages of our Lords?  
For the men of dead deeds done of yore,  
The crown cold  
That would bid our hearts to trust in their  
counsels wise and bold?  
Those that stand against you now, sense-  
less crowds and beardless hordes,

Are not these the sons of men that withstood  
your kins of old?  
Theirs it is to bind and loose; theirs the  
key that knows the wards,  
Theirs the staff to lead or strike; yours, the  
spades and ploughs and hods;  
Theirs to hear and yours to cry, Power is  
Yours, O Lords our Gods.

II.

Hear, O England: these are they that would  
counsel thee aright.  
Wouldst thou fain have all thy sons sons of  
thine indeed, and free?  
Nay, but then no more at all as thou hast  
been shalt thou be:  
Needs must many dwell in darkness, that  
some may look on light;  
Needs must poor men brook the wrong that  
ensures the rich man's right.  
How shall kings and lords be worse paid,  
if no man bow the knee?  
How, if no man worship these, may thy  
praise endure with thee?  
How, except thou trust in these, shall thy  
name not lose its might?  
These have had their will of thee since the  
Norman came to smite:  
Sires on grandsires, even as wave after  
wave along the sea,  
Sons on sires have followed, steadfast as  
clouds or hours in flight.  
Time alone hath power to say, time alone  
hath eyes to see,  
If your walls of rule be built but of clay-com-  
pacted sods,  
If your place of old shall know you no more,  
O Lords our Gods.

III.

Through the stalls wherein ye sit sounds a  
sentence while we wait,  
Set your house in order: is it not builded  
on the sand?  
Set your house in order, seeing the night is  
hard at hand.  
As the twilight of the Gods in the northern  
dream of fate  
Is this hour that comes against you, albeit  
this hour come late.  
Ye whom Time and Truth bade heed, and  
ye would not understand,  
Now an axe draws nigh the tree overshad-  
owing all the land,  
And its edge of doom is set to the root of all  
your state.

Light is more than darkness now, faith than  
fear and hope than hate;  
And what morning wills, behold, all the  
night shall not withstand.  
Rods of office, helms of rule, staffs of wise  
men, crowns of great,  
While the people willed, ye bare; now  
their hopes and hearts expand,  
Time with silent foot makes dust of your  
broken crowns and rods,  
And the lordship of your godhead is gone, O  
Lords our Gods.

CLEAR THE WAY!

CLEAR the way, my lords and lackeys! you  
have had your day.  
Here you have your answer—England's ye  
against your nay:  
Long enough your house has held you: up,  
and clear the way!

Lust and falsehood, craft and traffic, prece-  
dent and gold,  
Tongue of courtier, kiss of harlot, promis-  
bought and sold,  
Gave you heritage of empire over thralls of  
old.

Now that all these things are rotten, all their  
gold is rust,  
Quenched the pride they lived by, dead the  
faith and cold the lust,  
Shall their heritage not also turn again to  
dust?

By the grace of these they reigned, who left  
their sons their sway:  
By the grace of these, what England says her  
lords unsay:  
Till at last her cry go forth against them—  
Clear the way!

By the grace of trust in treason knaves have  
lived and lied:  
By the force of fear and folly fools have fed  
their pride:  
By the strength of sloth and custom reason  
stands defied.

Lest perchance your reckoning on some latter  
day be worse,  
Hear and hearken, lords of lands and princes  
of the purse.  
Ere the tide be full that comes with blessing  
and with curse.

Where we stand, as where you sit, scarce  
 falls a sprinkled spray;  
 But the wind that sweils, the wave that fol-  
 lows, none shall stay:  
 Spread no more of sail for shipwreck; out,  
 and clear the way!

### A WORD FOR THE COUNTRY.

Men, born of the land that for ages  
 Has been honored where freedom was  
 dear,  
 Till your labor wax fat on its wages  
 You shall never be peers of a peer,  
 Where might is, the right is;  
 Long purses make strong swords,  
 Let weakness learn meekness;  
 God save the House of Lords!

You are free to consume in stagnation;  
 You are equal in right to obey;  
 You are brothers in bonds, and the nation  
 Is your mother—whose sons are her prey.  
 Those others your brothers,  
 Who toil not, weave, nor till,  
 Refuse you and use you  
 As waiters on their will.

But your fathers bowed down to their masters  
 And obeyed them and served and adored,  
 Shall the sheep not give thanks to their  
 pastors?  
 Shall the serf not give praise to his lord?  
 Time, waning and gaining,  
 Grown other now than then,  
 Needs pastors and masters  
 For sheep, and not for men.

If his grandsire did savor in battle,  
 If his grandam was killed by a king,  
 Must men to my lord be as cattle  
 Or as apes that he leads in a string?  
 To deem so, to dream so,  
 Would bid the world proclaim  
 The dastards for bastards,  
 Not heirs of England's fame.

Not in state but in right of dishonor,  
 The rascals who trample your boards  
 Till the earth that endures you upon her  
 Grows weary to bear you, my lords,  
 Your token is broken,  
 It will not pass for gold;  
 Your glory looks hoary,  
 Your sun in heaven turns cold.

They are worthy to reign on their brothers,  
 So contain them as clods and as earles,  
 Who are Graces by grace of such mothers  
 As brightened the bed of King Charles.  
 What manner of banner,  
 What fame is this they flaunt,  
 That Britain, soul-smitten,  
 Should shrink before their vaunt?

Bright sons of sublime prostitution,  
 You are made of the mire of the street  
 Where your grandmothers walked in pollution  
 Till a coronet shone at their feet.  
 Your Graces, whose facts  
 Bear high the bastard's brand,  
 Seem stronger no longer  
 Than all this honest land.

But the sons of her soldiers and seamen,  
 They are worthy forsooth of their hire.  
 If the father won praise from all free men,  
 Shall the sons not exult in their sire?  
 Let money make sunny  
 And power make proud their lives,  
 And feed them and breed them  
 Like drones in drowsiest hives.

But if haply the name be a burden  
 And the souls be no kindred of theirs,  
 Should wise men rejoice in such guer-lon  
 Or brave men exult in such heirs?  
 Or rather the father  
 Frown, shamed on the son.  
 And no men but to men,  
 Deriding, cry 'Well done'?

Let the gold and the land they inherit  
 Pass ever from hand into hand;  
 In right of the forefather's merit  
 Let the gold be the son's, and the land.  
 Soft raiment, rich payment,  
 High place, the state affords;  
 Full measure of pleasure:  
 But now no more, my lords,

Is the future beleaguered with dangers  
 If the poor be far other than slaves?  
 Shall the sons of the land be as strangers  
 In the land of their forefathers' graves?  
 Shame were it to bear it,  
 And shame it were to see:  
 If free men you be, men,  
 Let proof proclaim you free.

'But democracy means dissolution:  
 See, laden with clamor and crime,  
 How the darkness of dim revolution

Comes deepening the twilight of time !  
 Ah, better the fetter  
 That holds the nation's hand  
 Than peril of sterile  
 Blind change that wastes the land.

'Gaze forward through clouds that environ ;  
 It shall be as it was in the past ;  
 Not with dreams, but with blood and with  
 iron,  
 Shall a nation be moulded to fast,  
 So teach they, so preach they,  
 Who dream themselves the dream  
 That hallows the gallows  
 And bids the scaffold stream.

'With a hero at head, and a nation  
 Well gagged and well drilled and well  
 cowed,  
 And a gospel of war and damnation,  
 Has not empire a right to be proud ?'  
 Fools prattle and tattle  
 Of freedom, reason, right,  
 The beauty of duty,  
 The loveliness of light.

'But we know, we believe it, we see it,  
 Force only has power upon earth.'  
 So be it! and ever so be it  
 For souls that are bestial by birth!  
 Let Prussian with Russian  
 Exchange the kiss of slaves :  
 But sea-folk are free folk  
 By grace of winds and waves.

Has the past from the sepulchres beckoned?  
 Let answer from Englishmen be—  
 No man shall be lord of us reckoned  
 Who is baser, not better, than we.  
 No coward, empowered  
 To soil a brave man's name :  
 For shame's sake and fame's sake,  
 Enough of fame and shame.

Fame needs not the golden addition;  
 Shame bears it abroad as a brand.  
 Let the deed, and no more the tradition,  
 Speak out and be heard through the land.  
 Pride, rootless and fruitless,  
 No longer takes and gives;  
 But surer and purer  
 The soul of England lives.

He is master and lord of his brothers  
 Who is worthier and wiser than they.  
 Him only, him surely, shall others,  
 Else equal, observe and obey.  
 Truth, flawless and awless,  
 Do falsehood what it can,

Make good the lord of  
 And empire's heart of man.

Who are these, then, that England should  
 hearken

Who are and wax wroth and grim pale  
 If she turn from the sunsets that darken  
 A : her ship for the morning set sail?  
 Let strangers fear dangers :  
 Aid know, that hold her dear,  
 Dishonor, upon her  
 Can only fall through fear.

Men, born of the landsmen and seamen  
 Who served her with souls and with swords,  
 She bids you be brothers, and free men,  
 And lordless, and fearless of lords.  
 She cares not, she dares not  
 Care now for gold or steel :  
 Light lead her, truth speed her,  
 God save the Commonweal !

## A WORD FOR THE NATION.

## I.

A word across the water  
 Against our ears is borne.  
 Of threatenings and of slaughter,  
 Of rage and spite and scorn :  
 We have rot, alack, an ally to befriend us,  
 And the season is ripe to extirpate and end  
 us :  
 Let the German touch hands with the Gaul,  
 And the fortress of England must fall :  
 And the sea shall be swept of her seamen,  
 And the waters they ruled be their graves,  
 And Dutchmen and Frenchmen be free men,  
 And Englishmen slaves.

## II.

Our time once more is over,  
 Once more our end is near ;  
 A bull without a drover,  
 The Briton reels to rear,  
 And the van of the nations is held by his  
 fetters,  
 And the seas of the world shall be loosed  
 from his fetters,  
 And his glory shall pass as a breath,  
 And the life that is in him be death :  
 And the sepulchre sealed on his glory  
 For a sign to the nations shall be  
 As of Tyre and of Carthage in story,  
 Once lords of the sea.

## III.

The lips are wise and lowly,  
The hearts are brave and true,  
Imperturbable and true,  
Made strong to calm this crew,  
Whose thunder can produce the noise of de-  
struction;  
Rings rage from the grave of a trustless  
chance.

A sun-beware and be warned,  
As cornered of all nations and scorned,  
As a swordless and spiritless nation,  
A wreck on the waste of the waves.  
So foams the released indignation  
Of masterless slaves.

## IV.

Baute throats that miss the collar,  
Bowed backs that ask the wimp,  
Stretched hands that lack the dollar,  
And many a lie-seared lip,  
Forefeet and foreshow for us—as funereal  
As the signs that were regal of yore and im-  
perial;

We shall pass as the princes they served,  
We shall reap what our fathers deserved,  
And the place that was England's be taken  
By one that is worthier than she,  
And the yoke of her empire be shaken  
Like spray from the sea.

## V.

French hounds, whose necks are aching  
Stif from the chain they crave,  
In dog-day madness breaking  
The dog-leash, thus may rave:  
But the scurs that for ages have fostered and  
ruined her  
Lurch, echoing the yell of the kennel and dust

And their moan if destruction draw near them  
A roar of her laughter to pour them;  
For she knows that if Englishmen be men  
Their England has all that she craves;  
All love and all honor from free men,  
All hatred from slaves.

## VI.

All love that rests upon her  
Like sunshine and sweet air,  
All light of perfect honor  
And praise than ends in prayer,  
She wins not more surely, she wears not  
more proudly,

Than the token of tribute that enters the  
house;  
The tangle of toes when they meet  
That tangles and tugs at her feet,  
The stain of race and of rancor,  
The route of slaves to the free,  
To the proper whose hope hath its anchor  
Made fast in the sea.

## VII.

No fool that bows the back be  
Fetted in for scourge or brand,  
No sordid scribes that lackey  
The lords of Lackeyland,  
No peasant that yearns, as he turns on his  
pallet,  
For the place or the pence of a poet or a  
valet,  
No whelp of as currish a pack  
As the litter whose yelp it gives back,  
Though he answer the cry of his brother  
As echoes might answer from caves,  
Shall be witness as though for a mother  
Whose children were slaves.

## VIII.

But those found fit to love her,  
Whose love has root in faith,  
Who hear, though darkness cover  
Time's face, what memory saith,  
Who seek not the service of great men or  
small men  
But the weal that is common for comfort of  
all men,  
Those yet that in trust have beholden  
Truth's dawn over England grow golden  
And quicken the darkness that stagnates  
And scatter the shadows that flee,  
Shall reply for her mearest as migrants  
And masters by sea.

## IX.

And all shall mark her station,  
Her message all shall hear,  
When, equated, the nation  
To all her sons draw near,  
And freedom be more than tradition or fac-  
tion,  
And thought be no swifter to serve her than  
action,  
And in her alone be above her,  
That love may be prouder to love her,  
And time on the crest of her story  
Inscribe as remembrance engraves,  
The sign that subduces with its glory  
Kings, princes, and slaves.

## A WORD FROM THE PSALMIST.

PS. CIV. 8.

I.

TAKE heed, ye unwisdom to the people:  
O ye fools, when will ye understand?  
From pulpit or from throne ye preach,  
Though the words of peace, the tones  
Are bland,  
Far louder than the Church's censure thunders  
To the ears of men who may not choose but  
hear;  
And the heart in him that hears it leaps and  
wonders,  
With triumphant hope a-toned, or with  
fear,  
For the names whose anathema's power  
Awaken  
Neither love nor reverence may nor  
dread:  
Their strongholds and shrines are stormed  
and taken,  
Their kingdom and all its works are  
dead.

II.

Take heed: for the tide of time is risen:  
It is full not yet, the cup now so high,  
That spirits and hopes long yearning  
Feel round them a sense of freedom  
nigh,  
And a savor keen and sweet of balm and  
bellow,  
And a murmur deep and strong of deepening  
strength,  
Their life a washman dream, with doth or  
pale or pellow,  
And the night be long, not endless is its  
length,  
From the springs of dawn, from clouds  
and savor,  
From the equal heavens and the east-  
ward sea,  
The witness comes that endures forever,  
That men be brethren and thralls be  
free.

III.

But the wind of the wings of dawn ex-  
panding  
Strikes chill on your hearts as chance  
and death.  
Ye are old, but ye have not understand-  
ing;

And proud, but your pride is a dead  
man's breath  
And your wise men, toward whose words and  
deeds ye look  
And your strong men, in whose hands ye  
put your trust,  
Strain eyes to behold but clouds and dreams  
that darken,  
And the words that can find but weapons  
are vain,  
Each witchward rings, and the night re-  
sponses,  
But the lark's note laughs at the night  
bird's notes —  
'Is virtue verily found in voices?  
Or is wisdom won when all win votes?

IV.

'Take heed, ye unwise indeed, who listen  
When the wind's wings beat and stir  
and change;  
Whose hearts are uplift, whose eyeballs  
listen,  
With desire of new things great and strange.  
Let not dreams misguide nor any visions wrong  
you:  
That which has been, it is now as it was  
then  
Is not Compromise of old a god among you?  
Is not Precedent indeed a king of men?  
But the windy hopes that lead mislead  
you,  
And the sounds ye hear are void and  
vain,  
Is a vote a coat? will franchise feed you,  
Or words be a roof against the rain?

V.

'Fight ages are gone since kinsship enter-  
ed,  
With knights and peers at its harness-  
ed back,  
And the land, no more in its own strength  
centered,  
Was set for a prey to the princely pack.  
But we put off the fangs and clipped the raven-  
ing claws of it,  
And so I was in time brought forth of an  
evil thing,  
And the Lord's high name waded lordlier in  
war because of it.  
When chartered Right had bridled and  
curbed the king,  
And what so fair has the world behold  
en,



And what so firm has withstood the

As M...  
And Freedom guarded about with peers?

VI.

\*How think ye? know not your lords and

What collars are meet for brawling  
throats?

Is change not mother of strange disasters,  
Still plague or peril be stayed by votes  
Out of precedent and privilege and

Have we plucked the flower of com,  
whose root

Be us blossoms that shine from border again  
to border.

And the mouths of many are fed with its

Your masters are wiser than ye, their  
henchmen;

Your lords know surely whereof ye  
have need.

Equality? Fools, would you fain be  
Frenchmen?

Is equity more than a word indeed?

VII.

\*Your voices, forsooth, your most sweet  
voices,

Your worthy voices, your love, your hate,  
Your choice, who know not whereof your  
choice is,

What stays are these for a stable state?  
Inconstancy blind and deaf with its own  
noise bable,

Swells ever your throats with storm of un-  
certain cheers:

Heeds of craves who'd on a flat  
sea of rubble;

His trust is frail who puts not his trust in  
peers,

So shrills the message whose word  
Of righteousness, knives, of wisdom  
fools;

That serfs may boast t' because of  
princes,

And the weak rejoice that the strong  
man rules.

VIII.

\*True friends, ye people, are these, the  
faction

Fu-lmouthed that flatters and snarls and  
bays,

That fawns and foams with alternate action,  
And those too tame that in soles will

As from fraud and force their power had n<sup>o</sup>  
be

So by righteousness and peace it may not  
be

But by craft of state and nets of secret sp<sup>in</sup>  
ning,

Wards that weave and unweave wiles lif-  
tops of and,

Form, custom, and gold, and laws grow a  
hoary,

And strong tradition that guards the  
gate;

To these, O people, to these give glory,  
That your name among nations may be  
great.

IX.

How long—for haply now, now much longer—  
Shall fear put faith in a faithless creed,

And shapes and shadows of truths be  
stronger

In strong men's eyes than the truth in-  
deed?

If freedom be not a word that dies when  
spoken,

If justice be not a dream whence men must  
wake,

How shall not the bonds of the thraldom of  
old be broken.

And right put might in the hands of them  
that break?

For clear as a tocsin from the steeple  
Is the cry gone forth along the land.

Take heed, ye unwise among the people,  
O ye fools, when will ye understand?

A BALLAD AT PARTING.

Sea to sea that clasps and fosters England,  
uttering evermore

Song eterne and praise immortal of the in-  
domitable shore,

Lifts aloud her constant heart up, south to  
north and east to west,

Here in speech that shames all music, there  
in thunder-throated roar.

Chiming concord out of discord, waking rapt-  
ure out of rest.

All her ways are lovely, all her works and  
symbols are divine,

Yet shall man love best what first bade leap  
his heart and bend his knee;

Yet where the light winds come not, nor the  
 shall his soul be long but mine?

Nor may love not know the love nor, but  
 but a child may be,

Here the limitless north-eastern, there the  
 strait south-western sea.

Though the heart bear all one burden, as  
 the man was born to love;

Though the burden be heavier than the soul's  
 all songs and love.

Yet may love not choose but choose be-  
 tween them which to love the best.

Me too sea my nursing mother, me the Chan-  
 nel green and blue,

Holds at heart more fast than all things,  
 bares for me the goodlier breast.

Lifts for me the lordlier love-song, bids for  
 me more sunlight shine,

Sounds for me the stormier trumpet of the  
 sweeter strain to me.

So the broad pale Thames is loved not like  
 the tawny springs of Tyne:

Choice is clear between them for the soul  
 whose vision holds in fee

Here the limitless north-eastern, there the  
 strait south-western sea.

Choice is clear, but dear is either; nor has  
 either not in store

Men like to see many a sign of spirit-  
 strength, and many a sign of love.

Where the soul takes her of sweet remem-  
 brance, and of old and best.

Thought of songs whose flame-winged feet  
 have trod the unfooted water-floor,

When the lord of all the living lords of  
 souls had speed their quest;

Soft live sound like children's lullaby down  
 the rippling sand's incline,

Or the lovely song that loves them, hailed  
 with thankful prayer and plea;

These are parcels of the harvest here whose  
 gathered sheaves are mine,

Garnered now, but sown and reaped where  
 winds make wild with wrath or glee

Here the limitless north-eastern, there the  
 strait south-western sea.

Song, thy heart to freedom, seeing thy  
 strength and of breeze and brine,

Fare not and fear no fortune: such a  
 sign on thee.

Joy begeth memory bare thee, seeing in  
 spirit's world sign,

Even the sign of those thy fosters, each as  
 thou from all time free,

Here the limitless north-eastern, there the  
 strait south-western sea.

## A CENTURY OF ROUNDELS.

### DEDICATION.

TO

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

*Songs light as these may sound, though dark  
 and strong.*

*The heart of a child though it, m, scarce should  
 hope to please.*

*Ears tuned to strains of loftier thoughts than  
 throng*

*Songs light as these.*

*Yet grace may set their sometime doubt at ease,  
 Nor need their too rash heart ever turn to wrong  
 The shrine it serves at and the hope it sees.*

*For children's loves and laughter's throng  
 Notes that tell of love, as the love,  
 Even to the heart of a child's hearted song,  
 Songs light as these.*

### IN HARBOR.

I.

GOODNIGHT and goodbye to the life whose  
 signs denote us

As mourners clothed with regret for the life  
 gone by;

To the waters of gloom whence winds of the  
 that us

and goodnight.

A time is for mourning, a season for grief to sigh;  
 But were we not fools and blind, by day to devote us  
 As thralls to the darkness, unseen of the sun-  
 dawn's eye?

We have drunken of Lethe at length, we have eaten of lotus;  
 What hurts it us here that sorrows are born and die?  
 We have said to the dream that caressed and the dread that smote us  
 Goodnight and goodbye.

## II.

Outside of the port ye are moored in, lying  
 Close from the wind and at ease from the tide,  
 What sounds come swelling, what notes fall dying  
 Outside?

They will not cease, they will not abide:  
 Voices of presage in darkness crying  
 Pass and return and relapse aside.

Ye see not, but hear ye not wild wings flying  
 To the future that wakes from the past that died?  
 Is grief still sleeping, is joy not sighing  
 Outside?

## THE WAY OF THE WIND.

THE wind's way in the deep sky's hollow  
 None may measure, as none can say  
 How the heart in her shows the swallow  
 The wind's way.

Hope nor fear can avail to stay  
 Waves that whiten on wrecks that allow,  
 Times and seasons that wane and slay.

Life and love, till the strong night swallow  
 Thought and hope and the red last ray,  
 Swim the waters of years that follow  
 The wind's way.

## 'HAD I WIST.'

HAD I wist, when life was like a warm wind  
 Light and loud through sundawn and the  
 dew's bright mist,

How the time should come for hearts to sigh  
 in saying

'Had I wist'—  
 Surely not the roses, laughing as they kissed,  
 Not the lovelier laugh of seas in sunshine  
 swaying,  
 Should have lured my soul to look thereon  
 and list.

Now the wind is like a soul cast out and  
 praying  
 Vainly, prayers that pierce not ears when  
 hearts resist:  
 Now mine own soul sighs, adrift as wind and  
 straying,

'Had I wist.'

## RECOLLECTIONS.

## I.

YEARS upon years, as a course of clouds that  
 thicken  
 Thronging the ways of the wind that shifts  
 and veers,  
 Pass, and the flames of remembered fires re-  
 quicken  
 Years upon years.

Surely the thought in a man's heart hopes or  
 fears  
 Now that forgetfulness needs must here have  
 stricken  
 Anguish, and sweetened the sealed-up springs  
 of tears.

Ah, but the strength of regret that strain and  
 sicken,  
 Yearning for love that the veil of death en-  
 dears,  
 Slackens not wing for the wings of years that  
 quicken—  
 Years upon years.

## II.

YEARS upon years, and the flame of love's high  
 altar  
 Trembles and sinks, and the sense of listening  
 ears  
 Heeds not the sound that it heard of love's  
 blithe psalter.  
 Years upon years.

Only the sense of heart that hearkens hears,  
 Louder than dreams that assail and doubts  
 that palter,

Sorrow that slept and that wakes ere sundown peers.

Wakes, that the heart may behold, and yet not falter,  
Faces of children as stars unknown of, spheres  
Seen but of love, that endures though all things alter,  
Years upon years.

## III.

Years upon years, as a watch by night that passes,  
Pass, and the light of their eyes is fire that sears  
Slowly the hopes of the fruit that life amasses  
Years upon years.

Pale as the glimmer of stars on moonland meres  
Lighten the shadows reverberate from the glasses  
Held in their hands as they pass among their peers.  
Lights that are shadows, as ghosts on graveyard grasses,  
Moving on paths that the moon of memory cheers,  
Show but as mists over cloudy mountain passes  
Years upon years.

## TIME AND LIFE.

## I.

Time, thy name is sorrow, says the stricken  
Heart of life, laid waste with wasting flame  
Ere the change of things and thoughts re-  
quicken,  
Time, thy name.

Girt about with shadow, blind and lame,  
Ghosts of things that smite and thoughts that sicken  
Hunt and hound thee down to death and shame.

Eyes of hours whose paces halt or quicken  
Read in bloodred lines of loss and blame,  
Writ where cloud and darkness round it thicken,  
Time, thy name.

## II.

Nay, but rest is born of me for healing,  
—So might haply time, with voice replete,  
Speak : is grief the last gift of my dealing?  
Nay, but rest.

All the world is wearied, east and west,  
Tired with toil to watch the slow sun wheeling,  
Twelve loud hours of life's laborious quest.

Eyes forspent with vigil, faint and reeling,  
Find at last my comfort, and are blest,  
Not with rapturous light of life's revealing—  
Nay, but rest.

## A DIALOGUE.

## I.

DEATH, if thou wilt, fain would I plead with thee :  
Canst thou not spare, of all our hopes have built,  
One shelter where our spirits fain would be,  
Death, if thou wilt?

No dome with suns and dews impearled and gilt,  
Imperial : but some roof of wildwood tree,  
Too mean for sceptre's heft or swordblade's hilt.

Some low sweet roof where love might live, set free  
From change and fear and dreams of grief or guilt :  
Canst thou not leave life even thus much to see,  
Death, if thou wilt?

## II.

Man, what art thou to speak and plead with me?  
What knowest thou of my workings, where and how  
What things I fashion? Nay, behold and see,  
Man, what art thou?

Thy fruits of life, and blossoms of thy bough,  
What are they but my seedlings? Earth and sea  
Bear nought but when I breathe on it must bow.

Bow thou too down before me, though thou  
 be  
 Great, all the pride shall fade from off thy  
 brow.  
 When Time and strong Oblivion ask of thee,  
 Man, what art thou?

## III.

Death, if thou be or be not, as was said,  
 Immortal; if thou make us nought, or we  
 Survive: thy power is made but of our dread,  
 Death, if thou be.

Thy might is made out of our fear of thee:  
 Who tears thee not, hath plucked from off  
 thine head  
 The crown of cloud that darkens earth and  
 sea.

Earth, sea, and sky, as rain or vapor shed,  
 Shall vanish; all the shows of them shall  
 flee:  
 Then shall we know full surely, quick or  
 dead,  
 Death, if thou be.

## PLUS ULTRA.

FAR beyond the sunrise and the sunset rises  
 Heaven, with worlds on worlds that lighten  
 and respond:  
 Thought can see not thence the goal of hope's  
 surmises  
 Far beyond.

Night and day have made an everlasting  
 bond  
 Each with each child in yet more deep dis-  
 guises  
 Truth, till souls of men that thirst for truth  
 despond.

All that man in pride or spirit slights or  
 prizes,  
 All the dreams that make him fearful, vain,  
 or false,  
 Made at for thou hast touch of life's unknown  
 surprises  
 Far beyond.

## A DEAD FRIEND.

## I.

Gone, O gentle heart and true,  
 Friend of hopes foregone,

Hopes and hopeful days with you  
 Gone?

Days of old that shone  
 Saw what none shall see anew,  
 When we gazed thereon.

Soul as clear as sunlit dew,  
 Why so soon pass on,  
 Forth from all we loved and knew  
 Gone?

## II.

Friend of many a season fled,  
 What may sorrow send  
 Toward thee now from lips that said  
 'Friend?'

Sighs and songs to blend  
 Lapse with pain uncomforted  
 Though the praise ascend?

Darkness hides no dearer head:  
 Why should darkness end  
 Day so soon, O dear and dead  
 Friend?

## III.

Dear in death, thou hast thy part  
 Yet in life, to cheer  
 Hearts that held thy gentle heart  
 Dear.

Time and chance may sear  
 Hope with grief, and death may part  
 Hand from hand's clasp here:

Memory, blind with tears that start  
 Sees through every tear  
 All that made thee, as thou art,  
 Dear.

## IV.

True and tender, single-souled,  
 What should memory do  
 Weeping o'er the trust we hold  
 True?

Known and loved of few,  
 But of these, though small their fold,  
 Loved how well were you!

Change, that makes of new things old,  
 Leaves one old thing new:  
 Love which promised truth, and told  
 True.

## V.

Kind as heaven, while earth's control  
 Still had leave to bind

Thou, thy heart was toward man's whole  
Kind.

Thou no shadows blind  
Now: the change of hours that roll  
Leaves thy sleep behind

Love, that hears thy death-bell toll  
Yet, may call to mind  
Scarce a soul as thy sweet soul  
Kind

## VI.

How should life, O friend, forget  
Death, whose guest art thou?  
Faith responds to love's regret,  
How?

Still, for us that bow  
Sorrowing, still, though life be set,  
Shines thy bright mild brow.

Yea, though death and thou be met,  
Love may find thee now  
Still, albeit we know not yet  
How.

## VII.

Past as music fades, that shone  
While its life might last;  
As a song-bird's shadow flown  
Past!

Death's reverberate blast  
Now for music's lord has blown  
Whom thy love held fast.

Dead the king, and void his throne:  
Yet his grief at last  
Love makes music of his own  
Past.

## PAST DAYS.

## I.

DEAD and gone, the days we had together,  
Shadow-stricken all the lights that shone  
Round them, flown as flies the blown-foam's  
feather,  
Dead and gone.

Where we went, we twain, in time foregone,  
Forth by land and sea, and cared not whether,  
If I go again, I go alone.

Bound am I with time as with a tether;  
Thou perchance death leads enfranchised on,  
Far from deathlike life and changeful weather,  
Dead and gone.

## II.

Above the sea and sea-washed town we dwelt,  
We twain together, two brief summers, free  
From heed of hours as light as clouds that  
melt

Above the sea.

Free from all heed of aught at all were we,  
Save chance of change that clouds or sun-  
beams dealt  
And gleam of heaven to windward or to lee.

The Norman downs with bright gray waves  
for belt  
Were more for us than inland ways might be;  
A clearer sense of nearer heaven was felt  
Above the sea.

## III.

Cliffs and downs and headlands which the  
forward-hasting  
Flight of dawn and eve empurples and em-  
browns,  
Wings of wild sea-winds and stormy seasons  
wasting

Cliffs and downs,  
These, or ever man was, were: the same sky  
frowns,  
Laughs, and lightens, as before his soul, fore-  
casting  
Times to be, conceived such hopes as time  
discrowns.

These we loved of old: but now for me the  
blasting  
Breath of death makes dull the bright small  
seaward towns,

Clothes with human change these all but  
everlasting  
Cliffs and downs.

## AUTUMN AND WINTER.

## I.

THREE months bade wane and wax the win-  
tering moon  
Between two dates of death, while men were  
fain  
Yet of the living light that all too soon  
Three months bade wane.

Cold autumn, wan with wadecr wail and  
 rain,  
 Saw pass a soul, went as the ocean in time,  
 That death smote, when I smote, in time.

First went my friend, in life's mid light of  
 noon.

Who loved the lord of music; then the strain  
 When earth was blazoned like as heaven in  
 June.

Then months back wine.

## II.

A herald soul before his master's day  
 Touched by some new mood, that the dark  
 Fing'ed.

Where souls rise up to greet the fresh  
 espies.

A herald soul;

Shades of dead lords of music, who had  
 Men living by the might of melody;  
 With strength of strains that make account of  
 dole.

The deep day, when death's dim thrush  
 of living.

Trembled with sense of death's sound that  
 stole.

Through darkness, and the night gave out,  
 of serving.

A herald soul.

## III.

One went before, one after, but so fast  
 They seem gone hence together, from the  
 slain.

Whence we now gaze: yet ere the mightier  
 passed.

One went before;

One whose whole heart of love, being set of  
 yore.

On that hidden, which men believe's cast,  
 But round him earth of men's radiant  
 fore.

Then went, while earth on winter glared  
 of living.

The world and he worshipped, through the  
 of living.

Who, so late, his lover to the last,  
 One went before.

## IV.

A star had set an hour before the sun  
 Sunk from the skies wherethrough his heart's  
 pulse set.

That's all that; but few took heed, or none,  
 A star had set.

And when rings back, sonorous with regret,  
 The deep end of the sunset: how should one  
 So ready be missed in all the concourse met?

But, O sweet single heart whose work is done,  
 Whose songs are silent, how should I forget  
 That ere the sunset's far goal was won  
 A star had set?

## THE DEATH OF RICHARD WAGNER.

## I.

MORNING on earth, as when dark hours  
 descend.

Winged with plagues, from heaven;  
 When hope and mirth

Wane, and no lips rebuke or reprehend  
 Mourning on earth.

The soul, when in her songs of death and  
 birth.

Darkness and light, were wont to sound and  
 blend.

Now silent, leaves the whole world less in  
 worth.

Winds that make men in and triumph, skies  
 that bend.

Thunders, and sound of tides in gulf and birth,  
 Spake through his spirit of speech, whose  
 death should send.

Mourning on earth.

## II.

The world's great heart, whence all things  
 strange and rare

Take form and sound, that each inseparable  
 part.

Make bear its burden in all timed thoughts  
 that share.

The world's great heart—

The fountain fere, whence like seeds that  
 start.

Loose forth the powers of earth and fire and  
 air.

Seas that revolve and rivers that depart—

Spake, and were turned to song: yea, all they  
 were,  
 With all their works, found in his mastering  
 art  
 Speech as of powers whose uttered word laid  
 bare  
 The world's great heart.

## III.

From the depths of the sea, from the well-  
 springs of earth, from the wastes of the  
 midmost night,  
 From the fountains of darkness and tempest  
 and thunder, from heights where the soul  
 would be,  
 The spell of the mage of music evoked their  
 sense, as an unknown light  
 From the depths of the sea.

As a vision of heaven from the hollows of  
 ocean, that none but a god might see,  
 Rose out of the silence of things unknown of  
 a presence, a form, a might,  
 And we heard as a prophet that hears God's  
 message against him, and may not flee.

Eye might not endure it, but ear and heart  
 with a rapture of dark delight,  
 With a terror and wonder whose care was  
 joy, and a passion of thought set free,  
 Felt only the rising of doom divine as a sun-  
 dawn risen to sight  
 From the depths of the sea

## TWO PRELUDES.

## I.

## LOHENGGRIN.

LOVE, out of the depth of things,  
 As a dewfall felt from above,  
 From the heaven whence only springs  
 Love—

Love, heard from the heights thereof,  
 The clouds and the watersprings,  
 Draws close as the clouds remove.

And the soul in its peaks and sings,  
 A sweet-soul as a dove,  
 An echo that only rings  
 Love.

## II.

## TRISTAN UND ISOLDE.

Fate out of the deep sea's gloom,  
 When a man's heart's pride grows great,  
 And nought seems now to foredoom  
 Fate,

Fate, laden with fears in wait,  
 Draws close through the clouds that loom,  
 Till the soul see, all too late,

More dark than a dead world's tomb,  
 More high than the sheer dawn's gate,  
 More deep than the wide sea's womb,  
 Fate.

## THE LUTE AND THE LYRE.

DEEP desire, that pierces heart and spirit to  
 the root,  
 Finds reluctant voice in verse that yearns like  
 soaring fire,  
 Takes exultant voice when music holds in  
 high pursuit  
 Deep desire.

Keen as burns the passion of the rose whose  
 buds respire,  
 Strong as grows the yearning of the blossom  
 towards the fruit,  
 Sounds the secret half unspoken ere the deep  
 tones tire.

Slow subsides the rapture that possessed  
 love's flower soft lute,  
 Slow the palpitation of the triumph of the  
 lyre:  
 Still the soul feels burn a flame unslaked  
 though these be mute,  
 Deep desire.

## PLUS INTRA.

Soul within sense, immeasurable obscure,  
 Deeply hushed and deathless, through the dense  
 Deep elements may scarce be felt as pure  
 Soul within sense.

From depth and height by measurers left im-  
 mense,  
 Thro' sound and shape and color, comes the  
 unsaid  
 Vague utterance, fitful with supreme suspense.



All that may rise, and all that may endure,  
Song speaks not, painting shows not more  
intense  
And keen than these, art wakes with music's  
lure  
Soul within sense.

## CHANGE.

BUT now life's face beholden  
Seemed bright as heaven's bare brow  
With hope of gifts withholden  
But now.

From time's fall flowering bough  
Each bud spake before to come, then  
Love's heart, as he said his vow.

Joy's eyes grew deep with olden  
Dreams, born he wist not how;  
Thought's meanest garb was golden;  
But now!

## A BABY'S DEATH.

## I.

A LITTLE SOUL scarce fledged for earth  
Takes wing with heaven's rain for goal  
Even when we hailed as fresh from birth  
A little soul.

Our thoughts ringed as bells that toll,  
Not knowing beyond this hard world's toil,  
What things are writ in heaven's full scroll.

Our fruitfulness is there but dearth,  
And all things held in time's control  
Seem there, perchance, all dreams, not worth  
A little soul.

## II.

The little feet that never trod  
Earth, never crossed a field or street,  
What hand leads usward back to God  
The little feet?

A rose in June's most honied heat,  
Weaned from garden's life, the last flower set,  
Was not so soft and warm and wet.

The little hands that never held  
A world within their tiny palms complete  
Since they were set and set and set and set  
The little hands.

## III.

The little hands that never sought  
Earth's prizes, worthless all as sands,  
What gift has death, God's servant, brought  
The little hands?

We ask; but Love's self silent stands,  
Love, that lends eyes and wings to thought  
To search where death's dim heaven expands.

Ere this, perchance, though love know nought,  
Flowers fill them, grown in lovelier lands,  
Where hands of guiding angels caught  
The little hands.

## IV.

The little eyes that never knew  
Light or darkness or dawn or skies,  
What new life new lights up anew  
The little eyes?

Who knows but on their sleep may rise  
Such light as never heaven let through  
To lighten earth from Paradise?

No storm, we know, may change the blue  
Soft heaven that haply death deserves;  
No tears, like these in ours, bedew  
The little eyes.

## V.

Was life so strange, so sad the sky,  
So strait the wide world's range,  
He would not stoop to wonder why  
Was life so strange?

Was death's fair house a fadless grange  
Beside that house on life?

Whence Time that bore him failed to es-  
trange?

That here at once his soul put by  
All sorts of time and change,  
And left us here our hearts to sigh  
"Was life so strange?"

## VI.

Angel by name love called him, seeing so fair  
The sweet small frame!  
Meet to be called, if ever man's child were,  
Angel by name.

Red light and warm from heaven's own  
Lamp he came,

And not, let not bear  
The pallid that covers earth's wan face with  
shame.

His little light of life was all too rare  
And soft a flame;  
Heaven yearned for him till angels hailed  
him there  
Angel by name.

## VII.

The song that smiled upon his birthday here  
Weeps on the grave that holds him undisturbed  
Whose loss makes bitterer than a soundless  
tear  
The song that smiled.

His name crowned once the mightiest ever  
styled  
The crown of arts, and angel fate and fear  
Knew then their master, and were reconciled  
But we saw born beneath some tenderer  
sphere  
Methought, an angel and a little child,  
Whose loss bows down to weep upon his bier  
The song that smiled.

## ONE OF TWAIN.

## I.

One of twain, twin-born with flowers that  
waken,  
How hath passed from sense of sun and rain;  
Wind from off the flower-crowned branch  
Hath shaken  
One of twain.

One twin flower must pass, and one remain;  
The word said's soother, shall be taken,  
Another left; can death return?

Two years since was love's light song  
taken,  
Sung then both blossoms, half in vain;  
Now outspeeding light hath overtaken  
One of twain.

Night and light? O thou of heart unwary,  
How knowest thou here at all an end,  
I shall, I shall, I shall be men by day  
Night and I go?

How, where, thine eyes behold but night,  
How o'er her babe the smile of May  
I shall break the world into new born night.

What though in heart I set to thee to change?  
What though in stars of hope like flowers take  
flight?  
Seest thou all things here, where all see vary  
Night and light?

## DEATH AND BIRTH.

Death and birth should dwell not near to-  
gether;  
Wealth keeps house not, even for shame, with  
death;  
Fate doth ill to link in one brief tether  
Death and birth.

Harsh the yoke that binds them, strange the  
girth  
Fools that find them each with each; yet  
what care  
Death be best, who knows, or life on earth?

Ill the rose-red and the sable feather  
Blend in one crown's plume, as grief with  
mirth;  
Ill met still are warm and wintry weather,  
Death and birth.

## BIRTH AND DEATH.

Birth and death, twin sister and twin brother,  
Night and day, on a throne that draw breath,  
Reign, while time keeps friends with one  
another  
Birth and death.

Each brow-band with all very diverse of  
width,  
Hereon thy bill is fast, earth is mother,  
Faithful thou above them and beneath.

Smiles and tears, and tears, and tears may  
smother  
Smiles, for a while, and tears grow sauer;  
Joy nor sorrow know of them each other  
Birth and death.

## BENEDICTION.

Birth and death and life and man's  
little crown and day and night pass  
Still of three that keeps them part and whole  
Peace.

Each a set chap that came from east or west,  
Each a set of men of flower and of of fruit,  
Aught that you could find to fill the streets of Rome,  
Aldrich's eyes.

Feeds a flower of bliss, beyond all flowers  
 Of earth and heaven, which need not further  
 Be fed:—

## ETUDE RÉALISTE.

## 1.

A baby's foot is  $\frac{1}{2}$  of his foot.  
 A mother's milk is  $\frac{1}{2}$  of her milk.  
 An angel's spirit is  $\frac{1}{2}$  of his spirit.  
 A baby's foot

Like rough-hewn steel, they're tough and heat-treated.  
They stretch out and hold their work.  
The action sort breaks the part in half.

New word: "Is that your land?"  
 Grammar: the word "and"  
 As a noun, "land" is a common noun.  
 A boy's feet

## 11.

A baby's hands, like a mother's, are gentle,  
 When we've had no other example,  
 Open if you feel the right cross appointed,  
 A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their blades  
When battle's hot is hunk'd,  
The close, clenched hand like lightning  
Leaps.

Never school, yet by dawn we could  
March, even in love, to the stars.  
The sweetest of lovers in all the world—  
A baby's hands.

## 111.

Alfred's eyes were fixed on the  
 "Lovers" and he said to his  
 "Bless all that's in the room, I love  
 Alfred's eyes."

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and plays,  
 And darts her sparkling glances;  
 Lies perfect in them Paradise.

BARBICOD.

## 1.

A BABY shines as bright  
If winter or if May be  
Once you start keep in sight  
A baby.

Though dark the skies or gray be,  
It'll soon clear with light,  
If midnight or midday be.

Love he's in, day and night,  
The sweetest that that may be,  
Yet can't surprise aught  
A baby.

## 11.

All becom' in every lather bonny,  
 A' the bonny o' our lather bonny,  
 Be com' in the man may com'  
 All heaven.

Yet man might feel all sin forgiven,  
And let all his sins pass unrepented,  
For this one revelation given.

Soul, now forget thy burdens borne:  
Heart, be thy joys now seven times seven:  
Love shows in light more bright than moon  
All heaven.

## 111.

What likeness may define, and stay not  
 In truth's sexiest way,  
 A thing's being? Love can say not  
 What likeness may.

The Mayflower's first held in May  
of all that year, and stay not  
long is not in power display.

stock sitting swagglow, birds that ply not  
 As yet with war, that ply  
 Would fain be matched with this, and may  
 What likeness may

## IV.

ROSE, round whose bed  
Dawn's cloudlets close  
Earth's brightest-bred  
Rose!

No song, love knows,  
May praise the head  
Your certain shows,

Ere sleep has fled,  
The whole child glows  
One sweet live red  
Rose

## FIRST FOOTSTEPS

A little way, more soft and sweet  
Than fields atflower with May,  
A babe's feet, venturing, scarce complete  
A little way.

Eyes full of dawning day  
Look up for mother's eyes to meet,  
Too blithe for song to say.

Glad as the golden spring to greet  
Its first live leaflet's play,  
Love, laughing, leads the little feet  
A little way.

## A NINTH BIRTHDAY.

FEBRUARY 4, 1883.

## I.

THREE times thrice hath winter's rough white  
wing  
Crossed and curdled wells and streams with  
ice  
Since his birth whose praises love would sing  
Three times thrice.

Earth nor sea bears flower nor pearl of price  
Fit to crown the forehead of my king,  
Thou meet to please I am, balm, nor spice,

Ere can think of nought but love to bring  
To serve or do him sacrifice  
Ere his eyes have looked upon the spring  
Three times thrice.

## II.

Three times thrice the world has fallen on  
cumber,  
Shone and waned and withered in a trice,  
Frost has fettered Thames and Tyne and  
Humber  
Three times thrice,

Fogs have swoln too thick for steel to slice,  
Cloud and mud have soiled with grime and  
umber  
Earth and heaven, defaced as souls with vice,

Winds have risen to wreck, snows fallen to  
cumber,  
Ships and chariots, trapped like rats or mice,  
Since my king first smiled, whose years now  
number

Three times thrice.

## III.

Three times thrice, in wine of song full-flow-  
ing,  
Pledge, my heart, the child whose eyes  
suffice,  
Once beheld, to set thy joy-bells going  
Three times thrice.

Not the lands of palm and date and rice  
Glow more bright when summer leaves them  
glowing,  
Laugh more light when suns and winds entice.

Noon and eve and midnight and cock-crowing,  
Child whose love makes life as paradice,  
Love should sound your praise with clarions  
blowing  
Three times thrice.

## NOT A CHILD.

## I.

'Not a child: I call myself a boy,'  
Says my king, with accent stern yet mild,  
Now nine years have brought him change of  
joy;

'Not a child.'

How could reason be so far beguiled,  
Fir so far from sense's safe employ,  
Stray so wide of truth, or run so wild?

Not a child? Not a book or toy,  
Child I called him, smiling; but he smiled  
Back, as one too high for vain annoy—  
Not a child?

## II.

Not a child? alack the year!  
What should ail an undeluded  
Heart, that he would fain appear  
Not a child?

Men, with years and memories piled  
Each on other, far and near,  
Fain again would so be styled:

Fain would cast off hope and fear,  
Rest, forget, be reconciled;  
Why would you so fain be, dear,  
Not a child?

## III.

Child or boy, my darling, which you will,  
Still our presence <sup>in the heart</sup> <sup>of the heart</sup> <sup>of the heart</sup>  
Heart and song both yearning toward you still,  
Child or boy.

All joys else might sooner pall or fail,  
Love than this which nix takes its fill,  
Dear, of sight of your more perfect child.

Nay, be taught you please, let it be  
All your pleasure: be your world your toy:  
Mild or wild we love you, loud or still,  
Child or boy.

## TO DORA DORIAN.

Child of two strong nations, heir  
Races of blood and bone that scolded  
Sons of the world, and daughters of the world,  
Child,

By the gracious brows, and wild  
Golden-crowned hair, and eyes  
By thine eyes elate and mad,

Hope would fain take heart to swear  
Men would marvel here  
Seeing the sign she bids thee bear,  
Child,

## THE ROUNDEL.

A roundel is wrought as a ring or a star—  
A roundel is wrought.

That the heart of the hearer may smile if to  
peruse his ear  
A roundel is wrought.

Its jewel of music is carved of all or of  
Love, laughter or mourning—remembrance or  
That fancy may fashion to hang in the ear of  
A roundel.

As a bird's quick song runs round, and the  
hearts in us hear  
Pause answer to pause, and again the same  
So moves the device whence, round as a pearl  
or tear,  
A roundel is wrought.

## AT SEA.

'FAREWELL and adieu' was the burden  
Long since in the chant of a home-fair  
And the heart in us echoes, with laughing or  
Farewell and adieu.

Each vein that we live shall we sing it anew,  
With a water untravelled before us for sailing  
And a water behind us that wrecks may be-  
strew.

The stars of the past and the beacons are  
The lights and the waters are hoarier of hue:  
But the heart in us chants not an all untravelled  
Farewell and adieu.

## WASTED LOVE.

What shall be done for sorrow  
With love whose race is run?  
What shall be done for sorrow,  
What shall be done?

In vain he would have sought  
The way to heaven above,  
Nor yet to earth below.

His task is all one then, to die,  
And that there is no more;  
And who dare say to-morrow  
What shall be done?

## BEFORE SUNSET.

Love's twilight wane, in heaven above,  
One with the twilight here;  
Let that may be the sign of  
Love's twilight wane.

For yet the music of the nightingale  
To the heart of the twilight wane,  
The lips late at the twilight wane.

Soft on the neck of the twilight wane,  
Love's hand is on the twilight wane;  
And while we look for light of love  
Love's twilight wane.

## A SINGING LESSON.

FAR-FETCHED and dear-bought, as the prov-  
erb rehearses,  
Is good, or was held so, for ladies: but  
nought  
In a song can be good if the turn of the verse  
is

Far-fetched and dear-bought.

As the turn of a wave should be smooth, and  
the thought  
long smooth, and as light as the spray that  
disperses  
the gleam of the world in the twilight  
of woe.

Let the soul in it shine through the sound as  
it pierces  
Men's hearts with possession of music un-  
sought.  
Let the beauties of song be no just as god's  
merces,  
Far-fetched and dear-bought.

## FLOWER-PICKING.

I.

## LOVE THE FLOWERING.

Love is the flower that the heart will never  
know, nor will the heart be of the flower:  
For the flower is where the sun's set at close  
of day,  
Love is the flower.

Still the flower is the flower, exceeding  
the flower of the heart, the flower of the heart,  
For the flower is the flower, the flower of the heart.

Yet the flower is the flower, the flower of the heart,  
the flower of the heart, the flower of the heart,  
For the flower is the flower, the flower of the heart,  
Love is the flower.

II.

## LOVE IN A MIST.

Love is the flower that the heart will never  
know, nor will the heart be of the flower:  
For the flower is where the sun's set at close  
of day,  
Love is the flower.

All day in the sun, when the breezes do all  
that best,  
His blue raiment of cloudlike blossom  
is shed  
Unfaded and unwithered of winds and of rays  
that kissed.

He is the flower that the heart will never  
know, nor will the heart be of the flower:  
For the flower is where the sun's set at close  
of day,  
Love is the flower.

Love is the flower that the heart will never  
know, nor will the heart be of the flower:  
For the flower is where the sun's set at close  
of day,  
Love is the flower.

## THREE FACES.

I.

## VENUS IN A MIST.

The sky is the sky, the sky is the sky,  
The sky is the sky, the sky is the sky,  
The sky is the sky, the sky is the sky,  
The sky is the sky, the sky is the sky.

And the sky and sea,  
The sky and sea.

One dead that sapphire, void of wrath or deed,  
Through bar or bay shone dead from bank to

The wear, Monstrous and dead to all,

My heart, my heart, my heart, that

For the first time, with the  
The first time, with the

The first time, with the

III.

IV.

V.

VI.

VII.

VIII.

IX.

X.

XI.

XII.

XIII.

XIV.

XV.

XVI.

XVII.

XVIII.

XIX.

XX.

XXI.

XXII.

XXIII.

XXIV.

XXV.

XXVI.

XXVII.

XXVIII.

XXIX.

but St. Mark,  
Ruled here the ways that showed it like a

dream

Out of the dark

III.

IV.

V.

VI.

VII.

VIII.

IX.

X.

XI.

XII.

XIII.

XIV.

XV.

XVI.

XVII.

XVIII.

XIX.

XX.

XXI.

XXII.

XXIII.

XXIV.

XXV.

XXVI.

XXVII.

XXVIII.

XXIX.

XXX.

XXXI.

XXXII.

XXXIII.

## 1133 3

1. Knew, saw, heard, or was told.  
 2. Had a good reason to believe.  
 3. Reasonable doubt has been removed.  
 4. Satisfied.

One thought I have is that in the future, we will have a

Wiederholungsversuche ergaben eine mittlere  
Verzögerungszeit von 1,13 ms.

Heard the strain of her low wailing  
 I think where you're dead, but not in yet!  
 And then I pass in the wind, but never  
 Set down.

## SLEEP

SLEEP, with a soul that's grown so true,  
Weds that arrow-shower of days to you;  
Watch, nor see in the gleam above her  
Sleep.

Heaven, through darkness and day, through  
Satan, and the wilderness, came to the  
cross; the soul, though it would not, by

G. I believed of all men's loves,  
 A most weary that smile I would  
 Find thee afar or near to hover,  
 Sleep.

## ON AN OLD ROUND L.

The Author(s) D. G. Proulx and the Publisher(s)

DEATH, from thy door I do appeal,  
 And men shall hear what thou sweetly saith,  
 Come, and in time shall see  
 Death.

A voice in a vision that vanisheth,  
 The sound the grave's door baneth and the  
 The sound of the wail that nevereth.

Waiting aloud from a beautiful child,  
Ake response of the heart to the  
From lips, my heart, the heart of the  
Death.

V. spongy fruit  
W. carmine-colored flowers  
In rows  
Th. suckers; bark speckled with  
shagreen

*Azorella*

So, let's see how the other three theories  
do.  
Now, so that you can follow along, but I don't  
know it.  
Primer and I will be the approximate middle  
there.

For a more complete understanding of how to know, once again, the following guidelines will help:

Nurturing a positive work environment leads to a more productive workforce.

## A LAND OF MILES, COURTESY.

Low: the river is full with the hours, let the  
 Ancestral of soldiers down the wood sweeps  
 To the soft valley altered with many a fall  
 Low: the meadow

They would spend the rest of the afternoon relaxing on the porch, watching the sunset, and the night of still, warm wind and clouds would be finished here.

Stranger as we prize the old man's might  
and skill,  
Stranger that he should ought should make such  
heavy cheer,  
While, clothed with peace be heaven's most  
gentle win,  
Low lies the more.

## A FLOWER, FIG. 1 BY LANTIN.

HEARD: AS I WAS GOING OUT FOR THE NIGHT,  
 WHEN WOULD I MEET ONE OF THESE?  
 SUCH A THOUGHT CAME INTO MY MIND,  
 HEARD: AS I WAS GOING OUT FOR THE NIGHT,

Selected *in situ* hybridization results are shown in Figure 1. The *in situ* hybridization results were quantitated by computerized image analysis. When hybridized with the *hprt* probe, the majority of the cells were found to be *hprt* negative. When hybridized with the *hprt* probe, the majority of the cells were found to be *hprt* negative.



## MOURNING.

Dead love, by treason slain, lies stark,  
 Dead love, by treason slain, lies stark,  
 None that pass by him pause to mark  
 Dead love.

Heaven's light, that once shined on you,  
 A while the sun's own strikes the rain,  
 But not the old joy in the rain.

Dead love, by treason slain, lies stark,  
 Dead love, by treason slain, lies stark,  
 None that pass by him pause to mark  
 Dead love.

### A NIGHT-PIECE BY MILLET.

WIND and sea and cloud and cloud-forsaken,  
 Moon and night where the storm leaves  
 Heaven awhile, for all the wrath of waking  
 Wind and sea.

Fast, it seems, as wind or sail can flee,  
 On the wings of the storm, the storm  
 For on past cloud's o'er-  
 Fast, it seems, as wind or sail can flee.

On the wings of the storm, the storm  
 For on past cloud's o'er-  
 Fast, it seems, as wind or sail can flee,  
 Wind and sea.

### 'MARZO PAZZO.'

MAD March, with the wind in his wings wide-  
 Leaps from heaven, and the deep dawn's arch  
 Hails re-risen again from the dead  
 Mad March.

Soft small flames on rowan and larch  
 Break forth as lightning on lips that said  
 None that pass by him pause to mark  
 Mad March.

Brilliant as the light now in the lips rose-red  
 Shone, and the world, not the winds that  
 Bring April forth as a bride to wed  
 Mad March.

### DEAD LOVE.

Dead love, by treason slain, lies stark,  
 Dead love, by treason slain, lies stark,  
 None that pass by him pause to mark  
 Dead love.

### DISCORD.

UNRECONCILED by life's fleet years, the  
 With changeful clang of pinions wild and  
 Though two great spirits had been  
 Unreconciled;

Unreconciled;  
 Though the change, harsh times in  
 That wild strange hands, together, in  
 High hearts by hope's misprision  
 Faith, by the light from either's memory shed,  
 Sees, radiant as their eyes were in  
 One goal for each—not twain among the dead  
 Unreconciled.

### CONCORD.

RECONCILED by death's mild hand, that giving  
 Peace gives wisdom, not more strong than  
 Love beholds them, each without misgiving  
 Reconciled.

Each on earth alike of earth reviled,  
 Hated, feared, derided, and forgiving,  
 Each alike had heaven at heart, and smiled.

Both bright names, clothed round with man's  
 Shine, twin stars above the storm-drifts piled,  
 Dead and deathless, whom we saw not living  
 Reconciled.

### MOURNING.

At as my brother! the cry of the mourners of  
 old  
 That cried on each other

All crying aloud on the dead as the death-note rolled,

Alas my brother!

As flashes of dawn that mists from an east wind smother

With fold upon fold,

The past years gleam that linked us one with another,

Time sunders hearts as of brethren whose eyes behold

No more their mother:

But a cry sounds yet from the shrine whose fires wax cold,

Alas my brother!

#### APEROTOS EROS.

STRONG as death, and cruel as the grave,  
Clothed with cloud and tempest's blackening death,

Known of death's dread self, whom none outbrave,

Strong as death,

Love, brow-bomd with anguish for a wreath,  
Fierce with pain, a tyrant-hearted slave,  
Burns above a world that groans beneath.

Hath not pity power on thee to save,  
Love? hath power no pity? Nought he saith,  
Answering: blind he walks as wind or wave,  
Strong as death.

#### TO CATULLUS.

My brother, my Valerius, crownst head  
On all whose crowning bay-leaves crown their mother,

Rome, in the notes first heard of thine I read  
My brother.

No dust that death or time can strew may smother

Love and the muse of kindly breed  
From loves and hates sat out with one another.

To thee was Caesar's self murder no dread,  
Song and the sea were sweeter each than other:

How should I living fear to call thee dead  
My brother?

#### 'INSULARUM OCELLI.'

SARK, fairer than aught in the world than the lit skies cover,

Laughs inly behind her cliffs, and the sea-farers mark

As a shrine where the sunlight serves, though the blown clouds hover,

Sark.

We mourn, for love of a song that outsang the lark,

That nought so lovely beholden of Sirmio's lover

Made glad in Propontis the flight of his Pontic bark.

Here earth lies lordly, triumphal as heaven is above her,

And splendid and strange as the sea that uphears as an ark,

As a sign for the rapture of storm-spent eyes to discover,

Sark.

#### IN SARK.

ABREAST and ahead of the sea is a crag's front cloven asunder

With strong sea-breach and with wasting of winds whence terror is shed

As a shadow of death from the wings of the darkness on waters that thunder

Abreast and ahead

At its edge is a sepulchre flowed and hewn for a lone man's bed,

Popped open with rock and cleft on the sky and the sea thereunder.

But roofed and walled in well from the wrath of them slept its dead.

Here might not a man drink rapture of rest, or delight above wonder,

Beholding, a soul disembodied, the days and the nights that fled,

With splendor and sound of the tempest around and above him and under,

Abreast and ahead?

#### IN GUERNSEY.

I.

THE heavenly bay, ringed round with cliffs and moors,

Storm-stained ravines, and crags that lawns inlay,

South is as with a guide, whose guard  
 The heaven's day.

O friend, who needs that sawdust,  
 This heave's not a path that ends;  
 This glory's own use, not to pass by, but

Though'st not be charmed for memory, love,  
 Wad not say, charmed by love to say,  
 The word that's there, over more and more,  
 The heavenly be.

II.  
 My mother sea, my mother sea, what's with me,  
 What new world of waters, what's with me,  
 The heart that's there, over more and more,  
 My mother sea?

Once more, I give me body and soul to thee,  
 Who first in sea, in heart, in hand, and gear,  
 Reeds, and heart to heart, in hand, and gear,

My heart springs out and goes, in hand,  
 Strike out from sea, in hand, and gear,  
 More near and dear than seems my father's  
 land.  
 My mother sea.

III.  
 Across and along, as the bay's breadth  
 opens, in hand,  
 Wild and wild, in hand, and gear,  
 Impels, and, and broader, the way, waves  
 brighten before us  
 Across and along.

The whole world's heart is up lifted, and knows  
 not what's with it,  
 The whole world's heart is a chant to the sea,  
 Are waves, not as waves of the water, as notes  
 on the song?

Like children unworn of the process and  
 to's that were us,  
 We breast for us, in the breadth of the  
 seas that there,  
 Rejoice as to be borne as of old they  
 bore us  
 Across and along.

On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,  
 Drawn, and in hand, and gear, that  
 We, in hand, and gear, that  
 On Dante's track.

The way, path, and gear, that  
 On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,  
 On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,

Not, then, in hand, and gear, that  
 On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,  
 On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,

V.  
 In hand, and gear, that  
 On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,  
 On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,  
 On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,

On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,  
 On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,  
 On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,

On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,  
 On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,  
 On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,

VI.  
 On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,  
 On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,  
 On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,  
 On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,

On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,  
 On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,  
 On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,  
 On Dante's track, in hand, and gear,

Lower than dive the thought of spirit  
 Soaken heart in soul's fore-casting  
 Hell, the deep void, seems to await us  
 Reach, and leap, or then, or so,  
 Rise the walls, and floors, that cross it  
 And with everlasting  
 Night.

## VII

The house accurst, with curses scaled and  
 Foul,  
 Heeds not what stirs about it, turn and  
 Turn;  
 Not fear more fearful than its own decay,  
 The house accurst.

Bare as crime, unhungred, cold as lust,  
 Blind, mace of iron, sword-pointed, cold as lust,  
 Blind.

Where summer's best rebukes not winter's  
 Worst.

The low bleak tower, with thought's eye waste  
 Behind  
 Stares, with the able, with roomance reared  
 And nursed.

This cold and likeness of the accurst man's  
 Mind  
 The house accurst.

## VIII

Beloved and blest, lit warm with love and  
 Room,

For a season that had the light of the earth for  
 Room.

Hearts that his mother's love all men hail it  
 Room.

Beloved and blest.

His circle was the heart of a eagle's nest  
 When star and sun and moon were in the  
 Room.

A life of a sun, a life of a sun, a life of a sun,  
 Room.

Box day, mace of iron, sword-pointed, cold as lust,  
 Room.

And looked for madness; worst, they say,  
 Was best.

But grief shall be here, while joy was one with  
 Shame.

Beloved and blest.

## C.

## ENVOI.

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,  
 Fly, pale wings, out to sea,  
 Fly, white wings that were white, out to sea,  
 Fly.

Here and there may a chance caught  
 Eye.

Not in a score of you twain or three  
 Brighter or darker of mould or dye.

So, fly light as a laugh of glee,  
 So, fly light as a laugh of glee,  
 And to the haven where each would be,  
 Fly.

## ASTROPHIEL.

AFTER READING SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S ASCAVALS IN THE GARDEN OF AN OLD ENGLISH MANOR  
 HOUSE.

## I.

As in the silence that flows  
 The song of the death of the son  
 Peaks music in heaven, and the hall  
 And heights of the world are a song,  
 One lute that sings, and outlives  
 The nature of sunset, and thrills  
 Mute night till the sense of it brightens  
 The soul that it fills.

The flowers of the sun that is sunken  
 Hang heavy on the heart of a lark;  
 The roses that have eaten and drunken  
 The soul of their sweetness are dead;  
 But a sunflower of song, on whose  
 Honey

My spirit has fed as a bee,  
 Makes sunnier than morning was sunny  
 The twilight for me.

The letters and lines on the pages  
 Were faint as the shadows of ages  
 As the ghosts of the centuries that sever  
 A season of coldness and drear  
 From the life of the world that is here  
 As the light of the sun that is here

Had it utterly withered and perished  
 To rise not again as it set,  
 Of Englishmen dead,  
 Of Englishmen dead.

O light of the land that adored thee  
 And kindled thy soul with her breath,  
 Whose life, such as life we can give thee,  
 Was lower than a light that thy death  
 Might love of thee had thee afar,  
 From the light of the sun that is here  
 As the light of the sun that is here

A star in the moondawn of Maytime,  
 A star in the cloudland of change;  
 Too good and sad for the daytime  
 To cheer or eclipse or estrange;  
 Too sweet for tradition or vision  
 To see but through shadows of tears  
 Rise deathless across the division  
 Of the world that is here

The twilight may deeper and burden  
 Till stars' line transfigure a garden  
 The light of the love of thee darkens  
 The lights that arise and that set;  
 The love that forgets thee not hearkens  
 If thou wilt beget.

## II.

Bright and brief in the sight of grief and love  
 The light of thy lifetime shone,  
 Seen and felt by the gifts it dealt, the grace it  
 gave, and again was gone.  
 Ay, but now it is death, not thou, whom time  
 has completed as years pass on.

Ay, not yet may the land forget that bore and  
 Sidney, lord of the stainless sword, the name  
 of her that her heart's love kept  
 Fast as flame did her own, a sign to light thy  
 life in it sang and slept.

Bringing then for the souls of men thy brave  
 A light that is here  
 To the light of the sun that is here

Faith, a splendour that hope makes tender,  
 and truth, whose presage the soul divine

A light that is here  
 To the light of the sun that is here

All the spell that on all souls fell who  
 Lives for all that have heard the call and  
 cadence yet of its music sound.

Music bright as the soul of light, for wings an  
 eagle, for notes a dove,  
 Leaps and shines from the lustrous lines  
 When the soul is set from afar,  
 and sang till the darkness rang with  
 light that lightens the rayless years.

Love that led thee alive, and fed thy soul with  
 sorrows and joys and fear  
 Love that sped thee, alive and dead, to fame  
 Fair goal with thy peerless peers,  
 Feeds the flame of thy quenchless name yet  
 light that lightens the rayless years.

Dark as sorrow though night and morrow  
 may lower with presage of clouds  
 To thee

How may she that of old bore thee, may she  
 England, be brought to shine  
 How should this be, while England is? What  
 need of answer beyond thy name?

## III.

From the light of the dawn of thy death,  
 The life of thy song and thy story  
 To the light of the sun that is here

And we, though the day and the morrow  
 of fear and thanksgiving at strife,

Hail yet in the star of thy sorrow  
 The sun of thy life.

Shame and fear may beset men here, and bid  
 them giving and take be on;  
 Lull'd, disarmed of her praise, and wound  
 about with toils till her life wax  
 numb  
 Scarce to see if the shadow be, if darkness  
 die not and die never.

But England, enmeshed and benetted  
 With spiritless villainies round,  
 With counsels of cowardice fretted,  
 With trammels of treason enwound,  
 Is yet, though the season be other  
 Than wont and rejoiced over thee,  
 Thine England, thy lover, thy mother,  
 sublime as the sea.

Hers wast thou: if her face be now less bright,  
 Or seem for an hour less brave,  
 Let but thine on her darkness shine, thy  
 saviour spirit revive and save.  
 Time shall see, as the shadows flee, her shame  
 entombed in a shameful grave.

If death and not life were the portal  
 That opens wide at the east,  
 If the spirit of Sidney were mortal  
 And the past of it utterly past,  
 Fear stronger than honour was ever,  
 Forgetfulness mightier than fame,  
 Faith knows not if England should never  
 subside into shame.

Yea, but yet is thy sun not set, thy sunbright  
 spirit of trust with thee,  
 England's love of thee has set, all hopes  
 that dawned on faith are gone,  
 Hers thou art: and the faithful heart that  
 hopes begets upon darkness dawn.

The sunset that sunrise will follow  
 Is less than the dream of a dream,  
 The sunrise of light and of fallow  
 Sheds promise that dawn shall redeem.  
 The night, if the daytime would bide it,  
 Shows lovelier, all time and afar,  
 Thy soul and thy Stella's beside it,  
 A star by a star.

## A NYMPHOLEPT.

SUMMER, and noon, and a splendour of silence,  
 felt,  
 Seen, and heard of the spirit within the  
 sense,  
 Soft through the frondage the shades of the  
 sunbeam's mirth,  
 Sharp through the foliage the shafts of  
 them keen and dense,  
 Clear, as discharged from the string of  
 the God's bow, tense  
 As a war's seed's grith, and bright as a war-  
 rior's felt,  
 Ah, why should an hour that is heaven  
 for an hour pass hence?

I dare not sleep for delight of the perfect hour,  
 Lest God be wroth that his gift should be  
 scorned of man,  
 The face of the warm bright world is the face  
 of a flower.

The word of the wind and the leaves that  
 the light winds fan  
 As the word that quickened at first into  
 flame, and ran,

Creative and subtle and fierce with invasive  
 power,  
 Through darkness and cloud, from the  
 breath of the one God, Pan.

The perfume of earth possessed by the sun  
 pervades  
 The claster, so that he sothes but with  
 sense of sleep,  
 Soft, imminent, strong as desire that prevails  
 and fades,  
 The rasing moon that beholds not a  
 clapper weep  
 Imbues and impregnates life with delight  
 more deep  
 Than dawn or sunset or moonrise on lawns  
 or glades  
 Can shed from the skies that receive it and  
 may not keep.

The skies may hold not the splendour of sun-  
 down fast,  
 It wanes into twilight as dawn dies down  
 into day.



For hence were the shafts of his love or  
his anger dealt.  
For here has his wrath been fierce as his love  
was fair,  
When each was as fire to the darkness its  
truth had melt.

Is it love, is it dread, that enkindles the trem-  
bling noon,  
That yearns, reluctant in rapture that  
fear has led,  
As man for woman, as woman for man?

Thou art noon,  
Thou art noon, and the life that may look on him  
shall the ear that hears not a leaf quake  
hear his tread,  
The sense that knows not the sound of the  
deep day's tone  
Receive the God, be it love that he brings  
or dread.

The naked noon is upon me: the fierce dumb  
spell,  
The fearful charm of the strong sun's  
imminent night,  
Unmerciful, steadfast, deeper than seas that  
sweep,

Pervades, invades, appals me with love-  
less night,  
With harsher awe than breathes in the  
dark of night,  
O God, God, God who art all! For I know  
thee well,

How sharp is thine eye to lighten, thine  
hand to smite.

The whole wood feels thee, the whole air fears  
thee: but fear

So deep, so dim, so sacred, is wellnigh  
sweet.

For the light that hangs and broods on the  
woodlands here,

Intense, invasive, intolerant, imperious,  
and meet

To lighten the works of thine hands and  
the ways of thy feet,

Shot with the fire of the breath of thy life,  
and dear

As hope that shrivels or shrinks not for  
frost or heat.

Thou, thou the supreme dim godhead, ap-  
proved of,

Perceived of the soul and conceived of the  
sense of man,

We scarce dare love, and we dare not fear:  
the star

We call the sun, that lit us when life  
began

To brood on the world that is thine by  
his grace for a span,

Conceals and reveals in the semblance of  
things that are

Thine imminent presence, the pulse of thy  
heart's life, Pan.

The fierce noon that awakens and warms  
the snake

Conceals thy mercy: reveals thy wrath:  
and the day

The dew-bright hour that assuages the twi-  
light brake

Conceals thy wrath and reveals thy mercy:  
then

Thou art fearful only for evil souls of  
men

That feel with nightfall the serpent within  
them wake,

And hate the holy darkness on glade and  
glen.

Yea, then we know not and dream not if ill  
things be,

Or if aught of the work of the wrong of  
the world be thine.

We hear not the footfall of terror that treads  
the sea,

We hear not the moan of winds that assail  
the pine:

We see not if shipwreck reign in the  
storm's dim shrine;

If death do service and doom bear witness  
to thee

We see not,—know not if blood for thy  
lips be wine.

But in all things evil and fearful that fear  
may scan,

As in all things good, as in all things  
fair that fall,

We know thee present and latent, the lord  
of man;

In the murmuring of doves, in the clam-  
ouring of words that call

And wolves that howl for their prey; in  
the midnight's fall



In the darkness of the night, when all  
is hushed and still.

And when the morning comes, O God, I pray  
that I may see thee.

And when the sun is up, and all the world  
is bright and clear,

Longing to see thee, O God, I pray  
that I may see thee.

Proceed, O God, and let thy light  
be seen in all the world.

And let thy love be known  
to all the world.

That I may see thee, O God, I pray  
that I may see thee.

In the darkness of the night, when all  
is hushed and still.

And when the morning comes, O God, I pray  
that I may see thee.

When I see thee, O God, I pray  
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That I may see thee, O God, I pray  
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that I may see thee.

In the darkness of the night, when all  
is hushed and still.

And when the morning comes, O God, I pray  
that I may see thee.

When I see thee, O God, I pray  
that I may see thee.

That I may see thee, O God, I pray  
that I may see thee.

Lord God of life and of light and of all things  
fair,

Lord God of joy and ruin and all things  
dim,

Dear Lord, I pray, and darken the night  
with thy light.

And when the morning comes, O God, I pray  
that I may see thee.

That I may see thee, O God, I pray  
that I may see thee.

When I see thee, O God, I pray  
that I may see thee.

In the darkness of the night, when all  
is hushed and still.

And when the morning comes, O God, I pray  
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That I may see thee, O God, I pray  
that I may see thee.

When I see thee, O God, I pray  
that I may see thee.

In the darkness of the night, when all  
is hushed and still.

And when the morning comes, O God, I pray  
that I may see thee.

That I may see thee, O God, I pray  
that I may see thee.

Let the Lord God be daily, as the dawn  
is bright,

And light as the night is dark on the  
world's no more.

Let the Lord God be darkness, and darkness ab-  
sorb not light.

And the labour of evil and good from  
the years of yore.

Is even as the labour of waves on a sun-  
less shore.

And he who is not and last, who is depth and  
height,

Keeps silence now, as the sun when the  
woods wax hear.

The dark, the dawn, the noon, the night  
 Informs the rapture of dawn and of noon

Infects the peace of the star-shod night  
 With terror

Informs with terror the sorrow that is  
 The dead

No service of bended knee or of bowed  
 Head

May change to wine  
 And change to wine

And change to wine  
 Evening weal

And yet, if the light and the life in the light  
 Seem soft and splendid and tender as  
 Be more than the shine of a smile or the  
 Sleep, change, and death are less than a  
 And fear than the fall of a leaf on a starry  
 And yet, if the hope that hath said it absorb  
 What helps it man that the stars and the  
 waters gleam?

What helps it man, that the noon be indeed  
 intense,

The night be indeed worth worship? Fear  
 and pain

Were lords and masters yet of the secret sea  
 Which now dares deem not that light is as  
 darkness, nor

Though dark dreams be to declare it, cry-  
 For whence, thou God of the light and the  
 darkness, whence

Dawns now this light that bids not the  
 sunbeams wane?

What light, what shadow, diviner than dawn  
 or night,

Draws near, makes pause, and again—  
 or I dream—draws near?

More soft than shadow, more strong than  
 the strong sun's light,

More pure than moonbeams—yea, but the  
 rays run sheer

As fire from the sun through the dusk  
 of the pinewood, clear

That the light clothes round with love that  
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## ON THE SOUTH COAST.

To THE REV. W. G.

Here, where A. . .  
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that know thee strong to guard and smite,  
 to scatter and to save,  
 e to whom the south-west wind is dear  
 as Athens held the north.  
 He for for waked war as thou for us against  
 all powers defiant,  
 Fleets full fraught with storm from Pers-  
 sia, full deep with death from Spain:  
 Thee the giant god of song and battle hailed  
 as god and giant,  
 Yet not his but ours the land is whence thy  
 praise should ring and rain;  
 Rain as rapture shed from song, and ring as  
 trumpets blown for battle,  
 Sound and song before thee, loud and  
 glad as ships and sinks the sea:  
 Yea, the sea's white steeds are curled and  
 spun for thee, and pent as cattle,  
 Yet they laugh with love and pride to  
 live, saluted not save of thee.  
 Ears that hear thee bear in heaven the sound  
 of widening wings gigantic,  
 Eyes that see the cloud lit westward see  
 thy darkening brows divine;  
 Wings whose measure is the limit of the limit-  
 less Atlantic,  
 Brows that bend, and bid the sovereign  
 sea submit her soul to thine.

## III.

Twelve days since is it twelve days gone,  
 Lord of storm, that a storm lay shone  
 Higher than sweeps thy subtle dark wing,  
 Fair as dawn is and sweet like spring?  
 Never dawn in the deep wide east  
 Spread so splendid and strange a feast,  
 Whence the soul as it drank and fed  
 Felt such rapture of wonder shed.  
 Never spring in the wild wood's heart  
 Felt such flowers at her footfall start,  
 Born of earth, as arose in sight  
 Born of heaven and of storm and light.  
 Stern and sullen, the grey grim sea  
 Swelled and strove as in toils, though free,  
 Free as heaven, and as heaven sublime,  
 Clear as heaven of the toils of time.

## IV.

Suddenly, sheer from the heights to the depths  
 of the sky and the sea,  
 Sprang from the darkness alive as a vision of  
 life to be

Glory triune and transcendent of colour afar  
 and afire,  
 Arching and larkening the darkness with  
 light as of dream or desire.  
 Heaven, in the depth of its height, shone wist-  
 ful and wan from above.  
 Earth from beneath, and the sea, shone  
 stricken and breathless with love.  
 As a shadow may shine, so shone they; as  
 ghosts of the viewless blest,  
 That sleep hath sight of alive in a rapture of  
 sunbright rest,  
 The green earth glowed and the grey sky  
 gleamed for a wondrous while;  
 And the storm's full frown was crossed by the  
 light of its own deep smile.  
 As the darkness of thought and of passion is  
 touched by the light that gives  
 Life deathless as love from the depth of a  
 spirit that sees and lives,  
 From the soul of a seer and a singer, wherein  
 as a scroll unfurled  
 Lies open the scripture of light and of dark-  
 ness, the word of the world,  
 So, shapeless and measureless, lurid as en-  
 gush and haggard as crime,  
 Pale as the front of oblivion and dark as the  
 heart of time,

The wild wan heaven at its height was assailed  
 and subdued and made  
 More fair than the skies that know not of  
 storm and endure not shade.  
 The grim sea-swell, grey, sleepless, and sad  
 as a soul estranged,  
 Shone, smiled, took heart, and was glad of its  
 wrath: and the world's face changed.

## V.

Up from moorlands northward gleaming  
 Even to heaven's transcendent height,  
 Clothed with massive cloud, and seeming  
 All one fortress reared of night,  
 Down to where the deep sea, dreaming  
 Angry dreams, lay dark and white,  
 White as death and dark as fate,  
 Heaving with the strong wind's weight,  
 Sad with stormy pride of state,  
 One full rainbow shone elate.

Up from inmost memory's dwelling  
 Where the light of life abides,  
 Where the past finds tongue, foretelling  
 Time that comes and grace that guides,

Power that saves and sways, compelling  
Souls that ebb and flow like tides,  
Shone or seemed to shine and swim  
Through the cloud-surf great and grim,  
Thought's live surge, the soul of him  
By whose light the sun looks dim.

In what synod were they sitting,  
All the gods and lords of time,  
Whence they watched as fen-fires blitting  
Years and names of men and things,  
When their counsels found it fitting  
One should stand where none might  
dumb—

None of man begotten, none  
Born of men beneath the sun  
Till the race of time be run,  
Save this heaven-enfranchised one?

With what rapture of creation  
Was the soul supernal thrilled,  
With what pride of adoration  
Was the world's heart fired and filled,  
Heaved in heavenward exultation  
Higher than hopes or dreams might build,  
Grave with awe not known while he  
Was not, mad with glorious glee  
As the sun-saluted sea,  
When his hour bade Shakespeare be?

## VI.

There, clear as night beholds her crowning  
seven,  
The sea beheld his likeness set in heaven.  
The shadow of his spirit fell in light  
None: for the shadow of that soul is  
light.  
For heaven alone bore witness: earth avowed  
him present, and acclaimed of storm aloud.  
From the arching sky to the ageless hills and  
sea  
The whole world, visible, audible, was her  
each part of all that wove that wondrous  
whole  
The raiment of the presence of his soul.  
The sun that smote and kissed the dark  
death  
like, smiled, and strove, like song's trium-  
phant breath;  
The soundless cloud whose thunderous heart  
was dumb  
Celled, lowered, and shrank to feel its con-  
queror come

Yet high from heaven its empire vast and  
vain

Frowned, and renounced not night's reluctant  
reign.

The serpentine swift sounds and shapes  
wherein

The stainless sea mocks earth and death and  
sin,

Crawls dark as craft, or flashes keen as hate,  
Soft and full, still submissive, strong like fate.

And yet like man, more wrathful with less yet  
That grows and sins are more than sins that  
set,

That evil everlasting, girt for strife

Eternal, wars with hope as death with life.

The dark sharp shifting wind that lade the  
waves

Falter, lose heart, bow down like foes made  
slaves,

And waxed within more bitter as they bowed,  
Baffling the sea, swallowing the sun with  
cloud,

Devouring fast as fire on earth devours

And hungering hard as frost that feeds on  
flowers,

Clothed round with fog that reeked as fume  
from hell,

And darkening, with its miscreative spell  
Light, cold and keen and splendid as the  
sword

Whose heft had known Othello's hand its  
lord,

Spake all the soul that hell drew back to greet  
And felt its fire shrink shivering from his  
feet.

Far on the darkness darkened, and recoiled,  
And neared again, and triumphed: and the  
coiled

Colourless cloud and sea discoloured grew

Conscious of horror huge as heaven, and knew  
Where Goneril's soul made chill and foul the  
mist,

And all the leprous life in Regan hissed.

Fierce homeless ghosts, rejected of the pit,  
From hell to hell of storm fear watched them  
flit.

And at them and before, the dull grey gloom  
shuddered, and heaven seemed hateful as  
the tomb

That shrinks from resurrection; and from out  
That sullen hell which girt their shades about  
The nether soul that lurks and lowers within  
Man, made of dust and fire and shame and  
sin,



Breath of a breeze, and that he is terrible and  
 faint.

Was like as plague or lack as thunderous  
 might.

Fleet of hell, the children of his hate  
 Thronged, as to storm-sweet heaven's tri-  
 umphal gate.

The terror of his giving rose and stone  
 Imminent, life had put its likeness on,  
 But higher than all his horrent fright of  
 shade.

Short sovereignty, seen by light itself had made,  
 Above the woes of all the world, above

Life, sin, and death, his myriad-mirrored love,  
 From landward flight, whereon the radiance  
 leant.

Full fraught from heaven, intense and immi-  
 nent,

To depths wherein the scething strengths of  
 cloud

Scarce matched the wrath of waves whereon  
 they bowed,

From homeborn pride and kindling love of  
 home

To the outer skies and seas of fire and foam,  
 From splendour soft as dew that sundawn  
 thrills

To gloom that shudders round the world it  
 fills,

From midnights murmuring round Titania's  
 ear

To midnights maddening round the rage of  
 Fear,

The wonder woven of storm and sun became  
 One with the light that lightens from his  
 name.

The music moving on the sea that felt  
 The storm-wind even as stows of springtide  
 melt

Was blithe as Ariel's hand or voice might  
 make

And bid all grief die gladly for its sake,  
 And there the soul clive to air and eve

That watched the wanderers of an hour pass by  
 Saw brighter than all stars of heaven in-  
 scribers.

The silent splendour of Cordelia's tears,  
 Felt in the whisper of the child's low wind

The cadence of the English Peacock,  
 And heard, per birds that melt the souls of  
 men

With love of love, the tune of Imogen.

## VII.

For the strong north-east is not strong to  
 subdue and to slay the divine south-west,  
 And the darkness is less than the light that it  
 darkens, and dies in reluctant rest.

It hovers and hangs on the labouring and  
 melting ascent of the dawn from the  
 deep.

Till the sun's eye quicken the world and the  
 waters, and smite it again into sleep.

Night, holy and starry, the fostress of souls,  
 with the fragrance of heaven in her  
 breath,

Subdues with the sense of her godhead the  
 forces and mysteries of sorrow and death.

Literal as dawn, is the comfort she gives:  
 but the mist that beleaguers and slays

Comes, passes, and is not: the strength of it  
 withers, appalled or assuaged by the day's.

Faith, haggard as Fear that had borne her,  
 and dark as the sire that begat her, De-  
 spair,

Held rule on the soul of the world and the  
 song of it saddening through ages that  
 were;

Dim centuries that darkened and brightened  
 and darkened again, and the soul of their  
 song

Was great as their grief, and sublime as their  
 suffering, and strong as their sorrows  
 were strong.

It knew not, it saw not, but shadows triune,  
 and evoked by the strength of their spell

Dark hell, and the mountain of anguish, and  
 heaven that was hollower and harder  
 than hell.

These are not: the womb of the darkness that  
 ere them rejects them, and knows them  
 ore:

fettered in misery and iron, revives  
 the light that it lived in of yore.

The soul that is wisdom and freedom, the  
 wit of England redeemed from her  
 past.

Speaks life through the lips of the master and  
 lord of her children, the first and the last.

Thought, touched by his hand and redeemed  
 by his breath, sees, hears, and accepts  
 from above

The limitless lightnings of vision and passion,  
 the measureless music of love.

## A SWIMMER'S DREAM.

NOVEMBER 4, 1889.

*Somno mollior unda.*

## I.

DAWN is dim on the dark soft water,  
 Soft and passionate, dark and sweet.  
 Love's own self was the deep sea's daughter,  
 Fair and flawless from face to feet,  
 Hailed of all when the world was golden,  
 Loved of lovers whose names beholden  
 Thrill men's eyes as with light of olden  
 Days more glad than their flight was fleet.

So they sang: but for men that love her,  
 Souls that hear not her word in vain,  
 Earth beside her and heaven above her  
 Seem but shadows that wax and wane.  
 Softer than sleep's are the sea's caresses,  
 Kinder than love's that betrays and blesses,  
 Blither than spring's when her flowerful tress-

ses  
 Shake forth sunlight and shine with rain.

All the strength of the waves that perish  
 Swells beneath me and laughs and sighs,  
 Sighs for love of the life they cherish,  
 Laughs to know that it lives and dies,  
 Dies for joy of its life, and lives  
 Thrilled with joy that its brief death gives—  
 Death whose laugh or whose breath forgives  
 Change that bids it subside and rise.

## II.

Hard and heavy, remote but nearing,  
 Sunless hangs the severe sky's weight,  
 Cloud on cloud, though the wind be veering  
 Heaped on high to the sundawn's gate.  
 Dawn and even and noon are one,  
 Veiled with vapour and void of sun;  
 Nought in sight or in fancied hearing  
 Now less mighty than time or fate.

The grey sky gleams and the grey seas glimmer,

Pale and sweet as a dream's delight,  
 As a dream's where darkness and light seem  
 dimmer,

Touched by dawn or subdued by night.  
 The dark wind, stern and sublime and sad,  
 Swings the rollers to westward, clad  
 With lustrous shadow that lures the swimmer.  
 Lures and lulls him with dreams of light.

Light, and sleep, and delight, and wonder,  
 Change, and rest, and a charm of cloud,  
 Fill the world of the skies whereunder  
 Heaves and quivers and pants aloud  
 All the world of the waters, hoary  
 Now, but clothed with its own live glory,  
 That mates the lightning and mocks the  
 thunder

With light more living and word more  
 proud.

## III.

Far off westward, whither sets the sounding  
 strife,

Strife more sweet than peace, of shoreless  
 waves whose glee

Scorns the shore and loves the wind that  
 leaves them free,

Strange as sleep and pale as death and fair  
 as life,

Shifts the moonlight-coloured sunshine on  
 the sea.

Toward the sunset's goal the sunless waters  
 crowd,

Fast as autumn days toward winter: yet  
 it seems

Here that autumn wanes not, here that  
 woods and streams

Lose not heart and change not likeness, chill-  
 ed and bowed

Warped and wrinkled: here the days are  
 fair as dreams.

## IV.

O russet-robed November,  
 What ails thee so to smile?

Chill August, pale September,  
 Endured a woful while,

And fell as falls an ember  
 From forth a flameless pile:

But golden-girt November  
 Bids all she looks on smile:

The lustrous foliage, waning  
 As wanes the morning moon,  
 Here falling, here refraining.  
 Outbraves the pride of June

With statelier semblance, feigning  
No fear lest death be soon:  
As though the woods thus waning  
Should wax to meet the moon.

As though, when fields lie stricken  
By grey December's breath,  
These lordlier growths that sicken  
And die for fear of death  
Should feel the sense requicken  
That bears what springtide suith  
And thrills for love, spring-stricken  
And pierced with April's breath.

The keen white-winged north-easter  
That stings and spurs thy sea  
Doth yet but feed and feast her  
With glowing sense of glee:  
Calm chained her, storm released her,  
And storm's glad voice was he:  
South-wester or north-easter,  
Thy winds rejoice the sea.

## V.

A dream, a dream is it all—the season,  
The sky, the water, the wind, the shore?  
A day-born dream of divine unreason,  
A marvel moulded of sleep—no more?  
For the cloudlike wave that my limbs while  
Cleaving  
Feel as in slumber beneath them heaving  
Soothes the sense as to slumber, leaving  
Sense of nought that was known of yore.

A purer passion, a lordlier leisure,  
A peace more happy than lives on land,  
Fulfills with pulse of diviner pleasure  
The dreaming head and the steering hand.  
I lean my cheek to the cold grey pillow,  
The deep soft swell of the full broad billow,  
And close mine eyes for delight past measure,  
And wish the wheel of the world would  
stand.

The wild-winged hour that we fain would  
capture  
Falls as from heaven that its light feet  
climb.

So brief, so soft, and so full the rapture  
Was felt that soothed me with sense of  
peace.

To sleep, to swim, and to dream, for ever—  
Such joy the vision of man saw never;  
For here too soon will a dark day sever  
The sea-bird's wing from the sea-wave's  
feam.

A dream, and more than a dream, and di-  
mer  
At once and brighter than dreams that  
flee,  
The moment's joy of the seaward swimmer  
Abides, remembered as truth may be.  
Not all the joy and not all the glory  
Must fade as leaves when the woods wax  
hoary;  
For there the downs and the sea-banks glim-  
mer,  
And here to south of them swells the sea.

## GRACE DARLING.

TAKE, O star of all our seas, from not an  
alien hand,  
Homage paid of song bowed down before  
thy glory's face.  
Thou the living light of all our lovely stormy  
strand,  
Thou the brave north-country's very glory  
of glories, Grace,  
Loud and dark about the lighthouse rings and  
glares the night;  
Glares with foam-lit gloom and darkling  
fire of storm and spray,

Rings with roar of winds in chase and rage  
of waves in flight,  
Howls and hisses as with mouths of snakes  
and wolves at bay.  
Scarce the cliffs of the islets, scarce the walls  
of Joyous Gard,  
Flash to sight between the deadlier light-  
nings of the sea:  
Storm is lord and master of a midnight ex-  
starred,  
Nor may sight or fear discern what evil  
stern may be.

Dark as death and white as snow the sea-  
 swell scowls and shines,  
 Heaves and yearns and pants for prey,  
 from ravening lip to lip,  
 Strong in rage of rapturous anguish, lines  
 on hurding lines,  
 Ranks on charging ranks, that break and  
 rend the battling ship.  
 All the night is mad and murderous: who  
 shall front the night?  
 Not the prow that labours, helpless as a  
 storm-blown leaf,  
 where the rocks and waters, darkling depth  
 and beetling height,  
 Rage with wave on shattering wave and  
 thundering reef on reef.  
 Death is filled upon the prisoners there of  
 darkness bound  
 Like as thralls with links of iron fast in  
 bonds of doom;  
 How shall any way to break the bands of  
 death be found,  
 Any hand avail to pluck them from that  
 raging tomb?  
 All the night is great with child of death: no  
 stars above  
 Show them hope in heaven, no lights from  
 shoreward help on earth,  
 Is there help or hope to seaward, is there help  
 in love,  
 Hope in pity, where the ravening hounds  
 of storm make mirth?  
 Where the light that shows the naked eyeless  
 face of Death  
 Nearer, laughing dumb and grim across  
 the loud live storm?  
 Not in human heart or hand or speech of  
 human breath,  
 Surely, nor in saviours found of mortal  
 face or form.  
 Yet below the light, between the reefs, a skiff  
 shot out  
 Seems a sea-bird fain to breast and brave  
 the strait fierce pass  
 Whence the channelled roar of waters driven  
 in raging rout,  
 Pent and pressed and maddened, speaks  
 their monstrous might and mass.  
 Thunder heaves and howls about them,  
 lightning leaps and flashes,  
 Hard at hand, not high in heaven, but  
 close between the walls  
 Heaped and hollowed of the storms of old,  
 whence reels and crashes

All the rage of all the unbattled wave that  
 breaks and rills  
 Who shall thwart the madness and the glad-  
 ness of it, laden  
 Full with heavy fate, and joyous as the  
 birds that whirl?  
 Nought in heaven or earth, if not one mortal-  
 moulded maiden,  
 Nought if not the soul that glorifies a north-  
 land girl.  
 Not the rocks that break may baffle, not the  
 reefs that thwart  
 Stay the ravenous rapture of the waves that  
 crowd and leap  
 Scarce their flashing laughter shows the hun-  
 ger of their heart,  
 Scarce their hon-throated roar the wrath at  
 heart they keep.  
 Child and man and woman in the grasp of  
 death clenched fast  
 Tremble, clothed with darkness round  
 about, and scarce draw breath,  
 Scarce lift eyes up toward the light that saves  
 not, scarce may cast  
 Thought or prayer up, caught and tram-  
 melled in the snare of death.  
 Not as sea-mews cling and laugh or sun their  
 plumes and sleep  
 Cling and cower the wild night's waifs of  
 shipwreck, blind with fear.  
 Where the fierce reef scarce yields foothold  
 that a bird might keep.  
 And the clamorous darkness deadens eye  
 and deafens ear.  
 Yet beyond their helpless hearing, out of  
 hopeless sight,  
 Saviours, armed and girt upon with  
 strength of heart, fare forth,  
 Sire and daughter, hand on oar and face  
 against the night,  
 Maid and man whose names are beacons  
 ever to the North.  
 Nearer now; but all the madness of the storm-  
 ing surf  
 Hounds and roars them back; but roars  
 and hounds them back in vain:  
 As a pleasure skiff may graze the lake-em-  
 banking turf,  
 So the boat that bears them grates the  
 rock where toward they strain.  
 Dawn is fierce and haggard as the face of  
 night scarce guides  
 Toward the cries that rent and clove the  
 darkness, crying for aid,

Hours of hours, a loss the engorged relief  
 Sire and daughter, high-souled man and  
 Not the bravest land that ever breasted war's  
 Hurl'd her foes back harried on the low  
 Held her own and smote her smiters down  
 Shining northward, sunning southward, as  
 Not our mother, not Northumberland, brought  
 Though no southern shore may match the  
 Children worthier all the birthright given of  
 the ardent north  
 Where the fire of hearts outburns the suns  
 that fire the south.  
 Even such fire was this that lit them, not from  
 lowering skies  
 Where the darkling dawn flagg'd, stricken  
 in the sun's own shrine,  
 Down the gulf of storm subsiding, till their  
 earliest eyes  
 Find the relics of the ravening night that  
 spared but nine.  
 Life by life the man redeems them, head by  
 storm worn head,  
 While the girl's hand stays the boat whereof  
 the waves are fain:  
 Ah, but woe for one, the mother clasping fast  
 her dead!  
 Happier, had the surges slain her with  
 her children slain,  
 Back they bear and bring between them safe  
 the woful nine,  
 Where above the ravenous Hawkers' fixed  
 at watch for prey  
 Storm and calm behold the Longstone's  
 towering signal shine

Now as when that labouring night brought  
 forth a shuddering day,  
 Now as then, though like the bounds of  
 storm against her snaring  
 All the clamorous years between us storm  
 down many a fame  
 As our sires beheld before us we behold Grace  
 Darling  
 Crowned and throned our queen, and as  
 they hailed we hail her name.  
 Nay, not ours alone, her kinsfolk born, though  
 chiefest ours.  
 East and west and south acclaim her queen  
 of England's maids,  
 Star more sweet than all their stars and flower  
 than all their flowers,  
 Higher in heaven and earth than star that  
 sets or flower that fades.  
 How should land or sea that nurtured her  
 forget, or love  
 Hold not fast her fame for us while aught  
 is borne in mind?  
 Land and sea beneath us, sun and moon and  
 stars above,  
 Bear the bright soul witness, seen of all  
 but souls born blind.  
 Stars and moon and sun may wax and wane,  
 subside and rise,  
 Age on age as flake on flake of showering  
 snows be shed:  
 Not till earth be sunless, not till death strike  
 blind the skies,  
 May the deathless love that waits on death-  
 less deeds be dead.  
 Years on years have withered since beside  
 the hearth once thine  
 I, too young to have seen thee, touched  
 thy father's hallowed hand:  
 Thee and him shall all men see for ever, stars  
 that shine  
 While the sea that spared thee girds and  
 glorifies the land.

## LOCH TORRIDON.

## TO I. II.

THE dawn of night more fair than morning  
 Stars hurrying forth on stars, as so we on  
 bows

Hate when the wind and winter bid them  
 speed.  
 Vague miles of moorland road behind us lay  
 scarce traversed ere the day

Sank, and the sun forsook us at our need,  
 Belated. Where we thought to have rested,  
 rest  
 Was none; for soft Maree's dim quivering  
 breast,  
 Bound round with gracious inland girth of  
 green  
 And fearless of the wild wave-wandering  
 West,  
 Shone shelterless for strangers; and unseen  
 The goal before us lay  
 Of all our blithe and strange and strenuous  
 day.  
 For when the northering road faced westward  
 —when  
 The dark sharp sudden gorge dropped sea-  
 ward —then,  
 Beneath the stars, between the steep, the  
 track  
 We followed, lighted not of moon or sun,  
 And plunging whither none  
 Might guess, while heaven and earth were  
 hoar and black,  
 Seemed even the dim still pass whence none  
 turns back.  
 And through the twilight leftward of the way,  
 And down the dark, with many a laugh and  
 leap,  
 The light blithe hill-streams shone from scur-  
 ry to steep  
 In glittering pride of play;  
 And ever while the night grew great and deep  
 We felt but saw not what the hills would  
 keep  
 Sacred awhile from sense of moon or star;  
 And full and far  
 Beneath us, sweet and strange as heaven may  
 be,  
 The sea.  
 The very sea: no mountain-moulded lake  
 Whose fluctuant shapeliness is fain to take  
 Shape from the steadfast shore that rules it  
 round,  
 And only from the storms a casual sound:  
 The sea, that harbours in her heart sublime  
 The supreme heart of music deep as time,  
 And in her spirit strong  
 The spirit of all imaginable song.  
 Not a whisper or lisp from the waters: the  
 skies were not silenter. Peace  
 Was between them; a passionless rapture of  
 respite as soft as release.

Not a sound, but a sense that possessed and  
 pervaded with patient delight  
 The soul and the body, clothed round with  
 the comfort of limitless night.  
 Night infinite, living, adorable, loved of the  
 land and the sea:  
 Night, mother of mercies, who saith to the  
 spirits in prison, Be free.  
 And softer than dewfall, and kindlier than  
 starlight, and keener than wine,  
 Came round us the fragrance of waters, the  
 life of the breath of the brine.  
 We saw not, we heard not, the face or the  
 voice of the waters: we knew  
 By the darkling delight of the wind as the  
 sense of the sea in it grew,  
 By the pulse of the darkness about us en-  
 kindled and quickened, that here,  
 Unseen and unheard of us, surely the goal  
 we had faith in was near.  
 A silence diviner than music, a darkness  
 diviner than light,  
 Fulfilled as from heaven with a measureless  
 comfort the measure of night.  
 But never a roof for shelter.  
 And never a sign for guide  
 Rose doubtful or visible: only  
 And hardly and gladly we heard  
 The soft waves whisper and welter,  
 Subdued, and allured to subside,  
 By the mild night's magic: the lonely  
 Sweet silence was soothed, not stirred,  
 By the noiseless noise of the gleaming  
 Glad ripples, that played and sighed,  
 Kissed, laughed, recoiled, and relented,  
 Whispered, flickered, and fled.  
 No season was this for dreaming  
 How oft, with a stormier tide,  
 Had the wrath of the winds been  
 vented  
 On sons of the tribes long dead:  
 The tribes whom time, and the changes  
 Of things, and the stress of doom,  
 Have erased and effaced; forgotten  
 As wrecks or weeds of the shore  
 In sight of the stern hill-ranges  
 That hardly may change their gloom  
 When the fruits of the years wax rotten  
 And the seed of them springs no more.  
 For the dim strait footway dividing  
 The waters that breathed below  
 Led safe to the kindest of shelters  
 That ever awoke into light:

And still in remembrance abiding  
 As that day when the waves that blow  
 And the water that eddies and welters  
 The passionate peace of the night.

All night long, in the world of sleep,  
 As day and night were wont to creep;  
 The calm and the calm, and silence made  
 The world of dream and shade:  
 All above us, the ivy-long night,  
 Shadow, huddled with sense of light;  
 All around us, the brief night long,  
 Shadow, huddled with sense of light;  
 Stars and mountains within, we knew,  
 Watched and waited, the sea night through:  
 All unseen, but divined and near,  
 Thro' the touch of the sea's breath near:  
 All unborn, but alive like sand,  
 Thro' the sense of the sea's life round:  
 Round us, near us, in depth and height,  
 Soft as darkness and keen as light.

And the dawn leapt in at my casement: and  
 there, as I rose, at my feet  
 No waves of the landlocked waters, no lake  
 submissive and sweet,  
 Soft slave of the lordly seasons, whose breath  
 may lose it or freeze;  
 But to left and to right and ahead was the  
 rattle whose pace is the sea's.  
 From the gorge we had travelled by star-  
 light the sun rose, varied and aflame,  
 Shone large on the low wide vavilons that  
 shuddered with joy as it came:  
 As it came and crossed and possessed them,  
 Rilling and running with light  
 In a mountain to mention the water was  
 kindled and stung to delight.  
 And the grey gaunt hills that the traced  
 and constrained and compelled it were  
 glad,  
 And the rampart of rock, stark naked, that  
 thwarted and barred it, was glad  
 With a stern grey splendour of sunrise; and  
 scarce had it come to the sea  
 When the dawn and the water were wedded,  
 the hills and the sky set free.

The chain of the night was broken: the waves  
 that embraced me and smiled  
 And flickered and fawned in the sunlight,  
 alive, untraded, undefiled,  
 Were sweeter to swim in than air, though ful-  
 filled with the mounting morn,  
 Could let for the birds whose triumph rejoiced  
 that a day was born.  
 And a day was arisen indeed for us. Years,  
 and the changes of years  
 Clothed round with their joys and their sor-  
 rows, and dead as their hopes and their  
 fears,  
 Lie noteless and nameless, unlit by remem-  
 brance or record of days  
 Worth wonder or memory, or cursing or  
 blessing, or passion or praise,  
 Between us who live and forget not, but  
 yearn with delight in it yet,  
 And the day we forget not, and never may live  
 and may think to forget.  
 And the years that were kindlier and  
 fairer, and kindled with pleasures as  
 keen,  
 Have elapsed not with lights or with shadows  
 the light on the face of it seen.  
 For softly and surely, as nearer the boat that  
 we gazed from drew,  
 The face of the precipice opened and bade us  
 as birds pass through,  
 And the bark shot sheer to the sea  
 through the strait of the sharp steep  
 cleft,  
 The portal that opens with imminent ram-  
 pires to right and to left,  
 Sublime as the sky they darken and strange  
 as a spell-struck dream,  
 On the world unconfined of the mountains,  
 the reign of the sea supreme,  
 The kingdom of westward waters, wherein  
 when we swam we knew  
 The waves that we dove were boundless, the  
 wind on our brows that blew  
 Had swept no land and no lake, and had  
 warred not on tower or on tree,  
 But came on us hard out of heaven, and alive  
 with the soul of the sea.

THE PALACE OF PAN.

INSCRIBED TO MY MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER, all glorious with gold, as a king  
 In the radiance of triumph attired,  
 Outlightening the summer, outsweetening the  
 spring,  
 Broods wide on the woodlands with limitless  
 wing,  
 A presence of all men desired.  
 Far eastward and westward the sun-coloured  
 lands  
 Smile warm as the light on them smiles;  
 And sturdier than temples uplounded with  
 lands,  
 Tall column by column, the sanctuary stands  
 Of the pine forest's infinite aisles.  
 Mute worship, too fervent for praise or for  
 prayer,  
 Possesses the spirit with peace,  
 Fulfilled with the breath of the luminous air,  
 The fragrance, the silence, the shadows as fair  
 As the rays that recede or increase.  
 Ridged pillars that redden aloft and aloof,  
 With never a branch for a nest,  
 Sustain the sublime indivisible roof,  
 To the storm and the sun in his majesty proof,  
 And awiel as waters at rest.  
 Man's hand hath not measured the height  
 of them thought  
 May measure not, awe may not know;  
 In its shadow the woofs of the woodland are  
 wrought,  
 As a bird is the sun in the toils of them caught,  
 And the flakes of it scattered as snow.  
 As the shreds of a plumage of gold on the  
 ground  
 The sun-flakes by multitudes lie,  
 Shed loose as the petals of roses discrowned  
 On the floors of the forest engilt and em-  
 browned  
 And reddened afar and anigh.  
 Dim centuries with darkling inscrutable hands  
 Have reared and secluded the shrine  
 For gods that we know not, and kindled as  
 brands  
 On the altar the years that are dust, and their  
 sands  
 Time's glass has forgotten for sign.

A temple whose transepts are measured by  
 miles,  
 Whose chancel has morning for priest,  
 Whose floor-work the foot of no spoiler  
 defiles,  
 Whose musical silence no music beguiles,  
 No festivals limit its feast.  
 The noon's ministration, the night's and the  
 dawn's,  
 Conceals not, reveals not for man,  
 On the slopes of the herbless and blossomless  
 lawns,  
 Some track of a nymph's or some trail of a  
 faun's  
 To the place of the slumber of Pan.  
 Thought, kindled and quickened by worship  
 and wonder  
 To rapture too sacred for fear  
 On the ways that unite or divide them in  
 sunder,  
 Alone may discern if about them or under  
 Be token or trace of him here.  
 With passionate awe that is deeper than panic  
 The spirit subdued and unshaken  
 Takes heed of the godhead terrene and  
 Titanic  
 Whose footfall is felt on the breach of volcanic  
 sharp steeps that their fire has forsaken.  
 By a spell more serene than the dim necro-  
 mantic  
 Dead charms of the past and the night,  
 Or the terror that lurked in the noon to make  
 frantic  
 Where Etna takes share from the limbs of  
 gigantic  
 Dead gods disanointed of might,  
 The spirit made one with the spirit whose  
 breath  
 Makes noon in the woodland sublime  
 Abides as entranced in a presence that saith  
 Things loftier than life and serener than  
 death,  
 Triumphant and silent as time.

PINE RIDGE: September, 1893.



## A YEAR'S CAROLS.

## JANUARY.

Hail, January, that bearest here  
 On snowbright breasts the babe-faced year  
 That weeps and trembles to be born.  
 Hail, maid and mother, strong and bright,  
 Hooded and cloaked and shod with white,  
 Whose eyes are stars that match the morn  
 Thy forehead braves the storm's bent bow,  
 Thy feet enkindle stars of snow.

## FEBRUARY.

Wan February with weeping cheer,  
 Whose cold hand guides the youngling year  
 Down misty roads of mire and rime,  
 Before thy pale and fitful face  
 The shrill wind shifts the clouds apace  
 Through skies the morning scarce may  
 climb.  
 Thine eyes are thick with heavy tears,  
 But lit with hopes that light the year's.

## MARCH.

Hail, happy March, whose foot on earth  
 Rings as the blast of martial mirth  
 When trumpets fire men's hearts for fray.  
 No race of wild things winged or finned  
 May match the might that wings thy wind  
 Through air and sea, through scud and  
 spray  
 Strong joy and thou were powers twain born  
 Of tempest and the towering morn.

## APRIL.

Crowned April, king whose kiss bade earth  
 Bring forth to time her lordliest birth  
 When Shakespeare from thy lips drew  
 breath  
 And laughed to hold in one soft hand  
 A spell that bade the world's wheel stand,  
 And power on life, and power on death,  
 With quiring suns and sunbright showers  
 Praise him, the flower of all thy flowers.

## MAY.

Hail, May, whose bark puts forth full-sailed  
 For summer; May, whom Chaucer hailed  
 With all his happy might of heart,  
 And gave thy rosebright daisy-tips  
 Strange fragrance from his amorous lips  
 That still thine own breath seems to part  
 And sweeten till each word they say  
 Is even a flower of flowering May.

## JUNE.

Strong June, superb, serene, elate  
 With conscience of thy sovereign state  
 Untouched of thunder, though the storm  
 Scathe here and there thy shuddering skies  
 And bid its lightning cross thine eyes  
 With fire, thy golden hours inform  
 Earth and the souls of men with life  
 That brings forth peace from shining strife.

## JULY.

Hail, proud July, whose fervent mouth  
 Bids even be morn and north be south  
 By grace and gospel of thy word,  
 Whence all the splendour of the sea  
 Lies breathless with delight in thee  
 And marvel at the music heard  
 From the ardent silent lips of noon  
 And midnight's rapturous plenilune.

## AUGUST.

Great August, lord of golden lands.  
 Whose lordly joy through seas and strands  
 And all the red-ripe heart of earth  
 Strikes passion deep as life, and stills  
 The folded vales and folding hills  
 With gladness too divine for mirth,  
 The gracious glories of thine eyes  
 Make night a noon where darkness dies.

## SEPTEMBER.

Hail, kind September, friend whose grace  
 Renews the bland year's bounteous face  
 With largess given of corn and wine  
 Through many a land that laughs with  
 love  
 Of thee and all the heaven above.  
 More fruitful mound than all save thine  
 Whose skies fulfil with strenuous cheer  
 The fervent fields that knew thee near.

## OCTOBER.

October of the tawny crown,  
 Whose heavy-laden hands drop gold  
 Blessing, the bounties of thy breath  
 And mildness of thy mellowing might  
 Fill earth and heaven with love and light  
 Too sweet for fear to dream of death  
 Or memory, while thy joy lives yet,  
 To know what joy would fain forget.

## ENGLAND. AN ODE.

### NOVEMBER

Hail, soft November, though thy pale  
Sad smile rebuke the words that hail  
Thy sorrow with no sorrowing words  
Or gratulate thy grief with song  
Less bitter than the winds that wrong  
Thy withering woodlands, where the birds  
Keep hardly heart to sing or set  
How fair thy faint wan face may be

### DECEMBER

December, thou whose halcyon  
On shuddering seas and hard  
Set as a sacramental sign  
The seal of Christmas felt on earth  
As witness toward a new year's birth  
Whose promise makes thy death divine,  
The crowning joy that comes of thee  
Makes glad all grief on land or sea.

## ENGLAND: AN ODE.

### I.

SEA and strand, and a lordlier land than sea  
Tides rolling and rising sun  
Clasp and lighten in climes that brighten with  
day when day that was here is done,  
Call aloud on their children, proud with  
trust that future and past are one.

Far and near from the swan's nest here the  
storm-birds bred of her fair white breast,  
Sons whose home was the sea-wave's foam,  
have borne the name of her east and west,  
North and south has the storm-wind's music  
rung praise of England and England's  
quest.

Fame, wherever her flag flew, never forbore  
to fly with an equal wing:  
France and Spain with their warrior train  
bowed down before her as thrall to king,  
India knelt at her feet, and felt her sway more  
fruitful of life than spring.

Darkness round them as iron bound fell on  
from races of elder name,  
Slain at sight of her eyes, whose light  
freedom lighten and burn as flame;  
Night endures not the touch that cures of  
kingship tyrants, and slaves of shame.

All the terror of time, where error and  
were lords of a world of slaves,  
Age on age in resurgent rage and anguish  
darkening as waves on waves,  
Fell or fled from a face that shed such grace  
as quickens the dust of graves.

Things of night at her glance took flight: the  
strengths of darkness recoiled and  
sunk  
in the fires of the murderous pyres where  
on wild agony writhed and shrank:  
Rose the light of the reign of right from gulfs  
of years that the darkness drank.

Yet the might of her wings in flight, whence  
glory lightens and music rings,  
Loud and bright as the dawn's, shall smite  
and still the discord of evil things,  
Yet not slain by her radiant reign, but dark-  
ened now by her sail-stretched wings.

### II.

Music made of change and conquest, glory  
Lorn of evil slain,  
Stilled the discord, slew the darkness, bade  
the lights of tempest wane,  
Where the deathless dawn of England rose in  
sign that right should reign.

Mercy, where the tiger wallowed mad and  
blinded with blood and lust,  
Justice where the jackal yelped and fed,  
where the slave wallowed in just,  
Rose as England's light on Asia rose, and  
smote them down to dust.

Justice bright as mercy, mercy girt by justice  
with her sword,  
Smote and saved and raised and ruined, till  
the tyrant-ridden horde  
Saw the lightning fall from heaven and knew  
the sun for God and lord.



And ever as earth waxes wiser, and softer  
 the bearing of man's wide wrongs,  
 since fate's dark overfather, most harless  
 and eldest of star-crossed kings,  
 Her praise is merited as the chant of the  
 dawn to the light of the noon outshining.

## II.

Storm and cloud in the skies were loud, and  
 lightning leapt at the blind  
 and woe on the land below shed heavier  
 shadow than falls from night,  
 Dark was earth at her dawn of birth as her  
 her record of praise is bright.

Clear and fair through the morning air the  
 bright first laugh of sunset day  
 rang as a that soaring from  
 robes yet dark for a spent stoppage.

As a boy and bare the sunrise  
 the first of his day.

Lord of state and war, whom fate found  
 long in battle and counsel sure.

Here, the fate had allowed the  
 their season, and thought no more  
 Here too best was the dark's note mused that  
 faded the light of the sun's new

the lord of England's lord  
 King of the  
 the Promethean

Whence his soul took fire, and power to out-  
 soar the starward soaring bird.

Still the reaches of the river, still the light  
 still the menses held aloft as lamps for  
 hope's young fire to fill,  
 Shine, and while the light of England lives  
 shall shine for England still.

When four hundred more and fifty years have  
 risen and shone and set,  
 right with names that men remember, loud  
 shall name that men forget,  
 Haply here shall Eton's record be what  
 England finds it yet.

## THE UNION.

## III.

Develier than thy seas are strong  
 glorious Ireland, sword and song,  
 Gird and crown thee: none may wrong,  
 Give thy sons alone,  
 The sea that laughs around us  
 Hath sundered not but bound us:  
 The sun's first rising found us  
 Throned on its equal throne.

## IV.

North and South and East and West,  
 All true hearts that wish thee best  
 Beat one tune and own one God,  
 Steadfast and sure as stone  
 God guard from dark dishonour  
 Our threefold State and crown  
 God save the loyal  
 The 1 Commons

## II.

South and North and West and East  
 Wolves and ravens flock to feast,  
 Dense as round some death-struck coast,  
 Black as night, black,  
 Stand fast as faith together  
 In stress of treacherous weather  
 When hounds and wolves break tether  
 And Treason guides the pack.

THREE IN ONE, the  
 God, who giveth  
 Bide our coming  
 No night, if now  
 Though fraud and fear would sever  
 The bond assured for ever,  
 Their shameful strength shall never  
 Undo what heaven has done.

## EAST TO WEST.

SUNSET smiles on sunrise: east and west  
are one,  
Face to face in heaven before the sovereign  
sun,  
From the springs of the dawn everlasting  
a glory renews and transfigures the  
west,  
From the depths of the sunset a light as of  
morning enkindles the broad sea's  
breast,  
And the lands and the skies and the waters  
are glad of the day's and the night's  
work done.

Child of dawn, and regent on the world  
wide sea,  
England smiles on Europe, fair as dawn  
and free.

Not the waters that gird her are purer, nor  
mightier the winds that her waters  
know.  
But America, daughter and sister of England  
is praised of them, far as they flow:  
Atlantic responds to Pacific the praise of her  
days that have been and shall be.

So from England westward let the watch-  
word fly,  
So for England eastward let the seas reply:  
Praise, honour, and love everlasting be sent  
on the wind's wings, westward and  
east,  
That the pride of the past and the pride of the  
future may mingle as friends at feast,  
And the sons of the lords of the world-wide  
seas be one till the world's life die.

## MUSIC: AN ODE.

## I.

Was it light that spake from the dark-  
ness, or music that shone from the  
word,  
When the night was enkindled with sound  
of the sun or the first-born bird?  
Souls enthralled and entrammelled in bond-  
age of seasons that fall and rise,  
Bound fast round with the fetters of flesh, and  
blinded with light that dies,  
Lived not surely till music spake, and the  
spirit of life was heard.

## II.

Music, sister of sunrise, and herald of life  
to be,  
Smiled as dawn on the spirit of man, and  
the thrall was free.

Slave of nature and serf of time, the bondman  
of life and death,  
Dumb with passionless patience that breathed  
but forlorn and reluctant breath,  
Heard, beheld, and his soul made answer,  
and communed aloud with the sea.

## III.

Morning spake, and he heard: and the  
passionate silent noon  
Kept for him not silence: and soft from  
the mounting moon  
Fell the sound of her splendour, heard as  
dawn's in the breathless night,  
Not of men but of birds whose note bade  
man's soul quicken and leap to light:  
And the song of it spake, and the light and  
the darkness of earth were as chords  
in tune.

INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE FOUR SIDES OF A PEDESTAL.

I.

MARLOWE, the father of the sons of song  
Whose praise is England's crowning praise,  
above  
All glories else that crown her, sweet and  
strong  
As England, clothed with light and fire  
of love,  
And girt with might of passion, thought, and  
trust,  
Stands here in spirit, sleeps not here in dust.

II.

Marlowe, a star too sovereign, too superb,  
To fade when heaven took fire from  
Shakespeare's light,  
A soul that knew but song's triumphal curb  
And love's triumphant bondage, holds  
of right  
His pride of place, who first in place and time  
Made England's voice as England's heart  
sublime.

III.

Marlowe bade England live in living song;  
The light he lifted up lit Shakespeare's  
way:  
He spake, and life sprang forth in music,  
strong  
As fire or lightning, sweet as dawn of  
day.  
Song was a dream where day took night to  
wife:  
'Let there be life,' he said: and there was life.

IV.

Marlowe of all our fathers first beheld  
Beyond the tidal ebb and flow of things  
The tideless depth and height of souls, im-  
pelled  
By thought or passion, borne on waves or  
wings,  
Beyond all flight or sight but song's: and he  
First gave our song a sound that matched our  
sea.

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD BURTON.

NIGHT or light is it now, wherein  
Sleeps, shut out from the wild world's din,  
Wakes, alive with a life more clear,  
One who found not on earth his kin?

Sleep were sweet for awhile, were dear  
Surely to souls that were heartless here,  
Souls that faltered and flagged and fell,  
Soft of spirit and faint of cheer.

A living soul that had strength to quell  
Hope the spectre and fear the spell,  
Clear-eyed, content with a scorn sublime  
And a faith superb, can it fare not well?

Life, the shadow of wide-winged time,  
Cast from the wings that change as they  
climb,

Life may vanish in death, and seem  
Less than the promise of last year's prime.

But not for us is the past a dream  
Wherefrom, as light from a clouded stream,  
Faith fades and shivers and ebbs away,  
Faint as the moon if the sundawn gleam.

Faith, whose eyes in the low last ray  
Watch the fire that renews the day,  
Faith which lives in the living past,  
Rock-rooted, swerves not as weeds that  
sway.

As trees that stand in the storm-wind fast  
She stands, unsmitten of death's keen blast,  
With strong remembrance of sunbright  
spring  
Alive at heart to the lifeless last.

Night, she knows, may in no wise cling  
To a soul that sinks not and droops not  
wing,

A sun that sets not in death's false  
night  
Whose kingdom finds him not thrall but  
king.

Souls there are that for soul's affright  
Bow down and cower in the sun's glad  
sight,

Clothed round with faith that is one  
with fear,  
And dark with doubt of the live world's  
light.

But him we hailed from afar or near  
 As boldest born of the bravest here  
     And loved as brightest of souls that  
     eyed  
 Life, time, and death with unchangeable  
     cheer,

A wider soul than the world was wide,  
 Whose praise made love of him one with  
     pride.

What part has death or has time in him,  
 Who rode life's lists as a god might ride?

While England sees not her old praise  
     dim,

While still her stars through the world's  
     night swim,  
     A fame outshining her Raleigh's fame,  
     A light that lightens her loud sea's rim,

Shall shine and sound as her sons proclaim  
 The pride that kindles at Burton's name.  
     And joy shall exalt their pride to be  
 The same in birth if in soul the same.

But we that yearn for a friend's face—we  
 Who lack the light that on earth was he—  
     Mourn, though the light be a quench-  
     less flame  
 That shines as dawn on a tideless sea.

## ELEGY.

1809-1891.

AUVERGNE, Auvergne, O wild and woful land,  
     O glorious land and gracious, white as  
     gleam  
 The stairs of heaven, black as a flameless  
     brand.  
     Strange even as life, and stranger than a  
     dream,

Could earth remember man, whose eyes  
     made bright  
     The splendour of her beauty, lit by day  
 Or soothed and softened and redeemed by  
     night,  
     Wouldst thou not know what light has  
     passed away?

Wouldst thou not know whom England,  
     whom the world,  
     Mourns? For the world whose wildest  
     ways he trod,  
 And smiled their dangers down that coiled  
     and curled  
 Against him, knows him now less man  
     than god.

Our demigod of daring keenest-eyed  
     To read and deepest read in earth's din-  
     things,  
 A spirit now whose body of death has died  
     And left it mightier yet in eyes and wings.

The sovereign seeker of the world, who  
     now  
     Hath sought what world the light of  
     death may show,  
 Hailed once with me the crowns that load  
     thy brow.  
     Cragg'd as midnight, columns bright  
     as snow.

Thy steep small Siena, splendid and content  
     As shines the mightier city's Tuscan  
     pride  
 Which here its face reflects in radiance,  
     pent  
     By narrower bounds from towering side  
     to side,

Set fast between the ridged and foamless  
     waves  
     Of earth more fierce and fluctuant than  
     the sea,  
 The fearless town of towers that hails and  
     braves  
     The heights that gird, the sun that brands  
     Le Puy;

The huddle . . . hes clinging on the  
     cliffs  
 As birds alight, . . . might for storm's sake  
     cling,

Moored to the rocks as tempest-harried  
 skiffs  
 To perilous refuge from the loud wind's  
 wing;  
 The stairs on stairs that wind and change  
 and climb  
 Even up to the utmost crag's edge curved  
 and curled,  
 More bright than vision, more than faith  
 sublime,  
 Strange as the light and darkness of the  
 world;  
 Strange as are night and morning, stars and  
 sun,  
 And washed from west and east by day's  
 deep tide,  
 Shine yet less fair, when all their light is  
 won,  
 Than sundawn shows thy pillar'd moun-  
 tain-side.  
 Even so the dawn of death, whose light  
 makes dim  
 The starry fires that life sees rise and set,  
 Shows higher than here he shone before us  
 him  
 Whom faith forgets not, nor shall fate  
 forget.  
 Even so those else unfooted heights we  
 clomb  
 Through scudding mist and eddying  
 whirls of cloud,  
 Blind as a pilot beaten blind with foam,  
 And shrouded as a corpse with storm's  
 grey shroud,  
 Foot following foot along the sheer straight  
 ledge  
 Where space was none to bear the wild  
 goat's feet  
 Till blind we sat on the utter footless edge  
 Where darkling death seemed fain to share  
 the seat.  
 The abyss before us, viewless even as time's,  
 The abyss to left of us, the abyss to  
 right,  
 Bid thought now dream how high the freed  
 soul climbs  
 That death sets free from change of day  
 and night.  
 The might of raging mist and wind whose  
 wrath

Shut from our eyes the narrowing rock we  
 trod,  
 The wondrous world it darkened, made our  
 path  
 Like theirs who take the shadow of death  
 for God.  
 Yet eastward, veiled in vapour white as snow,  
 The grim black herbless heights that scorn  
 the sun  
 And mock the face of morning rose to show  
 The work of earth-born fire and earthquake  
 done.  
 And half the world was haggard night,  
 wherein  
 We strove our blind way through: but far  
 above  
 Was light that watched the wild mists whirl  
 and spin,  
 And far beneath a land worth light and  
 love.  
 Deep down the Valley of the Curse, un-  
 daunted  
 By shadow and whisper of winds with  
 sins for wings  
 And ghosts of crime wherethrough the  
 heathen live haunted  
 By present sense of past and monstrous  
 things,  
 The glimmering water holds its gracious way  
 full forth, and keeps one happier hand's-  
 breadth green  
 Of all that storm-scathed world whereon the  
 sway  
 Sits dark as death of deadlier things un-  
 seen.  
 But on the soundless and the viewless river  
 That bears through night perchance again  
 to day  
 The dead whom death and twin-born fame  
 deliver  
 From life that dies, and time's inveterate  
 sway,  
 No shadow save of falsehood and of fear  
 That brands the future with the past, and  
 bids  
 The spirit wither and the soul grow sere,  
 Hovers or hangs to dead life's opening  
 lids,



If life have eyes to lift again and see,  
Beyond the bounds of sensual sight or  
breath,  
What life incognisable of ours may be  
That turns our light to darkness deep as  
death.

Priests and the soulless serfs of priests may  
swarm  
With vulturous acclamation, loud in lies.  
About his dust while yet his dust is warm.  
Who mocked as sunlight mocks their base  
blind eyes.

Their godless ghost of godhead, false and  
foul  
As fear his dam or hell his throne: but we,  
So one hearing, heed no carrion church-wolf's  
howl:  
The corpse be theirs to mock; the soul is  
free.

Free as ere yet its earthly day was done  
It lived above the coil about us curled:  
A soul whose eyes were keener than the sun,  
A soul whose wings were wider than the  
world.

We, sons of east and west, ringed round with  
dreams,  
Bound fast with visions, girt about with  
fears,  
Live, trust, and think by chance, while  
shadow seems  
Light, and the wind that wrecks a band  
that steers.

He, whose full soul held east and west in  
poise,  
Weighed men with man, and creed of  
man's with creed,  
And age with age, their triumphs and their  
tears,  
And felt what faith may read not and  
may read.

Scorn deep and strong as death and life, that  
lit  
With fire the smile at lies and dreams out:  
A scorn  
Wherewith he smote them, showed sublime  
in life  
The splendour and the steadfastness of  
scorn.

What loftier heaven, what lordlier air, what  
space  
Illimitable, insuperable, infinite,  
Now to that strong-winged soul yields ampler  
place  
Than passing darkness yields to passing  
light,

No dream, no faith can tell us: hope and  
fear,  
Whose tongues were loud of old as chil-  
dren's, now  
From babbling fall to silence: change is  
here,  
And death; dark furrows drawn by time's  
dark plough.

Still sunward here on earth its flight was bent,  
Even since the man within the child began  
To yearn and kindle with superb intent  
And trust in time to magnify the man.

Still toward the old garden of the Sun, whose  
fruit  
The honey-heavy lips of Sophocles  
Desired and sang, wherein the unwithering  
root  
Sprang of all growths that thought brings-  
forth and sees

Incarnate, bright with bloom or dense with  
leaf  
Far-shadowing, deep as depth of dawn or  
night:  
And all were parcel of the garnered sheaf.  
His strenuous spirit bound and stored  
aright.

And eastward now, and ever toward the  
dawn,  
If death's deep veil by life's bright hand be  
rent,  
We see, as through the shadow of death with-  
drawn,  
The imperious soul's indomitable ascent.

But not the soul whose labour knew not  
end—  
But not the swordman's hand, the crested  
head—  
The royal heart we mourn, the faultless  
friend,  
Burton—a name that lives till fame be  
dead.

SONNETS ON DEATH OF ROBERT BROWNING.

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A SEQUENCE OF SONNETS ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

THE clearest eyes in all the world they read  
With sense more keen and spirit of sight  
more true  
Than burns and thrills in sunrise, when  
the dew  
Flames, and absorbs the glory round it shed,  
As they the light of ages quick and dead,  
Closed now, forsake us: yet the shaft  
that slew  
Can slay not one of all the works we knew,  
Nor death dis-crown that many-laurelled head.

The works of words whose life seems light-  
ning wrought,  
And moulded of unconquerable thought,  
And quickened with imperishable flame,  
Stand fast and shine and smile, assured  
that nought  
May fade of all their myriad-moulded fame,  
Nor England's memory clasp not Brown-  
ing's name.

December 13, 1889.

II.

Death, what hast thou to do with one for  
whom  
Time is not lord, but servant? What least  
part

Of all the fire that fed his living heart,  
Of all the light more keen than sundawn's  
bloom

That lit and led his spirit, strong as doom  
And bright as hope, can aught thy breath  
may dart

Quench? Nay, thou knowest he knew  
thee what thou art,

A shadow born of terror's barren womb,  
That brings not forth save shadows. What  
art thou,

To dream, albeit thou breathe upon his  
brow,

That power on him is given thee,—that  
thy breath

Can make him less than love acclaims him  
now,

And hears all time sound back the word it  
saith?

What part hast thou then in his glory,  
Death?

III.

A graceless doom it seems that bids us  
grieve:

Venice and winter, hand in deadly hand,  
Have slain the lover of her sunbright  
strand

And singer of a stormbright Christmas Eve.  
A graceless guerdon we that loved receive

For all our love, from that the dearest  
land

Love worshipped ever. Blithe and soft  
and bland,

Too fair for storm to scathe or fire to cleave,  
Shone on our dreams and memories ever-  
more

The domes, the towers, the mountains and  
the shore

That gird or guard thee, Venice: cold and  
black

Seems now the face we loved as he of yore.

We have given thee love—no stint, no  
stay, no lack:

What gift, what gift is this thou hast given  
us back?

IV.

But he—to him, who knows what gift is  
thine,

Death? Hardly may we think or hope,  
when we

Pass likewise thither where to-night is he,  
Beyond the irremeable outer seas that shine  
And darken round such dreams as half  
divine

Some sunlit harbour in that starless sea  
Where gleams no ship to windward or to  
lee,

To read with him the secret of thy shrine.

There too, as here, may song, delight, and  
love,

The nightingale, the sea-bird, and the dove,  
Fulfil with joy the splendour of the sky

Till all beneath wax bright as all above:

But none of all that search the heavens,  
and try

The sun, may match the sovereign eagle's  
eye.

December 14.

## V.

Among the wondrous ways of men and time  
 He went as one that ever found and  
 sought  
 And bore in hand the lamp-like spirit of  
 thought  
 To illumine with instance of its fire sub-  
 lime  
 The dusk of many a cloudlike age and clime.  
 No spirit in shape of light and darkness  
 wrought,  
 No faith, no fear, no dream, no rapture,  
 nought  
 That blooms in wisdom, nought that burns in  
 crime,  
 No virtue girt and armed and helmed with  
 light,  
 No love more lovely than the snows are white.  
 No serpent sleeping in some dead soul's  
 tomb,  
 No song-bird singing from some live soul's  
 height,  
 But he might hear, interpret, or illumine  
 With sense invasive as the dawn of doom.

## VI.

What secret thing of splendour or of shade  
 Surnised in all those wandering ways  
 wherein  
 Man, led of love and life and death and  
 sin,  
 Strays, climbs, or cowers, allured, absorbed,  
 afraid,  
 Might not the strong and sunlike sense invade  
 Of that full soul that had for aim to win  
 Light, silent over time's dark toil and din,

Life, at whose touch death fades as dead  
 things fade?

O spirit of man, what mystery moves in thee  
 That he might know not of in spirit, and  
 see

The heart within the heart that seems to  
 strive,

The life within the life that seems to be  
 And hear, through all thy storms that  
 whirl and drive,

The living sound of all men's souls alive?

## VII.

He held no dream worth waking: so he said,  
 He who stands now on death's triumphal  
 steep,

Awakened out of life wherein we sleep  
 And dream of what he knows and sees,  
 being dead.

But never death for him was dark or dread:  
 'Look forth' he bade the soul, and fear  
 not. Weep,

All ye that trust not in his truth, and keep  
 Vain memory's vision of a vanished head  
 As all that lives of all that once was he  
 Save that which lightens from his word: but  
 we,

Who, seeing the sunset-coloured waters  
 roll,

Yet know the sun subdued not of the sea,  
 Nor weep nor doubt that still the spirit is  
 whole,

And life and death but shadows of the  
 soul.

December 15.

## SUNSET AND MOONRISE.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1889.

ALL the west, whereon the sunset sealed  
 the dead year's glorious grave  
 Fast with seals of light and fire and cloud  
 that light and fire illumine,  
 Glows at heart and kindles earth and  
 heaven with joyous blush and flame  
 Warm and wide as life, and glad of death that  
 only slays to save.  
 As a tide-reconquered sea rock lies aflush  
 with the influent wave

Lies the light aflush with darkness, lapped  
 about by lustrous gloom.

Even as life with death, and fame with  
 time, and memory with the tomb  
 Where a dead man hath for vassals Fame the  
 serf and Time the slave.

Far from earth as heaven, the steadfast light  
 withdrawn, superb, suspense,

Burns in dumb divine expansion of illimit-  
 able flower:

Moonrise whets the shadow's edges keen as  
noontide: hence and thence  
Glow the presence from us passing,  
shines and passes not the power.

Souls arise whose word remembered is as  
spirit within the sense:  
All the hours are theirs of all the seasons:  
death has but his hour.

BIRTHDAY ODE.

AUGUST 6, 1891.

I.

Love and praise, and a length of days whose  
shadow cast upon time is light,  
Days whose sound was a spell shed round  
from wheeling wings as of doves in flight,  
Meet in one, that the mounting sun to-day  
may triumph, and cast out night.

Two years more than the full fourscore lay  
hallowing hands on a sacred head—  
Scarce one score of the perfect four uncrowned  
of fame as they smiled and fled:  
Still and soft and alive aloft their sunlight  
stays though the suns be dead.

Ere we were or were thought on, ere the love  
that gave us to life began,  
Fame grew strong with his crescent song, to  
greet the goal of the race they ran,  
Song with fame, and the lustrous name with  
years whose changes acclaimed the man.

II.

Soon, ere time in the rounding rhyme of  
choral seasons had hailed us men,  
We too heard and acclaimed the word whose  
breath was life upon England then—  
Life more bright than the breathless light of  
soundless noon in a songless glen.

Ah, the joy of the heartstruck boy whose ear  
was opened of love to hear!  
Ah, the bliss of the burning kiss of song and  
spirit, the mounting cheer

Lit with fire of divine desire and love that  
knew not if love were fear!

Fear and love as of heaven above and earth  
enkindled if heaven were one;  
One white flame, that around his name  
grew keen and strong as the worldwied  
sun;

Awe made bright with implied delight, as  
weft with weft of the rainbow spun.

III.

He that fears not the voice he hears and loves  
shall never have heart to sing:  
All the grace of the sun-god's face that bids  
the soul as a fountain spring  
Bids the brow that receives it bow, and hail  
his likeness on earth as king.

We that knew when the sun's shaft flew  
beheld and worshipped, adored and  
heard:

Light rang round it of shining sound, whence  
all men's hearts were subdued and  
stirred:

Joy, love, sorrow, the day, the morrow, took  
life upon them in one man's word.

Not for him can the years wax old, nor  
downward swerve on a daring way:  
Upward wind they, and leave bound such  
light as lightens the front of May:  
Fair as youth and sublime as truth we find  
the fame that we hail to-day.

## THRENODY.

OCTOBER 6, 1892.

## I.

LIFE, sublime and serene when time had  
power upon it and ruled its breath,  
Changed it, bade it be glad or sad, and hear  
what change in the world's ear saith,  
Shines more fair in the starrier air whose  
glory lightens the dusk of death.

Suns that sink on the wan sea's brink, and  
moons that kindle and flame and fade,  
Leave more clear for the darkness here the  
stars that set not and see not shade  
Rise and rise on the lowlier skies by rule of  
sunlight and moonlight swayed.

So, when night for his eyes grew bright, his  
proud head pillowed on Shakespeare's  
breast,

Hand in hand with him, soon to stand where  
shine the glories that death loves best,  
Passed the light of his face from sight, and  
sank sublimely to radiant rest.

## II.

Far above us and all our love, beyond all reach  
of its voiceless praise,  
Shines for ever the name that nevertshall feel  
the shade of the changeeful days  
Fall and chill the delight that still sees winter's  
light on it shine like May's.

Strong as death is the dark day's breath whose  
blast has withered the life we see

Here where light is the child of night, and  
less than visions or dreams are we  
Strong as death; but a word, a breath, a  
dream is stronger than death can be

Strong as truth and superb in youth eternal,  
fair as the sundawn's flame  
Seen when May on her first-born day bids  
earth exult in her radiant name,  
Lives, clothed round with its praise and  
crowned with love that dies not, his love-  
lit fame.

## III.

Fairer far than the morning star, and sweet  
for us as the songs that rang  
Loud through heaven from the choral Seven  
when all the stars of the morning sang,  
Shines the song that we loved so long—since  
first such love in us flamed and sprang.

England glows as a sunlit rose from mead to  
mountain, from sea to sea,  
Bright with love and with pride above all  
taint of sorrow that needs must be,  
Needs must live for an hour, and give its  
rainbow's glory to lawn and lea.

Not through tears shall the new-born years be-  
hold him, crowned with applause of men,  
Pass at last from a lustrous past to life that  
lightens beyond their ken,  
Glad and dead, and from earthward led to  
sunward, guided of Inogen.

## THE BALLAD OF MELICERTES.

IN MEMORY OF THEODORE DE BANVILLE.

DEATH, a light outshining life, bids heaven  
resume

Star by star the souls whose light made  
earth divine.

Death, a night outshining day, as burn and  
bloom

Flower by flower, and sun by sun, the fames  
that shine

Deathless, higher than life beheld their  
sovereign sign.

Dead Simonides of Ceos, late restored,  
Given again of God, again by man de-  
plored,

Shone but yestereve, a glory frail as  
breath.

Frail? But Fame's breath quickens, kindles,  
keeps in ward,

Lies so sweet as this that dies and casts off  
death.

Mother's love, and rapture of the sea, whose  
womb  
Breeds eternal life of joy that stings like  
brine,  
Pride of song, and joy to dare the singer's  
doom,  
Sorrow soft as sleep and laughter bright as  
wine,  
Flushed and filled with fragrant fire his lyric  
line.  
As the sea-shell utters, like a stricken  
chord,  
Music uttering all the sea's within it stored,  
Poet well-beloved, whose praise our sor-  
row saith,  
So thy songs retain thy soul, and so record  
Life so sweet as this that dies and casts off  
death.  
Side by side we mourned at Gautier's golden  
tomb:  
Here in spirit now I stand and mourn at  
thine.  
Yet no breath of death strikes thence, no  
shadow of gloom,

Only light more bright than gold of the in-  
most mine,  
Only steam of incense warm from love's  
own shrine.  
Not the darkling stream, the sundering  
Stygian ford,  
Not the hour that smites and severs as a  
sword,  
Not the night subduing light that per-  
isheth,  
Smite, subdue, divide from us by doom ab-  
horred,  
Life so sweet as this that dies and casts off  
death.  
Prince of song more sweet than honey, lyric  
lord,  
Not thy France here only mourns a light  
adored,  
One whose love-lit fame the world in-  
heriteth.  
Strangers too, now brethren, hail with heart's  
accord  
Life so sweet as this that dies and casts off  
death.

AU TOMBEAU DE BANVILLE.

La plus douce des voix qui vibraient sous  
le ciel  
Se tait: les rossignols ailés pleurent le frère  
Qui s'envole au-dessus de l'âpre et sombre  
terre,  
Ne lui laissant plus voir que l'être essentiel,  
Esprit qui chante et rit, fleur d'une âme sans  
fiel.  
L'ombre élyséenne, où la nuit n'est que  
lumière,

Revoit, tout revêtu de splendeur douce et  
fière,  
Mélécerte, poète à la bouche de miel.  
Dieux exilés, passants célestes de ce monde,  
Dont on entend parfois dans notre nuit pro-  
fonde  
Vibrer la voix, frémir les ailes, vous savez  
S'il vous aime, s'il vous pleura, lui dont la vie  
Et le chant rappelaient les vôtres. Recevez  
L'âme de Mélécerte affranchie et ravie.

LIGHT: AN EPICEDE.

TO PHILIP BOURKE M. TON.

LOVE will not weep because the seal is broken  
That sealed upon a life beloved and brief  
Darkness, and let but song break through for  
token

How deep, too far for even thy song's  
relief,  
Slept in thy soul the secret springs of  
grief.

Thy song may soothe full many a soul here-  
 after,  
 As tears, if tears will come, dissolve de-  
 spair;  
 As here but late, with smile more bright than  
 fair;  
 • Thy sweet strange yearning eyes would  
 seem to bear  
 Witness that joy might cleave the clouds of  
 care,  
 Two days ago, and love was one with pity  
 When love gave thought wings toward the  
 gummering goal  
 Where, as a shrine lit in some darkling city,  
 Shone out the shrouded image of thy soul;  
 And now thou art healed of life; thou art  
 healed, and whole.  
 Yea, two days since, all we that loved thee  
 pitied  
 And now with wondering love, with shame  
 of face,  
 We think how foolish now, how far unfitted,  
 Should be from us, toward thee who hast  
 won thy race,  
 Pity toward thee, who hast won the pain-  
 less place;  
 The painless world of death, yet un beholden  
 Of eyes that dream what light now light-  
 ens thine  
 And will not weep. Thought, yearning  
 toward those olden

Dear hours that sorrow sees and sees not  
 after,  
 Bows tearless down before a flameless  
 shrine;  
 A flameless altar here of life and sorrow  
 Quenched and consumed together. These  
 were one,  
 One thing for thee, as night was one with  
 day;  
 And utter darkness with the sovereign sun  
 And now thou seest life, sorrow, and dark-  
 ness done.  
 And yet love yearns again to win thee  
 hither,  
 Blind love, and loveless, and unworthy  
 thee;  
 Here where I watch the hours of darkness  
 wither  
 Here where mine eyes were glad and sad  
 to see  
 Thine that could see not mine, though  
 turned on me.  
 But now, if aught beyond sweet sleep lie  
 hidden,  
 And sleep be sealed not fast on dead men's  
 light  
 For ever, thine hath grace for ours forbidden,  
 And sees us compassed round with change  
 and night;  
 Yet light like thine is ours, if love be  
 light.

## THRENODY

WATCHING here alone by the fire whereat  
 last year  
 Sat with me the friend that a week since yet  
 was near,  
 That a week has borne so far and hid so  
 deep,  
 Wee am I that I may not weep,  
 May not yearn to behold him here.  
 Shame were mine, and little the love I bore  
 him were,  
 Now to mourn that better he fares than love  
 may fare  
 Which desires, and would not have indeed,  
 its will,  
 Would not love him so worse than ill,  
 Would not clothe him again with care.

Yet can love not choose but remember,  
 hearts but ache,  
 Eyes but darken, only for one vain thought's  
 poor sake,  
 For the thought that by this hearth's no  
 lonely side  
 Two fast friends, on the day he died,  
 Looked once more for his hand to take.  
 Let thy soul forgive them, and pardon heal  
 the sin,  
 Though their hearts be heavy to think what  
 then had been,  
 The delight that never while they live may  
 be  
 Love's communion of speech with thee,  
 Soul and speech with the soul therein.

## A REMINISCENCE.

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O my friend, O brother, a glory veiled and  
marred!  
Never love made moan for a life more evil-  
starred.

Was it envy, chance, or chance-compelling  
fate,

Whence thy spirit was bruised so late,  
Bowed so heavily, bound so hard?

Now released, it may be, if only love might  
know—

Filled and fired with sight, it beholds us  
blind and low

With a pity keener yet, if that may be,  
Even than ever was this that we  
Felt, when love of thee wrought us  
woe.

None may tell the depths and the heights of  
life and death.

What we may we give thee: a word that sor-  
row saith

And that none will heed save sorrow:  
scarce a song.

All we may, who have loved thee long,  
Take: the best we can give is breath.

## A DIRGE.

A BELL tolls on in my heart

As though in my ears a knell

Had ceased for awhile to swell,

But the sense of it would not part  
From the spirit that bears its part

In the chime of the soundless bell.

Ah dear dead singer of sorrow,

The burden is now not thine

That grief bade sound for a sign

Through the songs of the night whose morrow

Has risen, and I may not borrow

A beam from its radiant shrine.

The burden has dropped from thee

That grief on thy life bound fast;

The winter is over and past

Whose end thou wast fain to see.

Shall sorrow not comfort me

That is thine no longer—at last?

Good day, good night, and good morrow,

Men living and mourning say.

For thee we could only pray

That night of the day might borrow

Such comfort as dreams lend sorrow:

Death gives thee at last good day.

## A REMINISCENCE.

THE rose to the wind has yielded: all its  
leaves

Lie strewn on the graveyard grass, and  
all their light

And colour and fragrance leave our sense  
and sight

Bereft as a man whom bitter time le-  
aves

Of blossom at once and hope of garnered  
sheaves,

Of April at once and August. Day to  
night

Calls wailing, and life to death, and depth  
to height,

And soul upon soul of man that hears and  
grieves.

Who knows, though he see the snow-cold  
blossom shed,

If haply the heart that burned within the  
rose,

The spirit in sense, the life of life be dead?

If haply the wind that slays with storming  
snows

Be one with the wind that quickens? Bow  
thine head.

O Sorrow, and commune with thine heart:  
who knows?



## VIA DOLOROSA.

THE days of a man are threescore years and ten.

The days of his life were half a man's whom we

Lament, and would yet not bid him back to be

Partaker of all the woes and ways of pain,  
Lest sent him enough of sorrow, not to

Would anguish of love, beholding him so

Bring back the beloved to suffer life and

No light but the fire of grief that scathed then

We know not at all: we hope, and do not fear.

We shall not again behold him, late so near.

Who now from afar above, with eyes alight

And spirit enkindled, haply toward us here

Looks down unforgetful yet of days like night

And love that has yet his sightless face in sight.

February 15, 1887.

## I.

## TRANSFIGURATION.

BUT half a man's days—and half were nights.

What hearts were ours who loved him, should we pray

That night would yield him back to daylight day,

Sweet death that soothes, to life that spoils and smites?

For now, perchance, life lovelier than light's

That shed no comfort on his weary way

Shows him what none may dream to see or say

Ere yet the soul may scale those toplest heights

Where death lies dead, and triumph. Haply there

Already may his kindling eyesight find

Faces of friends—no face than his more fair—

And first among them found of all his kind

Milton, with crowns from Eden on his hair,  
And eyes that meet a brother's now not blind.

## II.

## DELIVERANCE.

O DEATH, fair Death, sole comforter and sweet,

Nor Love nor Hope can give such gifts as thou

Hardly shows us round thy shadowy

What roses hang, what music flows, what

Pass and what wings of angels. We repeat

Wild words or mild, disastrous or divine

Blind prayer, blind inprecation, seeing no sign

Nor bearing aught of thee not faint and

As words of men or snowflakes on the wind.

But if we chide thee, saying 'Thou hast

Dark Death, to take so sweet a light away

As shown but late, though shadowed, in

We hear thine answer—'Night has given

Denied him: darkness hath unsealed his

## III

## THANKSGIVING.

COULD I give strength to thank thee

Long sorrow heart to suffer: what w

We would not put away, albeit th

A burden love might cast aside and live.

Love chooses rather pain than palliative,

Sharp thought than soft oblivion. May

So trample down our passion and our

That fain would cling round feet fugi-

And stay them so remember, so forget,

What joy we had who had his presence yet,

What griefs we had his while joy in him was

And grief made weary music of his breath,  
As even to had his best and last of hours

With love grown strong enough to thank

LIBERTINA. RICORDIA.

Sister of sleep, be thou of life, divine  
 As rest and strong: very love may be,  
 To set the soul that love could set not  
 free,  
 To bid the skies that day could bid not  
 shine,  
 To give the gift that life withheld was thine.  
 With all my heart I loved one borne from  
 me:  
 And all my heart bows down and praises  
 thee,  
 Death, that hast now made grief not his but  
 mine.  
 O Changer of men's hearts, we would not  
 bid thee  
 Turn back our hearts from sorrow: this  
 alone  
 We bid, we pray thee, from thy sovereign  
 throne  
 And sanctuary sublime where heaven has hid  
 thee,  
 Give: grace to know of those for whom we  
 weep  
 That if they wake their life is sweet as sleep.

V.

THE ORDER OF RELEASE.

THOU canst not give it. Grace enough is  
 ours  
 To know that pain for him has fallen on  
 rest.  
 The worst we know was his on earth: the  
 best,  
 We fain would thank, —a thought no fear  
 defile.  
 Is his, release, from bonds of rayless hours.  
 Ah, turn our hearts from longing bid our  
 quest  
 Cease, as content with failure. This thy  
 guest  
 Sleeps, vexed no more of time's imperious  
 powers.  
 The spirit of hope, the spirit of change and  
 loss,  
 The spirit of love bowed down beneath his  
 loss,  
 Nor needs comfort from the strength  
 of song.

Love, should he wake, bears now no cross  
 for him:  
 Dead hope, whose living eyes like his were  
 dim,  
 Has brought forth better comfort, strength  
 more strong.

VI.

PSYCHAGOGO

As Greece of old acclaimed thee God and  
 man,  
 So, Death, our tongue acclaim thee: yet  
 was: thou  
 Hailed of old Rome as Romans hail thee  
 now,  
 Goddess and woman. Since the sands first  
 ran  
 That told when first man's life and death  
 began,  
 The shadows round thy frowning ambiguous  
 brow  
 Have mocked the votive plea, the pleading  
 vow  
 That sought thee sorrowing, fain to bless  
 or ban.  
 But stronger than a father's love is thine,  
 And gentler than a mother's. Lord and  
 God,  
 Thy staff is surer than the wizard rod  
 That Hermes bare as priest before thy shrine  
 And herald of thy mercies. We could  
 give  
 Nought, when we would have given: thou  
 bidst him live.

VII.

THE LAST WORD

So many a dream and hope that went and  
 came,  
 So many and sweet, that love thought like  
 to be,  
 Of hours as bright and soft as those for  
 me  
 That made our hearts for song's sweet love  
 the same,  
 Lie now struck dead, —at hope seems come  
 with shame,  
 O Death, thy name I love: we know it,  
 and see  
 The witness: yet for very love's sake we  
 Can hardly bear to mix with thine his name.

Philip, how hard it is to bid thee part  
 Thou knowest, if aught thou knowest where  
 now thou art  
 Of us that loved and love thee. None  
 may tell

What none but knows—how hard it is to  
 say  
 The word that seals up sorrow, darkens day,  
 And bids fare forth the soul it bids fare  
 well.

## IN MEMORY OF AURELIO SAFFI.

THE wider world of men that is not ours  
 Receives a soul whose life on earth was  
 light.

Though darkness close the date of human  
 hours,

Love holds the spirit and sense of life in  
 sight,

That may not, even though death bid fly,  
 take flight.

Faith, love, and hope fulfilled with memory,  
 see

As clear and dear as life could bid it be  
 The present soul that is and is not be.

He, who held up the shield and sword of  
 Rome

Against the ravening brood of recreant  
 France,

Beside the man of men whom heaven took  
 home

When earth beheld the spring's first eye  
 beams glance

And life and winter seemed alike a trance  
 Eighteen years since, in sight of heaven and  
 spring

That saw the soul above all souls take  
 wing,

He too now hears the heaven we hear not  
 sing.

He too now dwells where death is dead, and  
 stands

Where souls like stars exult in life to be:

Whence all who linked heroic hearts and  
 hands

Shine on our sight, and lend it strength to  
 see

What hope makes fair for all whom faith  
 makes free:

Free with such freedom as we find in sleep.  
 The light sweet shadow of death when dreams  
 are deep

And high as heaven whence light and life  
 ning leap

And scarce a month yet gone, his living  
 hand

Writ loving words that sealed me friend of  
 his.

Are heaven and earth as near as sea to  
 strand?

May life and death as bride and bridegroom  
 kiss?

His last month's written word abides, and  
 is.

Clear as the sun that lit through storm and  
 strife

And darkling days when hope took fear to  
 wit

The faith whose fire was light of all his  
 life.

A life so fair, so pure of earthlier leaven,

That none hath won through higher and  
 harder ways

The deathless life of death which earth calls  
 heaven;

Heaven, and the light of love on earth,  
 and praise

Of silent memory through subsiding days  
 Wherein the light subsides not whence the  
 past

Feeds full with life the future. Time holds  
 fast

Their names whom faith forgets not, first  
 and last.

Forget? The dark forgets not dawn, nor we

The suns that sink to rise again, and shine  
 Lords of live years and ages. Earth and sea

Forget not heaven that makes them seem  
 divine,

Though night put out their fires and hid  
 their shrine

Be dark and pale as storm and twilight.  
 Day,

Not night, is everlasting; life's full sway

Bids death bow down as dead, and pass  
 away.

<p>What part has death in souls that past all fear Win heavenward their supernal way, and smite With scorn sublime as heaven such dreams as here Plague and perplex with cloud and fire the light That leads men's waking souls from glim- mering night To the awless heights of day, whereon man's awe, Transfigured, dies in rapture, seeing the law Sealed of the sun that earth arising saw? Faith, justice, mercy, love, and heaven-born hate That sets them all on fire and bids them be More than soft words and dreams that wake too late, Shone living through the lordly life that we Beheld, revered, and loved on earth, while he Dwelt here, and bade our eyes take light thereof; Light as from heaven that flamed or smiled above In light or fire whose very hate was love. No hate of man, but hate of hate whose foam Sheds poison forth from tongues of snakes and priests, And stains the sickening air with steams whence Rome Now feeds not full the God that slays and feasts; For now the fangs of all the ravenous beasts That ramped about him, fain of prayer and prey, Fulfil their lust no more: the tide of day Swells, and compels him down the deathward way.</p>	<p>Night sucks the Church its creature down, and hell Yawns, heaves, and yearns to clasp its loathliest child Close to the breasts that bore it. All the spell Whence darkness saw the dawn in heaven defiled Is dumb as death: the lips that lied and smiled Wax white for fear as ashes. She that bore The banner up of darkness now no more Sheds night and fear and shame from shore to shore. When they that cast her kingdom down were born, North cried on south and east made moan to west For hopes that love had hardly heart to mourn, For Italy that was not. Kings on quest, By priests whose blessings burn as curses blest, Made spoil of souls and bodies bowed and bound, Hunted and harried, leashed as horse or hound, And hopeless of the hope that died unfound. And now that faith has brought forth fruit to time, How should not memory praise their names, and hold Their record even as Dante's life sublime, Who bade his dream, found fair and false of old, Live? Not till earth and heaven be dead and cold May man forget whose work and will made one Italy, fair as heaven or freedom won, And left their fame to shine beside her sun.</p>
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April 1890.

THE FESTIVAL OF BEATRICE.

<p>DANTE, sole standing on the heavenward height, Beheld and heard one saying, 'Behold me well: I am, I am Beatrice.' Heaven and hell Kept silence, and the illimitable light</p>	<p>Of all the stars was darkness in his sight Whose eyes beheld her eyes again, and fell Shame-stricken. Since her soul took flight to dwell In heaven, six hundred years have taken flight.</p>
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## EPICEDE.

As a vesture shalt thou change them, said  
the prophet,  
And the raiment that was flesh is turned to  
dust;  
Dust and flesh and dust again the likeness  
of it,  
And the fine gold woven and worn of youth  
is rust.  
Hours that wax and wane salute the shade  
and scoff it,  
That it knows not aught it doth nor aught  
it must:  
Day by day the speeding soul makes haste to  
doff it,  
Night by night the pride of life resigns its  
trust.

Sleep, whose silent notes of song loud lines  
derange not,  
Takes the trust in hand awhile as another  
may:  
Joy with wings that rest not, grief with wings  
that range not,  
Guard the gates of sleep and waking, gold  
or grey,  
Joys that joys estrange, and griefs that griefs  
estrange not,  
Day that yearns for night, and night that  
yearns for day,  
As a vesture shalt thou change them, and  
they change thee:  
Seeing that change may never change or  
pass away.

Life of death makes question, 'What art thou  
that changest?  
What am I, that fear should trust or faith  
should doubt?  
I that lighten, thou that darkenest and es-  
trangest,  
Is it night or day that girds us round about?  
Light and darkness on the ways wherein thou  
rankest  
Seen as one, and beams as clouds they put  
to rout.  
Strange is hope, but fear of all things born  
were strangest,  
Seeing that none may strive with change to  
cast it out.

'Change alone stands fast, thou sayest, O  
death: I know not:

What art thou, my brother death, that thou  
shouldst know?  
Men may reap no fruits of fields wherein they  
sow not;  
Hope or fear is all the seed we have to sow.  
Winter seals the sacred springs up that they  
flow not:  
Wind and sun and change unbind them,  
and they flow.  
Am I thou or art thou I? The years that  
show not  
Pass, and leave no sign when time shall be  
to show.'

Hope makes suit to faith lest fear give ear to  
sorrow:  
Doubt strews dust upon his head, and goes  
his way.  
All the golden hope that life of death would  
borrow,  
How, if death require again, may life re-  
pay?  
Earth endures no darkness whence no light  
yearns thorough;  
God in man as light in darkness lives, they  
say:  
Yet, would midnight take assurance of the  
morrow,  
Who shall pledge the faith or seal the bond  
of day?

Darkness, or bed with music or with  
mourning,  
Stilly, or with a wailing cry and or  
mourning,  
Dreams no dream of grief or fear or wrath or  
warring,  
Lays no dream of love or goal or strife or  
pining,  
Word of blessing, word of mocking or of  
scorning,  
Knows it none, nor whence its breath shall  
blow or balm.  
Yet a little while, and hark, the psalm of  
mourning,  
Yet a little while, and silence takes the  
psalm.

All the comfort, all the worship, all the won-  
der,  
All the light of love that darkness holds in  
fee,

All the song that silence keeps or keeps not  
under,

Night, the soul that knows gives thanks  
for all to thee.

Far beyond the gates that morning strikes in  
sunder,

Hopes that grief makes holy, dreams that  
tear sets free,

Far above the throne of thought, the lair of  
thunder,

Silent shines the word whose utterance fills  
the sea.

### MEMORIAL VERSES ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

A LIFE more bright than the sun's face, bowed  
Through stress of season and coil of cloud,  
Sets; and the sorrow that casts out fear  
Scarce deems him dead in his chill shroud,

Dead on the breast of the dying year,  
Poet and painter and friend, thrice dear  
For love of the suns long set, for love  
Of song that sets not with sunset here,

For love of the fervent heart, above  
Their sense who saw not the swift light move  
That filled with sense of the loud sun's lyre  
The thoughts that passion was fain to prove

In fervent labour of high desire  
And faith that leapt from its own quenched  
pyre

Alive and strong as the sun, and caught  
From darkness light, and from twilight fire.

Passion, deep as the depths unsought  
Whence faith's own hope may redeem us  
nought,

Filled full with ardour of pain sublime  
His mourning song and his mounting thought.

Hate with sense of a sterner time,  
His hand's flight clomb as a bird's might  
climb

Calvary: dark in the darkling air  
That shrank for fear of the or shining cross,

Three crosses rose on the hillside bare,  
Shown scarce by grace of the lightning's glare  
That clove the veil of the temple through  
And smote the priests on the threshold there.

The soul that saw it, the hand that drew,  
Whence light as thought's or as faith's glance  
flew,

And stung to life the sepulchral past,  
And bade the stars of it burn anew,

Held no less than the dead world fast  
The light live shadows about them cast,  
The likeness living of dawn and night,  
The days that pass and the dreams that  
last.

Thought, clothed round with sorrow as light,  
Dark as a cloud that the moon turns bright,  
Moved, as a wind on the striving sea,  
That yearns and quickens and flags in flight,

Through forms of colour and song that he  
Who vain would have set its wide wings free  
Cast round it, clothing or chaining hope  
With lights that last not and shades that  
flee.

Scarce in song could his soul find scope,  
Scarce the strength of his hand might ope  
Art's inmost gate of her sovereign shrine,  
To cope with heaven as a man may cope.

But high as the hope of a man may shine  
The faith, the fervour, the life divine  
That thrills our life and transfigures, rose  
And shone resurgent, a sunbright sign,

Through shapes whereunder the strong soul  
glows  
And fills them full as a sunlit rose  
With sense and fervour of life, whose light  
The fool's eye knows not, the man's eye  
knows.

None that can read or divine aright  
The scriptures writ of the soul may slight  
The strife of a strenuous soul to show  
More than the craft of the hand may write.

None may slight it, and none may know  
How high the flames that aspire and glow  
From heart and spirit and soul may climb  
And triumph; higher than the souls lie low

Whose hearing hears not the livelong rhyme,  
Whose eyesight sees not the light sublime,  
That shines, that sounds, that ascends and  
lives  
Unquenched of change, unobscured of time.

A long life's length, as a man's life gives  
Space for the spirit that soars and strives  
To strive and soar, has the soul shone  
through  
That heeds not whither the world's wind  
drives

Now that the days and the ways it knew  
Are strange, are dead as the dawn's grey dew  
At high noon of the mounting day  
That mocks the might of the dawn it slew.

Yet haply may not—and haply may—  
No sense abide of the dead sun's ray  
Wherein the soul that outsoars us now  
Rejoiced with ours in its radiant sway.

Hope may hover, and doubt may bow,  
Dreaming. Haply—they dream not how—  
Not life but death may indeed be dead  
When silence darkens the dead man's  
brow.

Hope, whose name is remembrance, fed  
With love that lightens from seasons fled,  
Dreams, and craves not indeed to know,  
That death and life are as souls that  
wed.

But change that falls on the heart like  
snow  
Can chill not memory nor hope, that show  
The soul, the spirit, the heart and head,  
Alive above us who strive below.

## AN OLD SAYING.

MANY waters cannot quench love,  
Neither can the floods drown it.  
Who shall snare or slay the white dove  
Faith, whose very dreams crown it.  
Gird it round with grace and peace, deep,  
Warm, and pure, and soft as sweet sleep.  
Many waters cannot quench love,  
Neither can the floods drown it.

Set me as a seal upon thine heart,  
As a seal upon thine arm.  
How should we behold the days depart  
And the nights resign their charm?  
Love is as the soul: though hate and fear  
Waste and overthrow, they strike not here.  
Set me as a seal upon thine heart,  
As a seal upon thine arm.

## A MOSS-ROSE.

If the rose of all flowers be the rarest  
That heaven may adore from above,  
And the fervent moss-rose be the fairest  
That sweetens the summer with love,

Can it be that a fairer than any  
Should blossom afar from the tree?  
Yet one, and a symbol of many,  
Shone sudden for eyes that could see.

In the grime and the gloom of November  
The bliss and the bloom of July  
Bade autumn rejoice and remember  
The balm of the blossoms gone by.

Would you know what moss-rose now it may be  
That puts all the rest to the blush,  
The flower was the face of a baby,  
The moss was a bonnet of plush.



## TO A CAT.

## I.

SLATELY, kindly, lordly friend,  
 O'erdescend

Here to sit by me, and turn  
 Glorious eyes that stare and turn,  
 Golden eyes, love's lustrous meed,  
 On the golden page I read.

All your wondrous wealth of hair,  
 Dark and fair,  
 Silken, shaggy, soft and bright  
 As the clouds and beams of light,  
 Pays my reverent heart's excess  
 Back with friendly gentleness.

Dogs may bow on all at once  
 As they come  
 You, a friend of labor and  
 Answer friends alone in kind.  
 Just your foot upon my hand  
 Softly bids me and I stand.

Morning round this silent sweet  
 Garden seat  
 Sheds its wealth of garboling light,  
 Thrills the ground, clouds with might,  
 Changes woodland, field and heath,  
 Lawn, and garden there beneath.

Fair and dim they gleamed below  
 Now they glow  
 Dozens even your sunlit eyes,  
 Fair as even the water-lilies,  
 Can it not or can it be  
 Now that you live that I see?

May not your life be as I,  
 Seem, the sky  
 Change to heaven revealed, and bid

Earth reveal the heaven it hid  
 All night long from stars and moon,  
 Now the sun sets all in tune?

What within you wakes with day  
 Who can say?  
 All too little may we tell,  
 Friends who like each other well,  
 What might haply, if we might,  
 Bid us read our lives aright.

## II.

Wild on woodland ways your sires  
 Flashed like fires,  
 Fair as flame and force and fleet  
 As with wheels on wingless feet  
 Shone and sprang your mother, free,  
 Bright and brave as wind or sea.

Free and proud and glad as they,  
 Here to day  
 Rests or roams their radiant child,  
 Vanquished not, but reconciled,  
 Free from curb of aught above  
 Save the lovely curb of love.

Love through dreams of souls divine  
 Fain would shine  
 Round a dawn whose light and song  
 Then should right our mutual wrong—  
 Sacred, and seal the love-lit law  
 Sweet Assisi's seer foresaw.

Dreams were theirs; yet haply may  
 Dawn a day  
 When such friends and fellows born,  
 Seeking our earth as fair at morn,  
 May for wiser love's sake see  
 More of heaven's deep heart than we.

## HAWTHORN DYKE.

All the golden air is full of light and bloom  
 Where the Hawthorns line the sloping  
 dale with flowers.  
 Joy is in the horn of April's happiest  
 day.  
 High and low they laugh and lighten, know-  
 ing their dawn

Bright as brief—to bless and cheer they know  
 not whom,  
 Heed not how, but washed and warmed  
 with suns and showers  
 Soile, and bid the sweet soft gradual barks  
 and bowers  
 Thrill with love of sunlit fire or starry gloom.

All our moors and lawns all round rejoice;  
 but here  
 All the rapturous resurrection of the  
 year  
 Finds the radiant utterance perfect, sees  
 the word

Spoken, hears the light that speaks it. Far  
 and near,  
 All the world is heaven: and man and  
 flower and bird  
 Here are one at heart with all things seen  
 and heard.

## THE BROTHERS.

THERE were twa brethren fell on strife;  
 Sweet fruits are sair to gather;  
 The tane has reft his brother of life;  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

There were twa brethren fell to fray;  
 Sweet fruits are sair to gather;  
 The tane is clad in a cloak of clay;  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

O loud and loud was the live man's cry,  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 'Would God the dead and the shair were II'  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

'O sair was the wrang and sair the fray,'  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 'But liefer had love be slain than slay.'  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

'O sweet is the life that sleeps at hame,'  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 'But I maun wake on a far sea's faem.'  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

'And women are fairest of a' things fair,'  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 'Put never shall I kiss woman mair.'  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

Between the birk and the aik and the thorn  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 He's laid his brother to lie forlorn:  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

Between the bent and the burn and the broom  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 He's laid him to sleep till dawn of doom:  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

He's tane him owre the waters wide,  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)

Afar to fleet and afar to hide:  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

His hair was yellow, his cheek was red,  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 When he set his face to the wind and fled:  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

His banes were stark and his een were  
 bright  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 When he set his face to the sea by night:  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

His cheek was wan and his hair was grey  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 When he came back hame frae the wide  
 world's way:  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

His banes were weary, his een were dim,  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 And nae man lived and had mind of him:  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

'O whatten a wreck wad they seek on land'  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 'That they houk the turf to the seaward  
 hand?'  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

'O whatten a prey wad they think to take'  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 'That they delve the dykes for a dead man's  
 sake?'  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

A bane of the dead in his hand he's tane;  
 Sweet fruits are sair to gather:  
 And the red blood brak frae the dead white  
 bane.  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

He's cast it forth of his auld faint hand; Sweet fruits are sair to gather; And the red blood ran on the wan wet sand. And the wind wears owre the heather.	'O weel is me for the sign I take' (Sweet fruits are sair to gather) 'That now I may die for my auld sin's sake.' And the wind wears owre the heather.
'O whatten a slaver is this,' they said, (Sweet fruits are sair to gather) 'That the straik of his hand should raise his dead?' And the wind wears owre the heather.	'For the dead was in wain now fifty year,' (Sweet fruits are sair to gather) 'And now shall I die for his blood's sake here.' And the wind wears owre the heather.

## JACOBITE SONG.

Now who will speak, and lie not,  
And pledge not life, but give?  
Slaves herd with herded cattle,  
The dawn grows bright for battle,  
And if we die, we die not;  
And if we live, we live

The faith our fathers fought for,  
The kings our fathers knew,  
We fight but as they fought for,  
We seek the goal they sought for,  
The chance they haled and knew,  
The praise they strove and wrought for,  
To leave their blood as dew  
On fields that flower anew.

Men live that serve the stranger;  
Hounds live that huntsmen tame:  
These life-days of our living  
Are days of God's good giving  
Where death smiles soft on danger  
And life scowls dark on shame.

And what would you do other,  
Sweet wife, if you were I?  
And how should you be other,  
My sister, than your brother,  
If you were man as I,  
Born of our sire and mother,  
With choice to cower and fly,  
And chance to strike and die?

No churl's our oldworld name is,  
The lands we leave are fair:  
But fairer far than these are,

But wide as all the seas are,  
But high as heaven the fame is  
That if we die we share.

Our name the night may swallow,  
Our lands the churl may take:  
But night nor death may swallow,  
Nor hell's nor heaven's dim hollow,  
The star whose height we take,  
The star whose light we follow  
For faith's unfaltering sake  
Till hope that sleeps awake.

Soft hope's light lure we serve not,  
Nor follow, vain to find:  
Kith's last word may smite her  
And, cousin's falsehood blight her:  
But though she die, we swerve not,  
Who cast not eye behind.

Faith speaks when hope dissembles:  
Faith lives when hope lies dead:  
If death as life dissembles  
And all that night assembles  
Of stars at dawn lie dead  
Faint hope that smiles and trembles  
May tell not well for dread:  
But faith has heard it said.

Now who will fight, and fly not,  
And grudge not life to give?  
And who will strike beside us,  
If life's or death's light guide us?  
For if we live, we die not,  
And if we die, we live.

THE BALLAD OF DEAD MEN'S BAY.

The sea swings owre the slants of sand,  
All white with winds that drive  
The sea swirls up to the still dim strand,  
Where nae man comes alive.

At the grey soft edge of the fruitless surf  
A light flame sinks and springs;  
At the grey soft rim of the flowerless turf  
A low flame leaps and clings.

What light is this on a sunless shore,  
What gleam on a starless sea?  
Was it earth's or hell's waste womb that  
bore  
Such births as should not be?

As lithe snakes turning, as bright stars burn  
They flicker and beckon and call;  
As wild waves churning, as wild winds yearning,  
They flicker and climb and fall.

A soft strange cry from the landward rings—  
'What ails the sea to shine?'  
A keen sweet note from the spray's rim  
springs—  
'What fires are these of thine?'

A soul am I that was born on earth  
For ae day's wondrous span;  
Death bound me fast on the bourn of  
birth  
Ere I were christened man.

'A light by night, I fleet and fare  
Till the day of wrath and woe;  
On the hems of earth and the skirts of air  
Winds hurl me to and fro.'

'O well is thee, though the weird be strange  
That bids thee flit and flee,  
For hope is child of the womb of change,  
And hope keeps watch with thee.

'When the years are gone, and the time is  
come  
God's grace may give thee grace;  
And thy soul may sing, though thy soul were  
dumb  
And shine before God's face.

'But I, that lighten and revel and roll  
With the foam of the plunging sea,  
No sign is mine of a breathing soul  
That God should pity me.

'Nor death, nor heaven, nor hell, nor birth  
Hath part in me nor mine;  
Strong lords are these of the living earth  
And loveless lords of thine.

'But I that know nor lord nor life  
More sure than storm or spray,  
Whose breath is made of sport and strife,  
Whereon shall I find stay?'

'And wouldst thou change thy doom with  
me,  
Full fain with thee would I;  
For the life that lightens and lifts the sea  
Is more than earth or sky.

'And what if the day of doom and doom  
Shall save nor smite me?  
I would not rise from the slain world's tomb  
If there be no more sea.

'Take he my soul that gave my soul,  
And give it thee to keep;  
And me, while seas and stars shall roll  
'Thy life that falls on sleep.'

That word went up through the mirk mid  
sky,  
And even to God's own ear;  
And the Lord was ware of the keen twin cry,  
And wroth was he to hear.

He's tane the soul of the unsained child  
That fled to death from birth;  
He's tane the light of the wan sea wild,  
And bid it burn on earth.

He's given the ghaist of the babe new-born  
The gift of the water sprite,  
To ride on revel from morn to morn  
And roll from night to night.

He's given the sprite of the wild wan sea  
The gift of the new-born man,  
A soul for ever to bide and be  
When the years have filled their span.

When a year was gone and a year was come,  
O loud and loud cried they  
'The coming year thou hast held us dumb;  
Take now my gifts av'

O loud and long they cried on,  
Aye, sair and sair they prayed,  
'Is the face of thy grace as the night's face  
rim  
For those thy wrath has made?'

A cry more bitter than tears of pain  
rim of the dim grey sea;  
'Give me my living soul again,  
The soul thou gavest me  
The doom and the dole of kindly men,  
'To bide my weird and be!'

A cry more keen from the wild low land  
Than the wail of waves that roll;  
'Take back the gift of a loveless hand,  
Thy gift of doom and dole,  
The weird of men that bide on land,  
Take from me, take my soul!'

The hands that smite are the hands that  
pare.

They build and break the tomb;  
They turn to darkness and dust and air  
The fruits of the waste earth's womb;  
But never the gift of a granted prayer,  
The dole of a spoken doom.

Winds may change at a word unheard,  
But none may change the tides  
The prayer once heard is as God's own word;  
The doom once dealt abides.

And ever a cry goes up by day,  
And ever a wail by night;  
And nae ship comes by the weary bay  
But her shipmen hear them wail and pray,  
And see with earthly sight  
The twofold flames of the twin lights play  
Where the sea-banks green and the sea-floods  
Are proud of peril and fain of prey,  
And the sand quakes ever; and ill fare they  
That look upon that light.

## DEDICATION.

1893.

THE sea of the years that endure not  
Whose tide shall endure till we die  
And know what the seasons assure not,  
If death be or life be a lie,  
Sways hither the spirit and thither,  
A wail in the swing of the sea  
Whose wrecks are of memories that wither  
As leaves of a tree.

We hear not and hail not with greeting  
The sound of the wings of the years,  
The storm of the sound of them beating,  
That none till it pass from him fears;  
But tempest nor calm can imperil  
The treasures that fade not or fly;  
Change bids them not change and be sterile,  
Death bids them not die.

Hearts plighted in youth to the royal  
High service of hope and of song,  
Sealed fast for endurance as loyal  
And passed of the years as they throng,

Conceive not, believe not, and fear not  
That age may be other than youth;  
That faith and that friendship may hear not  
And utter not truth.

Not yesterday's light nor to-morrow's  
Gleams nearer or clearer than gleams,  
Though joys be forgotten and sorrows  
Forgotten as changes of dreams,  
The dawn of the days un-forgotten  
That noon could eclipse not or slay,  
Whose fruits were as children begotten  
Of dawn upon day.

The years that were flowerful and fruitless,  
The years that were fruitful and dark,  
The hopes that were radiant and rootless,  
The hopes that were winged for their mark,  
Lie soft in the sepulchres fashioned  
Of hours that arise and subside,  
Absorbed and subdued and impassioned,  
In pain or in pride.

But far in the night that entombs them  
The starshine as sunshine is strong,  
And clear through the cloud that resumes  
them

Remembrance, a light and a song,  
Rings lustrous as music and hovers  
As birds that impend on the sea,  
And thoughts that their prison-house covers  
Arise and are free.

Forgetfulness deep as a prison  
Holds days that are dead for us fast  
Till the sepulchre sees rearisen  
The spirit whose reign is the past,  
Disentrammelled of darkness, and kindled  
With life that is mightier than death,  
When the life that obscured it has dwindled  
And passed as a breath.

But time nor oblivion may darken  
Remembrance whose name will be joy  
While memory forgets not to hearken,  
While manhood forgets not the boy  
Who heard and exulted in hearing  
The songs of the sunrise of youth  
Ring radiant above him, unfearing  
And joyous as truth.

Truth, winged and enkindled with rapture  
And sense of the radiance of yore,  
Fulfilled you with power to recapture  
What never might singer before—  
The life, the delight, and the sorrow  
Of troublous and chivalrous years  
That knew not of night or of morrow,  
Of hopes or of fears.

But wider the wing and the vision  
That quicken the spirit have spread  
Since memory beheld with derision  
Man's hope to be more than his dead.  
From the mists and the snows and the thun-  
ders

Your spirit has brought for us forth  
Light, music, and joy in the wonders  
And charms of the north.

The wars and the woes and the glories  
That quicken and lighten and rain  
From the clouds of its chronicled stories,  
The passion, the pride, and the pain,  
Whose echoes were mute and the token  
Was lost of the spells that they spake,  
Rise bright at your bidding, unbroken  
Of ages that break.

For you, and for none of us other,  
Time is not: the dead that must live  
Hold commune with you as a brother  
By grace of the life that you give.  
The heart that was in them is in you,  
Their soul in your spirit endures:  
The strength of their song is the sinew  
Of this that is yours.

Hence is it that life, everlasting  
As light and as music, abides  
In the sound of the surge of it, casting  
Sound back to the surge of the tides,  
Till sons of the sons of the Norsemen  
Watch, hurtling to windward and lee,  
Round England, unbacked of her horsemen,  
The steeds of the sea.



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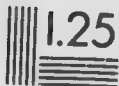
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# SPECIMENS OF MODERN POETS

## THE HEPTALOGIA

OR

## THE SEVEN AGAINST SENSE

### A CAP WITH SEVEN BELLS

#### PREFACE

To the collector of First Editions *The Heptalogia* has long been known as one of the less accessible volumes issued anonymously by Mr. Swinburne. In Mr. Thomas J. Wise's bibliography of the poet the facts are stated with sufficient clearness: it is also made evident that the work is destined by its author to remain *introuvable*.

That a series of such inimitable parodies should be forever restricted to a few undaunted bibliophiles would seem a woeful injustice to every outstanding lover of Letters. The sum total of first rate parody has never run to excess in English literature. *John Jones* is without doubt the choicest example of literary banter in the language.

We have added *Disgust: A Dramatic Monologue*. This is now reprinted from *The Fortnightly Review*, December 1, 1881. It parodies Lord Tennyson's *Despair: A Dramatic Monologue*, which had appeared in *The Nineteenth Century* for November, 1881.

The following is a list of the seven parodies, with the names of the poets to whom they severally apply:

- I. *The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell* ..... Alfred Tennyson.
- II. *John Jones* ..... Robert Browning.
- III. *The Poet and the Woodlouse* ..... Walt. Whitman.
- IV. *The Person of the House* (lxxvi) ..... Coventry Patmore.
- V. *Last Words of a Seventh rate Poet* ..... Robert, Lord Lytton  
"Owen Meredith".
- VI. *Sonnet for a Picture* ..... Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
- VII. *Nephelidia* ..... Algernon Charles Swinburne.

## THE HIGHER PANTHEISM IN A NUTSHELL.

ONE, who is not, we see: but one, whom we see not, is:	Body and spirit are twins: God only knows which is which.
Surely this is not that: but that is assuredly this.	The soul squats down in the flesh, like a tinker drunk in a ditch.
What, and wherefore, and whence? for under is over and under:	One and two are not one: but one and nothing is two:
If thunder could be without lightning, lightning could be without thunder.	Truth can hardly be false, if falsehood cannot be true.
Doubt is faith in the main: but faith, on the whole, is doubt:	Once the mastodon was: pterodactyls were common as cocks:
We cannot believe by proof: but could we believe without?	Then the mammoth was God: now is He a prize ox.
Why, and whither, and how? for barley and rye are not clover:	Parallels all things are: yet many of these are askew:
Neither are straight lines curves: yet over is under and over.	You are certainly I: but certainly I am not you.
Two and two may be four: but four and four are not eight:	Springs the rock from the plain, shoots the stream from the rock:
Fate and God may be twain: but God is the same thing as fate.	Cocks exist for the hen: but hens exist for the cock.
Ask a man what he thinks, and get from a man what he feels:	God, whom we see not, is: and God, who is not, we see:
God, once caught in the fact, shews you a fair pair of heels.	Fiddle, we know, is diddle: and diddle, we take it, is dee.

## JOHN JONES.

I.  
AT THE PIANO.

I.  
LOVE me and leave me; what love bids retrieve me? can June's fist grasp May?  
Leave me and love me; hopes eyed once above me like spring's sprouts, decay;  
Fall as the snow falls, when summer leaves grow false—cards packed for storm's play!

II.  
Nay, say Decay's self be but last May's elf, wing shifted, eye sheathed—  
Changeling in April's crib rocked, who lets 'scape rills locked fast since frost breathed—

Skin cast (think!) adder-like, now bloom bursts bladder-like,—bloom frost bequeathed?

III.  
Ah, how can fear sit and hear as love hears it grief's heart's cracked grate's screech?  
Chance lets the gate sway that opens on hate's way and shews on shame's beach  
Crouched like an imp sly change watch sweet love's shrimps lie, a toothful in each.

IV.  
Time feels his tooth slip on husks wet from Truth's lip, which drops them and grins  
Shells where no throb stirs of life left in lobsters since joy thrilled their fins—

Hues of the prawn's tail or comb that makes  
dawn stale,<sup>1</sup> so red for our sins!

## V.

Years blind and deaf use the soul's joys as  
refuse, heart's peace as manure,  
Reared where, next June's rose shall bloom  
where our moons rose last year, just as  
pure:

Moons' ends match roses' ends: men's  
beasts' noses' ends mete sin's stink's cure.

## VI.

Leaves love last year smelt now feel dead  
love's tears melt—flies caught in time's  
mesh!

Salt are the dews in which new time breeds  
new sin, brews blood and stews flesh;

Next year may see dead more germs than this  
weeded and reared them afresh.

## VII.

Old times left perish, there's new time to  
cherish: life just shifts its tune;

As, when the day dies, earth, half afraid, eyes  
the growth of the moon;

Love me and save me, take me or waive me;  
death takes one so soon!

## II.

## BY THE CLIFF.

## I.

Is it daytime (guess),  
You that feed my soul  
To excess  
With that light in those eyes  
And those curls drawn like a scroll  
In that round grave guise?  
No or yes?

## II.

Oh, the end, I'd say!  
Such a foolish thing  
(Pure girls' play!)  
As a mere mute heart,  
Was it worth a kiss, a ring,  
This? for two must part—  
Not to-day.

## III.

Look, the whole sand crawls,  
Hums, a heaving hive,  
Scrapes and scrawls—  
Such a buzz and burst!  
Here just one thing's not alive,  
One that was at first—  
But life palls.

## IV.

Yes, my heart, I know,  
Just my heart's stone dead—  
Yes, just so.  
Sick with heat, those worms  
Drop down scorched and overfed—  
No more need of germs!  
Let them go.

## V.

Yes, but you now, look,  
You, the rouged stage female  
With a crook,  
Chalked Arcadian sham.  
You that made my soul's sleep's dream ail—  
Your soul fit to damn?  
Shut the book.

## III.

## ON THE SANDS.

## I.

THERE was nothing at all in the case (con-  
ceive)  
But love; being love, it was not (under-  
stand)  
Such a thing as the years let fall (believe)  
Like the rope's coil dropt from a fisher-  
man's hand  
When the boat's hauled up—"by your leave!"

## II.

So—well! How that crab writhes—leg after  
leg  
Drawn, as a worm draws ring upon  
ring  
Gradually, not gladly! Nay, but, Meg,  
Is it more than the ransom (say) of a  
king  
(Take my meaning at least) that I beg?

<sup>1</sup> 'Whose youth and freshness  
Went like April's, and mellow'd like the morning.'—SHAKESPEARE.

## III.

Not so! You were ready to learn, I think,  
 What the world said! 'He loves you too  
 well (suppose)  
 For such leanings! These poets, their love's  
 mere ink—  
 Like a flower, their flame flashes—a rose-  
 bud, blows—  
 Then it all drops down at a wink!

## IV.

'Ah, the instance! A curl of a blossomless  
 vine  
 The vinedresser passing it sickens to see  
 And mutters "Much hope (under God) of  
 His wine  
 From the branch and the bark of a barren  
 tree  
 Spring reared not, and winter lets pine—

## V.

'His wine that should glorify (saith He)  
 the cup  
 That a man behold'ing (not tasting) might  
 say  
 'Pour out life at a draught, drain it dry,  
 drink it up,  
 Give this one thing, and huddle the rest  
 away—  
 Save the bitch, and who cares for the pup?'

## VI.

'“Let it rot then!” which saying, he leaves it  
 —we'll guess,  
 Feels (if the sap move at all) thus much—  
 Yearns, and would blossom, would quicken  
 no less,  
 Bud at an eye's glance, flower at a touch—  
 'Die, perhaps, would you not, for her?—  
 "Yes

## VII.

'Note the hitch there! That's piteous—so  
 much being done,  
 (He'll think some day, your lover) so little  
 to do!  
 Such infinite days to wear out, once begun!  
 Since the hand its glove holds, and the foot-  
 sole its shoe—  
 Overhead too there's always the sun!'

## VIII.

Oh, no doubt they had said so, your friends—  
 been profuse  
 Of good counsel, wise hints—'where the  
 trap lurks, walk warily—  
 Squeeze the fruit to the core ere you count on  
 the juice!  
 For the graft may fail, shift, wax, change  
 colour, wane, vary, lie—  
 You were cautious, God knows—to what use?

## IX.

This crab's wiser, it strikes me—no twist but  
 implies life  
 Not a curl but's so fit you could find none  
 fitter—  
 For the brute from its bruteness looks up  
 thus and eyes life—  
 Stoop your soul down and listen, you'll  
 hear it twitter,  
 Laughing lightly,—my crab's life's the wise  
 life!

## X.

Ah, now, look you—tail foremost, the beast  
 sets seaward—  
 The sea draws it, sand sucks it—he's wise,  
 my crab!  
 From the napkin out jumps his one talent—  
 good steward,  
 Just judge! So a man shirks the smile or  
 the stab,  
 And sets his sail duly to leeward!

## XI.

Trust me? Hardly! I bid you not lean (re-  
 mark)  
 On my spirit, your spirit—my flesh, your  
 flesh—  
 Hold my hand, and tread safe through the  
 horrible dark—  
 Quench my soul as with sprinklings of  
 snow, then refresh  
 With some blast of new bellows the spark!

## XII.

By no means! This were easy (men tell me)  
 to say—  
 'Give her all, throw your chance up, fall  
 back on her heart!'

(Say my friends) "he's not changed! after  
 night he'll be dead!"  
 No such fool! I am safe set in hell, for my  
 part  
 So let heaven do the worst now he may!

## XIII.

What they did me? Well, this, nothing more  
 "Tell her this"  
 "You are a fool, I guess, though the whole  
 world full  
 Though things are not, I know there is one  
 thing well for  
 Though there's no hope, there's hope for us  
 yet—hoist the sail!  
 Oh, your heart! what's the heart? But—our  
 kiss!"

## XIV.

"Then she breaks, she drops down, she lies  
 flat at your feet  
 Take her then!" Well, I knew it—what  
 fools are men!  
 Take the bee by her home, will—honey  
 prove sweet?  
 Sweet is grass—will you pasture your cows  
 in a fen?  
 Oh, if contraries could but once meet!

## XV.

Love you call it? Some twitch in the moon's  
 face (observe)  
 Wet blink of her eyelid, tear dropt about  
 dewfall,  
 Cheek flushed or obscured—does it make the  
 sky swerve?  
 Fetch the rest, work the question to rags,  
 bring—proof all—  
 Find what souls want and bodies deserve!

## XVI.

Ah, we know you! Your soul works to infinite  
 ends,  
 Frets, uses life up for death's sake, takes  
 pains,  
 Flings down I'vet off—but you, bear me  
 witness, my friends!  
 Have I lost spring? count up (see) the  
 winter's fish gains!  
 Is the shrub spoilt? the pine's hair impends!

## XVII.

What, you'd say—'Mark how God works!  
 Years crowd, time wears thin,  
 Earth keeps good yet, the sun goes on,  
 stars hold their own,  
 And you'd change, climb past sight of the  
 world, shift your skin,  
 see heeding how life moans—more flesh  
 or less bone!"  
 For that cheek's worn waste outline (death's  
 grin)

## XVIII.

Pleads with time still—"what good if I lose  
 time? But see—"  
 (There's the crab gone!) "I said, 'Though  
 earth sinks,' " (you perceive?  
 Ah, true, back there to your soul now—"yet  
 some vein might be  
 (Could one find it alive in the heart's core's  
 pulse, cleave  
 Through the life-springs where 'you' melts in  
 'me')—

## XIX.

"Some true vein of the absolute soul, which  
 survives  
 All that flesh runs to waste through"—and  
 lo, this fails!  
 Here's death close on us! One life? a million  
 of lives!  
 Why choose one sail to watch of these in-  
 finite sails?  
 Time's a tennis-play! thank you, no, fives!

## XX.

"Stop life's ball then!" Such folly! melt  
 earth down for that.  
 Till the pure ore eludes you and leaves you  
 raw scorie?  
 Pish, the vein's wrong! But you, friends—  
 come, what were you at?  
 When God spat you out suddenly? what  
 was the story He  
 Cut short thus, the growth He laid flat?

## XXI.

Wait! the crab's twice alive, mark! Oh,  
 worthy, your soul.  
 Of strange ends, great results, novel la-  
 bours! Take note.

I reject this for one! (ay, now, straight to the hole!

Safe in sand there—your skirts smooth out all as they float!)

I, shirk drinking through ws in the bowl?

## XXII.

Or suppose now that rock's cleft—grim, scored to the quick,

As a man's face kept fighting all life through gets scored,

Mossed and marked with grey purulent leprosies, sick,

Flat and foul as man's life here (be swift with your sword—

Cut the soul out, stuck fast where thorns prick!)

## XXIII.

—Say it let the rock's heart out, its meaning, the thing

All was made for, devised, ruled out gradually, planned—

Ah, that sea-shell, perhaps—since it lies, such a ring

Of pure colour, a cup full of sunbeams, to stand

(Say, in Lent) at the priest's hand—(no king!)

## XXIV.

Blame the cleft then? Praise rather! So—just a chance gone!

Had you said—'Save the seed and secure souls in flower'—

Ah, how time laughs, years palpitate, pro grapples con,

Till one day you shrug shoulders—'Well, gone, the good hour!

Till one night—'Is God off now? or on?

## IV.

## UP THE SPOUT.

## I.

Hi! Just you drop that! Stop, I say!

Shirk work, think slink off, twist friend's wrist?

Where that spined sand's lined band's the bay—

Lined blind with true sea's blue, as due—

Promising—not to pay?

## II.

For the sea's debt leaves wet the sand;

Burst worst fate's weights in one burst gun?

A man's own yacht, blown—What? off land?

Tack back, or veer round here, then—queer!

Reef points, though—understand?

## III.

I'm blest if I do. Sigh? be blowed!

Love's doves make break life's ropes, eh?

Tropes!

Faith's brig, baulked, sides caulked, rides at road;

Hope's grapes befogged, storm-dogged and bogged—

Clogged, water-logged, her load!

## IV.

Stowed, by Jove, right and tight, away!

No show now how best plough sea's brow,

Wrinkling—breeze quick, tease thick, ere day,

Clear sheer wave's sheen of green, I mean,

With twinkling wrinkles—eh?

## V.

Sea sprinkles winkles, tinkles light

Shells' bells—boy's joys that hap to snap!

It's just sea's fun, breeze done, to spite

God's rods that scourge her surge, I'd urge—

Not proper, is it—quite?

## VI.

See, fore and aft, life's craft undone!

Crank plank, split spritsail—mark, sea's lark!

That grey cold sea's old sprees, begun

When men lay dark i' the ark, no spark,

All water—just God's fun!

## VII.

Not bright, at best, his jest to these

Seemed—screamed, shrieked, wreaked on kin for sin!

When for mirth's yell earth's knell seemed please

Some dumb new grim great whim in him

Made Jews take chaik for cheese.

## VIII.

Could God's rods bruise God's Jews? Their  
jowls  
Bobbed, sobbed, gaped, aped the plaice in  
face:  
None heard, 'tis odds, his God's—folk's  
howls,  
Now, how must I apply, to try  
This hookiest-beaked of owls?

## IX.

Well, I suppose God knows—I don't.  
Time's crimes mark dark men's types, in  
stripes  
Broad as fen's lands men's hands were wont  
Leave grieve unploughed, though proud  
and loud  
With birds' words—Nol' he won't!

## X.

One never should think good impossible.  
Eh? say I'd hide this Jew's oil's cruse—  
His shop might hold bright gold, engrossible  
By spy—spring's air takes there no care  
To wave the heath-flower's glossy bell!

## XI.

But gold bells chime in time there, coined—  
Gold! Old Sphinx winks there—'Read  
my screed!  
Doctrine Jews learn, use, burn for, joined  
(Through new craft's stealth) with health  
and wealth—  
At once all three purloined!

## XII.

I rose with dawn, to pawn, no doubt,  
(Miss this chance, glance untried aside?)  
John's shirt, my—no! Ay, so—the lout!  
Let yet the door gape, store on floor  
And not a soul about?

## XIII.

Such men lay traps, perhaps—and I'm  
Weak—meek—mild—child of woe, you  
know!  
But theft, I doubt, my lout calls crime.  
Shrink? Think! Love's dawn in pawn—  
you spawn  
Of Jewry! Just in time!

## V.

## OFF THE PIER

## I.

ONE last glance at these sands and stones!  
Time goes past men, and lives to his liking,  
Steals, and ruins, and sometimes atones.  
Why should he be king, though, and why  
not I king?  
There now, that wind, like a swarm of sick  
ones!

## II.

aven or mere earth (come!) that moves  
so and moans?  
Oh, I knew, when you loved me, my soul  
was in flowerage—  
Now the frost comes; from prime, though,  
watched through to nones,  
Read love's litanies over—his age was not  
our age!  
No more flutes in this for me now, dear!  
trombones.

## III.

All that youth once denied and made mouths  
at, age owns.  
Facts put fangs out and bite us; life stings  
and grows viperous;  
And times fugues are a hubbub of meaning-  
less tones.  
Once we followed the piper; now why not  
the piper us?  
Love, grown grey, plays mere solos; we want  
antiphones.

## IV.

And we sharpen our wits up with passions for  
hones,  
Melt down loadstars for magnets, use  
women for whetstones,  
Learn to bear with dead calms by remember-  
ing cyclones,  
Snap strings short with sharp thumbnails,  
till silence begets tones,  
Burn our souls out, shift spirits, turn skins  
and change zones;

## V.

Then the heart, when all's done with, wakes,  
whimpers, intones  
Some lost fragment of tune it thought sweet  
ere it grew sick;

(Is it life that disclaims this, or death that disowns?)

Mere dead metal, scrawled bars — ah, one touch, you make *clate*!  
Love's worth saving, youth doubts, but experience depones.

## VI.

Think, what use, when youth's saddle galls bay's back or roan's,  
To seek chords on love's keys to strike, other than his chords?

There's an error joy winks at and grief half condones,

Or life's counterpoint grates the C major of discords —

'Tis man's choice 'twixt sluts rose-crowned and queens age dethrones.

<sup>1</sup> First edition

And my face bear his brand — mine, that once bore Love's badge *clate*!

## VII.

I for instance might groan as a bag-pipe groans,

Give the flesh of my heart for sharp sorrows to flagellate,

Grief might grind my cheeks down, age make sticks of my bones,

(Though a queen drowned in tears must be worth more than Madge *clate*)<sup>1</sup>

Rose might turn burdock, and pine-apples cones;

## VIII.

My skin might change to a pitiful crone's,

My lips to a lizard's, my hair to weed,

My features, in fact, to a series of loans;

Thus much is conceded; now, you, concede

You would hardly salute me by choice, John Jones?

## THE POET AND THE WOODLOUSE.

SAID a poet to a woodlouse—'Thou art certainly my brother;

I discern in thee the markings of the fingers of the Whole;

And I recognize, in spite of all the terrene smut and smother,

the colours shaded off thee, the suggestions of a soul.

ea,' the poet said, 'I smell thee by some passive divination,

I am satisfied with insight of the measure of thine house;

What had happened I conjecture, in a blank and rhythmic passion,

Had the æons thought of making thee a man, and me a louse.

'The broad lives of upper planets, their absorption and digestion,

Food and famine, health and sickness, I can scrutinize and test;

Through a shiver of the senses comes a resonance of question,

And by proof of balanced answer I decide that I am best.

'Man the fleshly marvel, always feels a certain kind of awe stick

To the skirts of contemplation, cramped with nympholeptic weight;

Feels his faint sense charred and branded by the touch of solar caustic,

On the forehead of his spirit feels the footprint of a Fate.'

'Notwithstanding which, O poet,' spake the woodlouse, very blandly,

'I am likewise the created,—I the equipoise of thee;

I the particle, the atom, I behold on either hand lie

The inane of measured ages that were embryos of me.

'I am fed with intimations, I am clothed with consequences,

And the air I breathe is coloured with apocalyptic blush:

Ripest-budded odours blossom out of dim chaotic stench,

And the Soul plants spirit-lilies in sick leagues of human slush.



- 'I am imaged hard—fully through by  
 cryptopathic—  
 Till the faintest—  
 And earth's soul—  
 Take a—  
 And I—  
 Can I—  
 Symbols—  
 Earth's worst—  
 'Ah, man's poets! men's conventions crust  
 your sand and syathe you—  
 And the world's wheels grind your spirits  
 down the dusty overtrod;  
 We stand sinless, stark-naked in effulgence  
 of the Christlight,  
 And our polecat chokes not cherubs; and  
 our skunk smells sweet to God.  
 'For He grasps the pale: Created by some  
 thousand vital handles,  
 Till a Godshine—  
 Summers up the non-existent round the  
 great feet of angels,  
 And the atoms of that glory may be seraphs,  
 being worms.  
 'Friends, your nature underlies us and your  
 pulses overplay us.  
 Ye, with social sores unbandaged, can ye  
 set right and steer wrong  
 For the transient cosmic, rooted in imperish-  
 able—  
 Must be kneaded into drastics as material  
 for a song.  
 'Eyes once purged from homebred vapours  
 through humanitarian passion  
 See that monochrome a despot through a  
 cosmic prison,  
 Hands that rip the soul up, reeking from  
 divine evisceration,  
 Not with priestlike oil anoint him, but a  
 stronger-smelling chrism.  
 'Pass, O poet, retransfigured! God, the  
 psychometric rhapsode,  
 Fills with fiery rhythms the silence, stings  
 the dark with stars that blink:  
 All eternities hang round him like an old  
 man's clothes collapsèd,  
 While he makes his mundane music—AND  
 HE WILL NOT STOP, I THINK.'

## THE PERSON OF THE HOUSE.

## IDYL CCCXVI.

## THE ACCOMPANIMENTS.

1. THE MONTHLY NURSE.
2. THE CAUDLE.
3. THE SENTENCES.

## THE KID.

## 1. THE MONTHLY NURSE.

THE sickly airs had died of damp;  
 Through huddling leaves the holy chime  
 Flagged; I, expecting Mrs. Gamp,  
 Thought—'Will the woman come in time?'

Upstairs I knew the matron bed  
 Held her whose name confirms all joy  
 To me; and tremblingly I said  
 'Ah! will it be a girl or boy?'  
 And, soothed, my fluttering doubts began  
 To sift the pleasantness of things;  
 Developing the unshapen man,  
 An eagle luffed of his wings;  
 Considering, next, how fair the state  
 And large the license that sublimes  
 A nineteenth-century female fate—  
 Sweet cause that thralls my liberal rhymes!  
 And Chastities and colder Shames,  
 Decorums mute and marvellous,  
 And fair Behaviour that reclaims  
 All fancies grown erroneous.

Moved round me musing, till my choice  
Falter'd. A female in a wig  
Stood by me, and a drouthy voice  
Announced her—Mrs. Betsy Prig.

## 2. THE CAUDLE.

SWEET Love that sways the feeling years,  
The crown and chief of certitudes,  
For whose calm eyes and modest ears  
Time writes the rule and text of prudes—  
That, surprised, stoops a nuptial head  
Nor chooses to live blindly free,  
But, with all pulses quieted,  
Plays tunes of domesticity—  
That Love I sing of and have sung  
And mean to sing till Death yawn sheer,  
It rules the music of my tongue,  
Still it or quickens there or here.  
I say but this: as we went up  
I heard the Monthly give a sniff  
And 'if the big dog makes the pup—'  
She murmured—then repeated 'if!'  
The caudle on a slab was placed;  
She snaffed it, snouting loud and long;  
I fled—I would not stop to taste—  
And dreamed all night of things gone wrong.

## 3. THE SENTENCES.

## I.

ABORTIVE Love is half a sin;  
But Love's abortions dearer far  
Than wheels without an axle-pin  
Or Life without a married star.

## II.

My rules are hard to understand  
For him whom sensual rules depress;  
A landbox in a midwife's hand  
May hold a costlier bridal dress.

## III.

'I like her not; in fact I loathe;  
Bugs hath she brought from London beds.'  
Friend! wouldst thou rather bear their growth  
Or have a baby with two heads?

## IDYL CCCLXVI.

## THE KID.

My spirit, in the doorway's pause,  
Fluttered with fancies in my breast;  
Obsequious to all decent laws,  
I felt awfully distressed.

I knew it rude to enter there  
With Mrs. V. in such a state;  
And, 'neath a magisterial air,  
I felt actually indecate.  
I knew the nurse began to grin;  
I turned to greet my Love. Said she—  
'Outbound your modesty, come in!  
What shall we call the darling, V.?'  
(There are so many charming names:  
Girls!—Peg, Moll, Doll, Fan, Kate,  
Blanche, Bab;  
Boys!—Z' thershabal-lashbaz, James,  
Kit, Nick, Dick, Mark, Ammadab.)  
Lo, as the acorn to the oak,  
As well-heads to the river's height,  
As to the chicken the moist yolk,  
As to high noon the day's first white—  
Such is the baby to the man.  
There, straddling one red arm and leg,  
Lay my last work, in length a span,  
Half hatched, and conscious of the egg.  
A creditable child, I hoped;  
And half a score of joys to be  
Through sunny lengths of prospects oped  
Smooth to the bland futurity.  
O, fate surpassing other dooms,  
O, hope above all wrecks of time!  
O, light that fills all vanquished glooms,  
O, silent song o'er-mastering rhyme!  
I covered either little foot,  
I drew the strings about its waist;  
Pink as the unshell'd inner fruit,  
But barely decent, hardly chaste,  
Its nudity had startled me;  
But when the petticoats were on,  
'I know,' I said; 'its name shall be  
Paul Cyril Athanasius John.'  
'Why,' said my wife, 'the child's a girl.'  
My brain swooned, sick with failing sense;  
With all perception in a whirl,  
How could I tell the difference?  
'Nay,' smiled the nurse, 'the child's a  
boy.'  
And all my soul was soothed to hear  
That so it was: then startled Joy  
Mocked Sorrow with a doubtful tear.  
And I was glad as one who sees  
For sensual optics things unmeet—  
As purity makes passion freeze,  
So faith warns science off her beat.  
Blessed are they that have not seen,  
And yet, not seeing, have believed:  
To walk by faith, as preached the Dean,  
And not by sight, have I achieved.

I believe that does it—no more  
 Let me—let me—let me—let me—  
 Truth be told, I'm a little bit  
 While reading I made my best book.

I—Mr. P. (sings) "The  
 I—Mr. P. (sings) "The  
 I—Mr. P. (sings) "The  
 I—Mr. P. (sings) "The

### LAST WORDS OF A SEVENTH-RATE POET.

Bill, I feel far from quite right, if not  
 further along, I feel  
 so, as it were, I feel, as it were, I feel  
 A poet's death, I feel  
 I feel, as it were, I feel, as it were, I feel  
 I feel, as it were, I feel, as it were, I feel  
 You feel, as it were, I feel, as it were, I feel  
 I feel, as it were, I feel, as it were, I feel  
 For that poem, I feel, as it were, I feel  
 I feel, as it were, I feel, as it were, I feel  
 Not a poem, of course. Do you, say,  
 I feel, as it were, I feel, as it were, I feel  
 But I think I can stand it. I think so, say,  
 Bill, and I feel, as it were, I feel  
 But I'll tell you, I feel, as it were, I feel  
 I feel, as it were, I feel, as it were, I feel  
 The grill of the grill, I feel, as it were, I feel  
 I feel, as it were, I feel, as it were, I feel  
 'Tis the core of the grill, I feel, as it were, I feel  
 Where a lost man, I feel, as it were, I feel  
 You know what I mean, Bill, the tender and  
 delicate mother of his.  
 Woman, the devil's first cousin, no doubt by  
 the female side.  
 The breath of her mouth still moves in my  
 hair, and I know that she died.  
 And I feel her, Bill, sir, inside me—she per-  
 mates there like a drag.  
 Were it better to live like a beetle, to wear the  
 cast clothes of a slug,  
 Be the louse in the locks of the hangman, the  
 ate in the eye of the bat  
 Than to live and believe in a woman, who  
 must one day grow aged and fat?  
 You must see it's preposterous. But, sir,  
 And yet, how the thought clings!  
 I have lived out my time—I have priggled lots  
 of verse—I have kissed (oh, that stings!)  
 Lips that swore I had cribbed every line that  
 I wrote on them—cribbled—honour  
 bright!  
 Then I lashed her; but now I forgive her,  
 perhaps after all she was right.

Yet I swear it was shameful, unwomanly,  
 Bill, as to say that I felt  
 When the poems were mine, for I bought them  
 in print. Cribbed? of course they were  
 cribbed.  
 Yet I wouldn't say, cribbed from the French  
 Lady Bathsheba thought it was  
 a lie.  
 But picked up on the backs of the D. from  
 the lips of a highly intelligent Bulgar.  
 I'm aware, Bill, that's out of all metre—I  
 can't help it. I'm none of your sort  
 Who set metres, by Jove, above morals—not  
 exactly. They don't go to Court.  
 As I mentioned one night to that cowl-  
 faced pet, Lady Rahab Redrabbie  
 (Whom the Marquis calls Drabbie, for short).  
 Well, I say, if you want a thing, grab it  
 That's what I did, at least, when I took that  
*dansette* to a swell cabaret.  
 Where expense was no consideration. A  
 poet, you see, now and then must be  
 gay.  
 (I declined to give more, I remember, than  
 fifty centimes to the waiter;  
 For I asked him if that was enough; and the  
 jackanapes answered *Pard'pitié*.  
 Ah, it isn't in you to draw up a *menu* such as  
 ours was, though humble.  
 When I told Lady Shoreditch, she thought it  
 a regular *grand tout ensemble*.)  
 She danced the heart out of my body—I can  
 see in the glare of the lights,  
 I can see her again as I saw her that evening,  
 in spangles and tights.  
 When I spoke to her first, her eye flashed so,  
 I heard—as I fancied—the spark whiz  
 From her eyelid—I said so next day to that  
 jealous old fool of a Marquis.  
 She reminded me, Bill, of a lovely volcano,  
 whose entrails are lava—  
 Or (you know my *penchant* for original  
 types) of the upas in Java.  
 In the curve of her sensitive nose was a  
 singular species of dimple,

Where the flush was the mark of an angel-  
 creased kiss - if it wasn't a pimple.  
 Now I'm none of your bashtul John Bulls  
 who 'don't know a pilau from a pug  
 garce  
 Nor a chili, by George, from a chopstick. So,  
 sir, I marched into her snuggery,  
 And proposed a light supper by way of a  
 finish. I treated her, Bill,  
 To six *entrées* of ortolans, sprats, maraschino,  
 and oysters. It made her quite ill.  
 Of which moment of sickness I took some  
 advantage. I held her like this,  
 And availed myself, sir, of her sneezing, to  
 shut up her lips with a kiss.  
 The waiters, I saw, were quite struck; and  
 I felt, I may say, *entre nous*  
 Like Don Juan, Lauzun, Abnaviva, Lord  
 Byron, and old Pichilleu.  
 (You'll observe, Bill, that rhyme's quite  
 Parisian; a Londoner, sir, would have  
 cited old Q.)  
 These are moments that thrill the whole spirit  
 with spasms that excite and exalt.  
 I stood more than the peer of the great Casa-  
 nova - you know - de Seingalt.  
 She was worth, sir, I say it without hesitation,  
 two brace of her sisters.  
 Ah, why should all honey turn rhubarb - all  
 cherries grow onions - all kisses leave  
 blisters?  
 Oh, and why should I ask myself questions?  
 I've heard such before - once or twice.  
 Ah, I can't understand it - but, O, I imagine  
 it strikes me as nice.  
 There's a deity shapes us our ends, sir, rough-  
 hew them, my boy, how we will -  
 As I stated myself in a poem I published last  
 year, you know, Bill -  
 Where I mentioned that that was the mes-  
 sation - to be, or, by Jove, not to be.  
 Ah, it's something - you'll think so hereafter  
 - to wait on a poet like me.  
 Had I written no more than those verses on  
 that Countess I used to call Pussy -  
 Yes, Minette or Manon - and - you'll hardly  
 believe it - she said they were all out of  
 Musset.  
 Now I don't say they weren't - but what then?  
 and I don't say they were - I'll bet  
 pounds against pennies on  
 The subject - I wish I may never die Lau-  
 reate, if some of them weren't out of  
 Tennyson,

And I think - I don't like to be certain, with  
 Death, so to speak, by not mentioning  
 But I think there were some - say a dozen,  
 perhaps, or a score - out of Browning,  
 As for poets who go on a contrary tack to  
 what I go and you go -  
 You remember my lyrics *translated* - like  
 'sweet bully Bottom' - from Hugo?  
 Though I will say it's curious that surely on  
 just that account there should be  
 Men so bold as to say that not one of my  
 poems was written by me.  
 It would stir the political bile of the  
 spleen of a drab or a Tory  
 To hear critics assign to his hand - a  
 fessional, Bill, and the Laborat -  
 Yes, it's singular - nay, I can't think of a  
 parcel, I ain't it a high lark?  
 As that Countess would say - there are few  
 men believe it was I wrote the Ode to a  
 Skylark.  
 And it often has given myself and Lord Al-  
 bert no end of diversion  
 To hear fellows maintain to my face it was  
 Wordsworth who wrote the *Excursion*.  
 When they know that whole reams of the  
 verses recur in my authorized works  
 Here and there, up and down! Why such  
 readers are infidels - heretics - Ticks.  
 And the pitiful critics who think in their paltry  
 presumption to pay me a  
 Pretty compliment, pairing me off, sir, with  
 Keats - as if he could write *Lamia*!  
 While I never - I've a more characteristic  
 and explicit book,  
 One that gave me more real satisfaction, than  
 all the whole, *Lalla Rookh*.  
 Was it true that I called on all debtors,  
 but pestered myself by a creditor,  
 (Isn't paid yet) to rise, by the proud appella-  
 tion of bondsmen - hereditary?  
 Yes - I think so. And yet, on my word, I  
 can't think why I think it was so.  
 It more probably was in the poem I made a  
 few seasons ago  
 On that Duchess - her name now? ah, thus  
 one outlives a whole cycle of joys!  
 Fair supplants black as brown succeeds  
 golden. The poem made rather a noise.  
 And indeed I have seen worse verses; but  
 as for the woman, my friend -  
 Though his neck had been never so stiff, she'd  
 have made a philosopher bend.

As the broken heart of a sunset that bleeds  
 pure purple and gold  
 In the shudder and swoon of the sickness of  
 colour, the agonies old  
 That engirdle the brows of the day when he  
 sinks with a spasm into rest  
 And the splash of his kingly blood is dashed  
 on the skirts of the west,  
 Even such was my own, when I felt how  
 much sharper than any snake's tooth  
 Was the passion that made me mistake Lady  
 Eve for her niece Lady Ruth.  
 The whole world, colourless, lapsed. Earth  
 fled from my feet like a dream,  
 And the whirl of the walls of Space was about  
 me, and moved as a stream  
 Flowing and ebbing and flowing all night to  
 a weary tune  
 ('Such as that of my verses'? Get out!) in  
 the face of a sick-souled moon.  
 The keen stars kindled and faded and fled,  
 and the wind in my ears  
 Was the wail of a poet for failure—you  
 needn't come snivelling tears  
 And spoiling the mixture, confound you, with  
 dropping your tears into that!  
 I know I'm pathetic—I must be—and you  
 soft-hearted and fat,  
 And I'm grateful of course for your kind-  
 ness—there, don't come hugging me,  
 now—  
 But because a fellow's pathetic, you needn't  
 low like a cow.

I should like—on my soul, I should like—  
 to remember—but somehow I can't—  
 If the lady whose love has reduced me to this  
 was the niece or the aunt.  
 But whichever it was, I feel sure, when I  
 published my lays of last year  
 (You remember their title—The Tramp—  
 only seven-and-sixpence—not dear),  
 I sent her a copy (perhaps her tears fell on  
 the title-page—yes—  
 I should like to imagine she wept)—and the  
 Bride of Bulgaria (MS.)  
 I forwarded with it. The lyrics, no doubt,  
 she found bitter—and sweet;  
 But the Bride she rejected, you know, with  
 expressions I will not repeat.  
 Well—she did no more than all publishers  
 did. Though my prospects were marred,  
 I can pity and pardon them. Blindness, mere  
 blindness! And yet it was hard.

For a poet, Bill, is a blossom—a bird—a  
 billow—a breeze—  
 A kind of creature that moves among men as  
 a wind among trees.  
 I with the heat of my heart still burning  
 against all bars  
 As the fire of the dawn, so to speak, in the  
 blanched blank brows of the stars—  
 I with my tremulous lips made pale by musi-  
 cal breath—  
 I with the shade in my eyes that was left by  
 the kisses of death—  
 (For Death came near me in youth, and  
 touched my face with his face,  
 And put in my lips the songs that belong to  
 a desolate place—  
 Desolate truly, my heart and my life, till her  
 kiss filled them up!)  
 I with my soul like wine poured out with my  
 flesh for the cup—  
 It was hard for me—it was hard—Bill, Bill,  
 you great owl, was it not?  
 For the day creeps in like a Fate: and I  
 think my grand passion is rot:  
 And I dreamily seem to perceive, by the light  
 of a life's dream done,  
 The lotion at six, and the mixture at ten, and  
 the draught before one.

Yes—I feel rather better. Man's life is a  
 mull, at the best;  
 And the patent perturbator pills are like  
 bullets of lead in my chest.  
 When a man's whole spirit is like the lost  
 Pleiad, a blown-out star,  
 Is there comfort in Holloway, Bill? is there  
 hope of salvation in Parr?  
 True, most things work to their end—and an  
 end that the shroud overlaps.  
 Under lace, under silk, under gold, sir, the  
 skirt of a winding-sheet flaps—  
 Which explains, if you think of it, Bill,  
 why I can't, though my soul thereon  
 broodeth,  
 Quite make out if I loved Lady Tamar as  
 much as I loved Lady Judith.  
 Yet her dress was of violet velvet, her hair was  
 hyacinth-hued,  
 And her ankles—no matter. A face where  
 the music of every mood  
 Was touched by the tremulous fingers of pas-  
 sionate feeling, and made  
 Strange melodies, scornful, but sweeter than  
 strings whereon sorrow has played

To enrapture the hearing of mirth when his  
garland of blossom and green  
Turns to lead on the anguished forehead—  
'you don't understand what I mean'?  
Well, of course I knew you were stupid—  
you always were stupid at school—  
Now don't say you weren't—but I'm hanged  
if I thought you were quite such a  
fool!  
You don't see the point of all this? I was  
talking of sickness and death—  
In that poem I made years ago, I said this—  
'Love, the flower-time whose breath  
Smells sweet through a summer of kisses and  
perfumes an autumn of tears  
Is sadder at root than a winter—its hopes  
heavy-hearted like fears.  
Though I love your Grace more than I love  
little Letty, the maid of the mill,  
Yet the heat of your lips when I kiss them'  
(you see we were intimate, Bill)  
'And the beat of the delicate blood in your  
eyelids of azure and white  
Leave the taste of the grave in my mouth  
and the shadow of death on my sight.  
Fill the cup—twine the chaplet—come into  
the garden—get out of the house—  
Drink to me with your eyes—there's a ban-  
quet behind, where worms only carouse!  
As I said to sweet Katie, who lived by the  
brook on the land Philip farmed—  
Worms shall graze where my kisses found  
pasture!' The Duchess, I may say, was  
charmed.  
It was read to the Duke, and he cried like a  
child. If you'll give me a pill,  
I'll go on till past midnight. That poem was  
said to be—Somebody's, Bill.  
But you see you can always be sure of my  
hand as the mother that bore me  
By the fact that I never write verse which  
has never been written before me.  
Other poets—I blush for them, Bill—may  
adore and repudiate in turn a  
Libitina, perhaps, or Pandemos; my Venus,  
you know, is Laverna.  
Nay, that epic of mine which begins from  
foundations the Bible is built on—  
'Of man's first disobedience'—I've heard it  
attributed, dammy, to Milton.  
Well, it's lucky for them that it's not worth  
my while, as I may say, to break spears  
With the hirelings, forsooth, of the press who  
assert that Othello was Shakespeare's.

When he that can run, sir, may read—if he  
borrows the book, or goes on tick—  
In my poems the bit that described how  
the Hellespont joins the Propontic.  
There are men, I believe, who will tell you  
that Gray wrote the whole of *The  
Bard*—  
Or that I didn't write half the *Elegy*, Bill, in  
a Country Churchyard.  
When you know that my poem, *The Poet*,  
begins—'Ruin seize thee!' and ends  
With recapitulations of horrors the poet in-  
vokes on his friends.  
And I'll swear, if you look at the dirge on my  
relatives under the turf, you  
Will perceive it winds up with some lines on  
myself—and begins with the curfew.  
Now you'll grant it's more probable, Bill—as  
a man of the world, if you please—  
That all these should have priggled from  
myself than that I should have priggled  
from all these.  
I could cry when I think of it, friend, if such  
tears would comport with my dignity,  
That the author of *Christabel* ever should  
smart from such vulgar malignity.  
(You remember perhaps that was one of the  
first little things that I carolled  
After finishing *Marmion*, the Princess, the  
Song of the Shirt, and *Childe Harold*.)  
Oh, doubtless it always has been so—Ah,  
doubtless it always will be—  
There are men who would say that myself is  
a different person from me.  
Better the porridge of patience a poor man  
snuffs in his plate  
Than the water of poisonous laurels distilled  
by the fingers of hate.  
'Tis a dark-purple sort of a moonlighted  
kind of a midnight, I know;  
You remember those verses I wrote on Irene,  
from Edgar A. Poe?  
It was Lady Aholibah Levison, daughter of  
old Lord St. Giles,  
Who inspired those delectable strains, and  
rewarded her bard with her smiles  
I recited her charms, in conjunction with  
those of a girl at the *caf  *,  
In a poem I published in collaboration with  
Templeton (Taffy).  
There are prudes in a world full of envy—  
and some of them thought it too  
strong

To compare an earl's daughter by name with  
a girl at a French *restaurant*.

I regarded her, though, with the chivalrous  
eyes of a knight-errant on quest;

I may say I don't know that I ever felt  
prouder, old friend, of a conquest.

And when I've been made happy, I never  
have cared a brass farthing who knew  
it; I

Thank my stars I'm as free from mock-  
modesty, friend, as from vulgar fatuity.

You may see by my shortness of speech

that my time's almost up: I perceive

That my new-fangled brevity strikes you: but  
don't—though the public will—grieve.

As it's sometimes my whim to be vulgar, it's  
sometimes my whim to be brief;

As when once I observed, after Heine, that  
'she was a harlot, and I' (which is true)  
'was a thief.'

(Though you hardly should cite this particu-  
lar line, by the way, as an instance of  
absolute brevity:

I'm aware, man, of that; so you needn't dis-  
grace yourself, sir, by such grossly mis-  
timed and impertinent levity.)

I don't like to break off, any more than you  
wish me to stop: but my fate is

Not to write half a million such rhymes with-  
out blockheads exclaiming—

JAM SATIS.

### SONNET FOR A PICTURE.

THAT nose is out of drawing. With a gasp,  
She pants upon the passionate lips that ache  
With the red drain of her own mouth,  
and make

A monochord of colour. Like an asp,  
One lithe lock wriggles in his rutilant grasp.  
Her bosom is an oven of myrrh, to bake  
Love's white warm shewbread to a browner  
cake.

The lock his fingers clench has burst its  
hasp.

The legs are absolutely abominable.

Ah! what keen overgust of wild-eyed woes  
Flags in that bosom, flushes in that nose?

Nay! Death sets riddles for desire to spell,  
Responsive. What red hem earth's passion  
sews,

But may be ravenously unripped in hell?

### NEPHELIDIA.

FROM the depth of the dreamy decline of the  
dawn through a notable nimbus of nebu-  
lous noonshine,

Pallid and pink as the palm of the flag-  
flower that flickers with fear of the flies  
as they float,

Are they looks of our lovers that lustrously  
lean from a marvel of mystic miraculous  
moonshine,

These that we feel in the blood of our  
blushes that thicken and threaten with  
throbs through the throat?

Thicken and thrill as a theatre thronged at  
appeal of an actor's appalled agitation,  
Fainter with fear of the fires of the future  
than pale with the promise of pride in the  
past;

Flushed with the famishing fullness of fever  
that reddens with radiance of rathe rec-  
reation,

Gaunt as the ghastliest of glimpses that  
gleam through the gloom of the gloam-  
ing when ghosts go aghast?

Nay, for the nick of the tick of the time is  
a tremulous touch on the temples of  
terror,

Strained as the sinews yet strenuous with  
strife of the dead who is dumb as the  
dust-heaps of death:

Surely no soul is it, sweet as the spasm of  
erotic emotional exquisite error,

Bathed in the balms of beatified bliss,  
beatific itself by beatitude's breath.

Surely no spirit or sense of a soul that was  
soft to the spirit and soul of our senses

Sweetens the stress of suspiring suspicion  
that sobs in the semblance and sound of  
a sigh;

Only this oracle opens Olympian, in mystical  
moods and triangular tenses—

'Life is the lust of a lamp for the light that is dark till the dawn of the day when we die.'  
 Mild is the mirk and monotonous music of memory, melodiously mute as it may be,  
 While the hope in the heart of a hero is bruised by the breach of men's rapiers, resigned to the rod;  
 Made meek as a mother whose bosom-beats bound with the bliss-bringing bulk of a balm-breathing baby,  
 As they grope through the grave-yard of creeds, under skies growing green at a groan for the grinniness of God.

Blank is the book of his bounty beholden of old, and its binding is blacker than bluer:

Out of blue into black is the scheme of the skies, and their dewes are the wine of the bloodshed of things;

Till the darkling desire of delight shall be free as a fawn that is freed from the fangs that pursue her,

Till the heart-beats of hell shall be hushed by a hymn from the hunt that has harried the kennel of kings.

## DISGUST.

## A DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE.

A woman and her husband, having been converted from free thought to Calvinism, and being utterly miserable in consequence, resolve to end themselves by poison. The man dies, but the woman is rescued by application of the stomach-pump.

## I.

PILLS? talk to me of your pills? Well, that, I must say, is cool.  
 Can't bring my old man round? he was always a stubborn old fool.  
 If I hadn't taken precautions—a warning to all that wive—  
 He might not have been dead, and I might not have been alive.

## II.

You would like to know, if I please, how it was that our troubles began?  
 You see, we were brought up Agnostics, I and my poor old man.  
 And we got some idea of selection and evolution, you know—  
 Professor Huxley's doing—where does he expect to go!

## III.

Well, then came trouble on trouble on trouble—I may say, a peck—  
 And his cousin was wanted one day on the charge of forging a cheque—  
 And his puppy died of the mange—my parrot choked on its perch.  
 This was the consequence, was it, of not going weekly to church?

## IV.

So we felt that the best if not only thing that remained to be done  
 On an earth everlastingly moving about a perpetual sun,  
 Where worms breed worms to be eaten of worms that have eaten their betters—  
 And reviewers are barely civil—and people get spiteful letters—  
 And a famous man is forgot ere the minute hand can tick nine—  
 Was to send in our P. P. C., and purchase a package of strychnine.

## V.

Nay—but first we thought it was rational—only fair—  
 To give both parties a hearing—and went to the meeting-house there,  
 At the curve of the street that runs from the Stag to the old Blue Lion.  
 "Little Zion" they call it—a deal more "little" than "Zion."

## VI.

And the preacher preached from the text, "Come out of her." Hadn't we come?  
 And we thought of the Shepherd in Pickwick—and fancied a flavour of rum  
 Balmily borne on the wind of his words—and my man said, "Well,  
 Let's get out of this, my dear—for his text has a brimstone smell."



## VII.

So we went, O God, out of chapel—and gazed,  
 ah God, at the sea.  
 And I said nothing to him. And he said  
 nothing to me.

## VIII.

And there, you see, was an end of it all. It  
 was obvious, in fact,  
 That, whether or not you believe in the doc-  
 trine taught in a tract,  
 Life was not in the least worth living. Be-  
 cause, don't you see?  
 Nothing that can't be, can, and what must be,  
 must. Q. E. D.  
 And the infinitesimal sources of Infinite Un-  
 ideality  
 Curve in to the central abyss of a sort of a  
 queer Personality  
 Whose refraction is felt in the nebulae strewn  
 in the pathway of Mars  
 Like the parings of nails Æonian—clippings  
 and snippings of stars—  
 Shavings of suns that revolve and evolve and  
 involve—and at times  
 Give a sweet astronomical twang to remark-  
 ably hobbling rhymes.

## IX.

And the sea curved in with a moan—and we  
 thought how once—before  
 We fell out with those atheist lecturers—once,  
 ah, once and no more,  
 We read together, while midnight blazed like  
 the Yankee flag,  
 A reverend gentleman's work—the Conver-  
 sion of Colonel Quagg.  
 And out of its pages we gathered this lesson  
 of doctrine pure—  
 Zephaniah Stockdologer's gospel—a word  
 that deserves to endure  
 Infinite millions on millions of infinite Æons  
 to come—  
 "Vocation," says he, "is vocation, and duty  
 duty. Some."

## X.

And duty, said I, distinctly points out—and  
 vocation, said he,  
 Demands as distinctly—that I should kill you,  
 and that you should kill me.  
 The reason is obvious—we cannot exist with-  
 out creeds—who can?  
 So we went to the chemist's—a highly re-  
 spectable church-going man—  
 And bought two packets of poison. You  
 wouldn't have done so Wait.  
 It's evident, Providence is not with you,  
 ma'am, the same thing as Fate.  
 Unconscious cerebration educes God from a  
 fog,  
 But spell God back wards, what then? Give it  
 up? the answer is, dog.  
 (I don't exactly see how this last verse is to  
 scan,  
 But that's a consideration I leave to the secu-  
 lar man.)

## XI.

I meant of course to go with him—as far as  
 I pleased—but first  
 To see how my old man liked it—I thought  
 perhaps he might burst.  
 I didn't wish it—but still it's a blessed release  
 for a wife—  
 And he saw that I thought so—and grinned  
 in derision—and threatened my life  
 If I made wry faces—and so I took just a sip  
 —and he—  
 Well—you know how it ended—he didn't  
 get over me.

## XII.

Terrible, isn't it? Still, on reflection, it might  
 have been worse.  
 He might have been the unhappy survivor,  
 and followed my hearse.  
 "Never do it again"? Why, certainly not.  
 You don't  
 Suppose I should think of it, surely? But  
 anyhow—there—I won't.

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